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THE NEW YORKER

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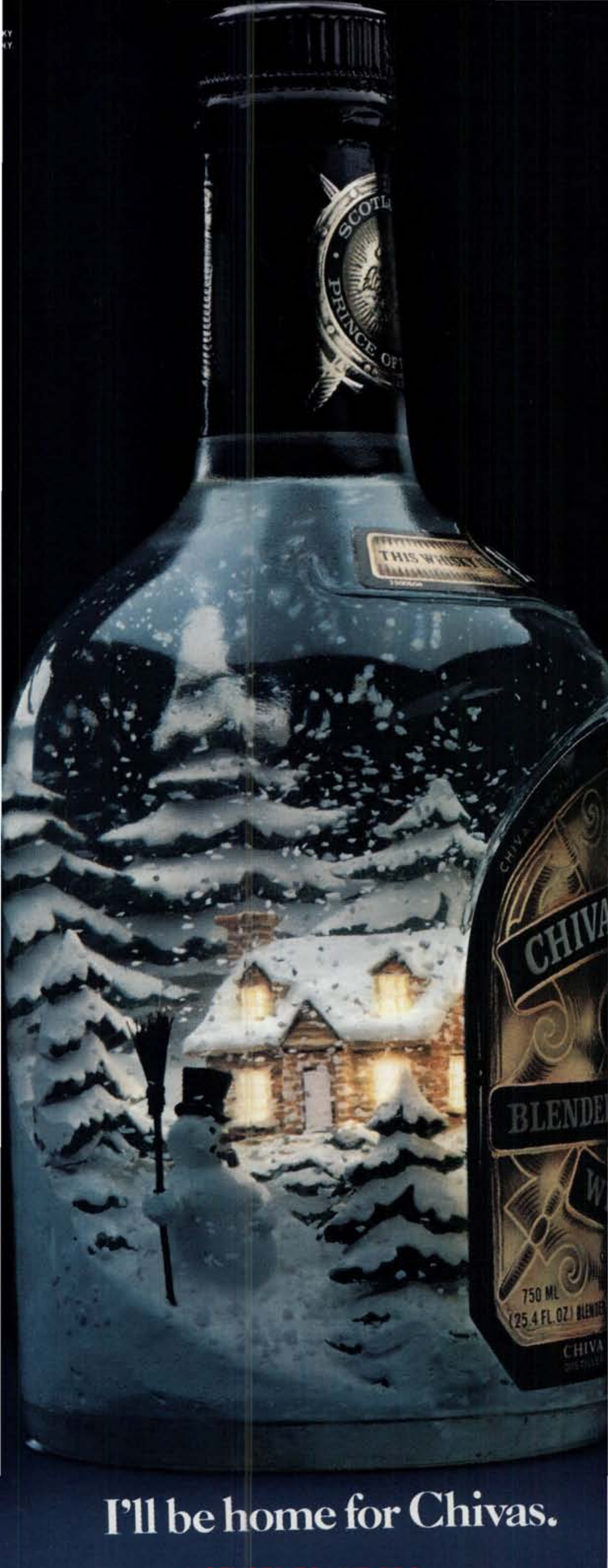
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 27. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Album—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are delightfully acted by Keith Gordon, Jenny Wright, Kevin Bacon, and Jan Leslie Harding, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/13/80.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The American Clock—A play by Arthur Miller. It was inspired by Studs Terkel's book "Hard Times," and has in its cast Joan Copeland, John Randolph, and William Atherton. Directed by Vivian Matalon. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5438. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)

Banjo Dancing; or, the 48th Annual Squitters Mountain Song Dance Folklore Convention and Banjo Contest and How I Lost—The banjo is said to be the only musical instrument invented in America. Why couldn't we have left well enough alone? Stephen Wade is the banjoist in this one-man show. He also dances and tells stories. (11/3/80) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)

Barnum—A little musical in which Jim Dale gamely risks almost every circus feat except being shot out of the mouth of a cannon. Not much Barnum, though. (5/12/80) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)

Between Two Worlds—A musical adaptation of S. Ansky's "The Dybbuk," with an English narration. (Frank Theatre, 30 W. 68th St. 362-0707. Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

Bohemian Heaven—A comedy about a family of Czech immigrants in the United States, by the Czech-born playwright Jan Novak. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Brigadoon—The songs by Lerner and Loewe ravish the ear, but the book's old-fashioned whimsy is hard to accept. Martin Vidnovic and Meg Bussert are the stars. (10/27/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)

The Chekhov Sketchbook—An adaptation by Joseph Buloff and Luba Kadison of three Chekhov short stories, "The Vagabond," "The Witch," and "In a Music Shop." With Penelope Allen, Frank Bara, John Heard, Stephen D. Newman, Jack O'Connell, and Mr. Buloff. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2:30.)

Children of a Lesser God—An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject, and Robert Steinberg and Phyllis Frelich play the leading roles. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—Louise Lasser and Jobeth Williams in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—The wise thing is to drop in after the intermission and catch a parody of the Marx Brothers playing a parody of Chekhov. What a gorgeous scramble it makes! (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Elizabeth Dead—A monologue by George Trow. It is, more precisely, an interior monolog spoken by Queen Elizabeth I on h deathbed, and compounded of fantasies a memories running through a mind that is c sessed by the beheading of Anne Boleyn (order of Elizabeth's father Henry VIII) a by the beheading of Mary, Queen of Sc (by her own order). The speaker is Lin Hunt (who presided over Mr. Trow's "T Tennis Game"), using a mannered, empha delivery that is quite effective. The writing of high quality and distinction; whether it theatrical or not is another matt (Cubiculo, 414 W. 51st St. 582-1978. Tu days through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays 7:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 7.)

Fifth of July—We are back on the old Tal place, which we encountered last year "Talley's Folly." Lanford Wilson writes w authority and with exceptional comic ve about the inhabitants of a corner of south Missouri that may yet become as famous the not far distant Yoknapatawpha Cour Christopher Reeve and Swoosie Ku dominate the proceedings. (11/17/80) (N Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesd through Saturdays at 8: Matinées Wedn days, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at and Sundays at 3; special matinée Fric Nov. 28, at 3.)

42nd Street—A musical based on an old War Brothers movie and by no means an provement on it, with Jerry Orbach, Tar

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN . . . .

"PEPPERONI" . . . . *Donald Barthelme*

"COUNTRY TRAFFIC" . . . . *Saul Steinberg*

"CHANGE" . . . . *Larry Woiwode*

"THE ROAR" (POEM) . . . . *Gerald Stern*

PROFILES (AARON GREEN—PART II) . . . . *Janet Malcolm*

THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 1

A REPORTER AT LARGE (THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION) . . . . *Elizabeth Drew* 1

DANCING . . . . *Arlene Croce* 1

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 2

FURTHER EVENTS . . . . *Nicholas Kenyon* 2

FOOTBALL . . . . *J. W. L.* 2

BOOKS . . . . *Faith McNulty* 2

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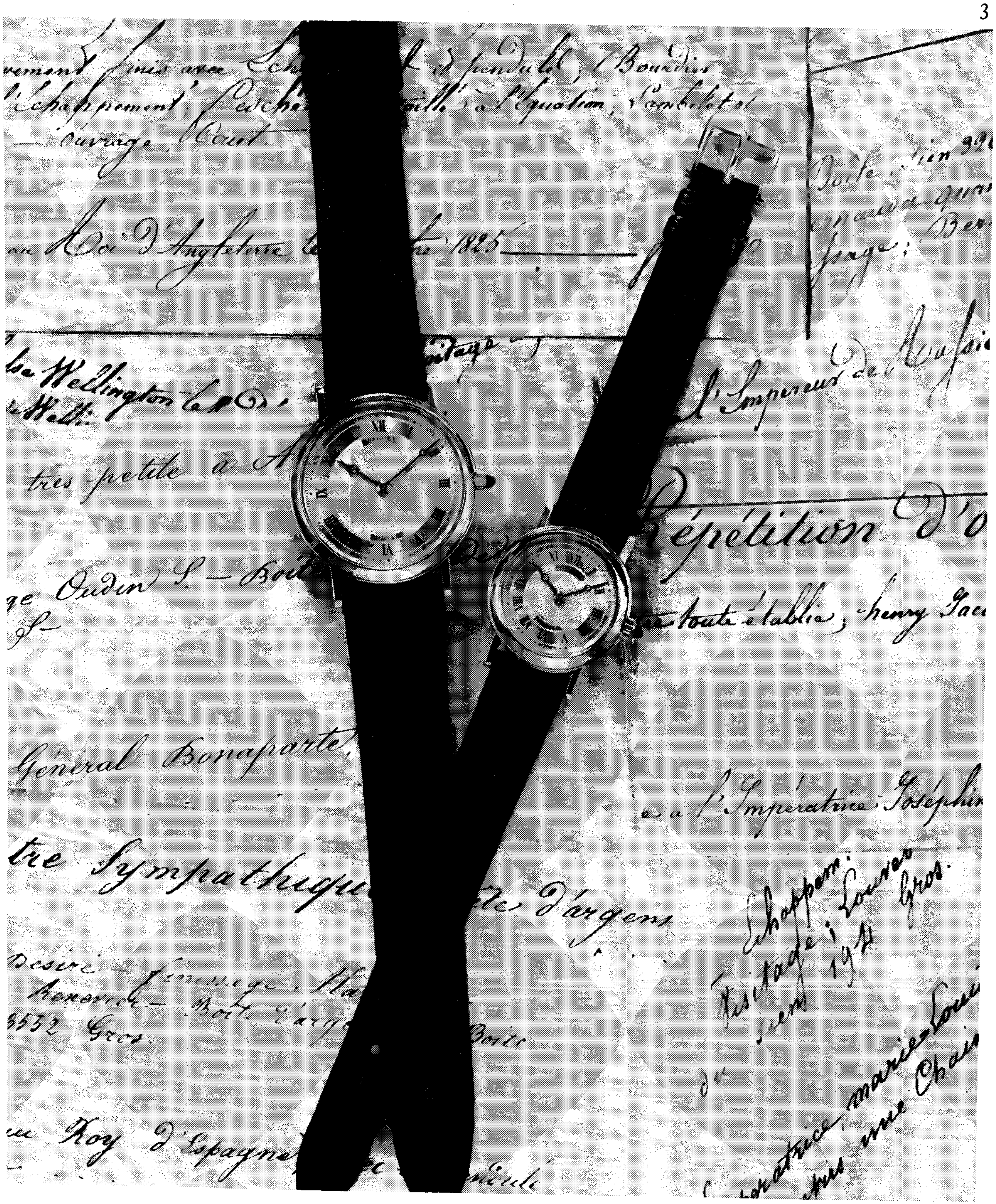

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Grimes, and Wanda Richert usurping the roles of Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, and Ruby Keeler. Directed and choreographed by Gower Champion. (9/8/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Home—A play by Samm-Art Williams that says it is a very good thing indeed to be alive. A joyful, Whitmanesque song, well acted by Charles Brown, L. Scott Caldwell, and Michele Shay. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—A sentimental comedy by Neil Simon, about a Hollywood writer down on his literary luck and a daughter who visits him and brightens his prospect. With Dick Latessa, Dinah Manoff, and Bernice Massi. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.)

A Lesson from Aloes—The scene of Athol Fugard's new play is his native South Africa, and the time is the sixties. A white political activist, his wife, and a black friend of theirs are all victims of a government bent upon practicing evil in the name of good. The cast consists of Harris Yulin, Maria Tucci, and James Earl Jones, all of whom give sensationally effective performances. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 489-9237. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)

A Life—Hugh Leonard is an Irish playwright, and his subject matter is the difficulty of establishing close relations inside and outside the family circle. "Only connect!" E. M. Forster said, from the far side of the Irish Sea; it appears to be an admonition hard to obey on Irish soil. Dark as his topic often is, Mr. Leonard's characters are almost always highly humorous; "A Life" is an admirable comedy, acted with skill by a delightful cast. Roy Dotrice plays the hero. (11/10/80) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.)

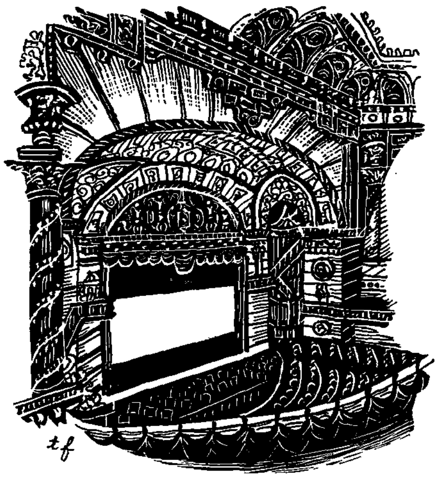
Light Opera of Manhattan—*Presenting Victor* Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4. Through Sunday, Jan. 4.)

Lunch Hour—Jean Kerr has written some funny lines for two not very plausible couples to recite in the course of working out a conclusion to a totally implausible affair. With Gilda Radner, Sam Waterston, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)

Morning's at Seven—A charming new production of a forty-year-old play by Paul Osborn. Family life in the Middle West has its merry ups and downs, and a marvellous cast makes the most of its opportunities. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Naomi Court—A revised version of the comedy-thriller by Michael Sawyer, originally produced at the Manhattan Theatre Club in 1974. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

One Tiger to a Hill—A play by Sharon Pollock. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Thanksgiving, at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 30.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

Perfectly Frank—A revue based on the songs of Frank Loesser, directed by Fritz Holt. The book is by Kenny Solms, and the cast will include Wayne Cilento, Jill Cook, Don Correia, Debbie Shapiro, and Jo Sullivan. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 29. Opens officially on Sunday, Nov. 30. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Philadelphia Story—The brilliant comedy, now forty years old, in which Philip Barry found much to admire in a Main Line family and much to make fun of as well. Blythe Danner plays Tracy Lord, "the virgin goddess," with an appropriate mingling of ice and fire. (11/24/80) (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Really Rosie—A dud. Scenery and words by Maurice Sendak, music by Carole King. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3226. Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 2 and 8; Thanksgiving at 8; Friday, Nov. 28, at 3 and 8; Saturday, Nov. 29, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 30, at 2. Thereafter, Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

The Seagull—Even Rosemary Harris's fine Mme. Arkadina cannot save this shallow, scattered production, under Andrei Serban's direction. (11/24/80) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 14.)

The Slab Boys—A play set in a Glasgow carpet factory during the teddy-boy era, by Scottish playwright John Byrne. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Sundays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 21.)

Something Lost—A play by Anthony Wisdom. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays, except Thanksgiving, through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 7.)

The Suicide—A Russian play never put on in Russia, about a hapless individual who struggles to assert himself against the bureaucracy of the state. Derek Jacobi gives a stunning performance, but the play itself is likely to survive mainly in libraries. (10/20/80) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)

Tintypes—American dreams coming true around the turn of the century. A cast of five attractive young people sing old songs and make us believe that once upon a time the streets o
New York were paved with gold. (11/3/80
(Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tues
days through Saturdays at 8. Matinée
Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturday
at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Fri
day, Nov. 28, at 2.)

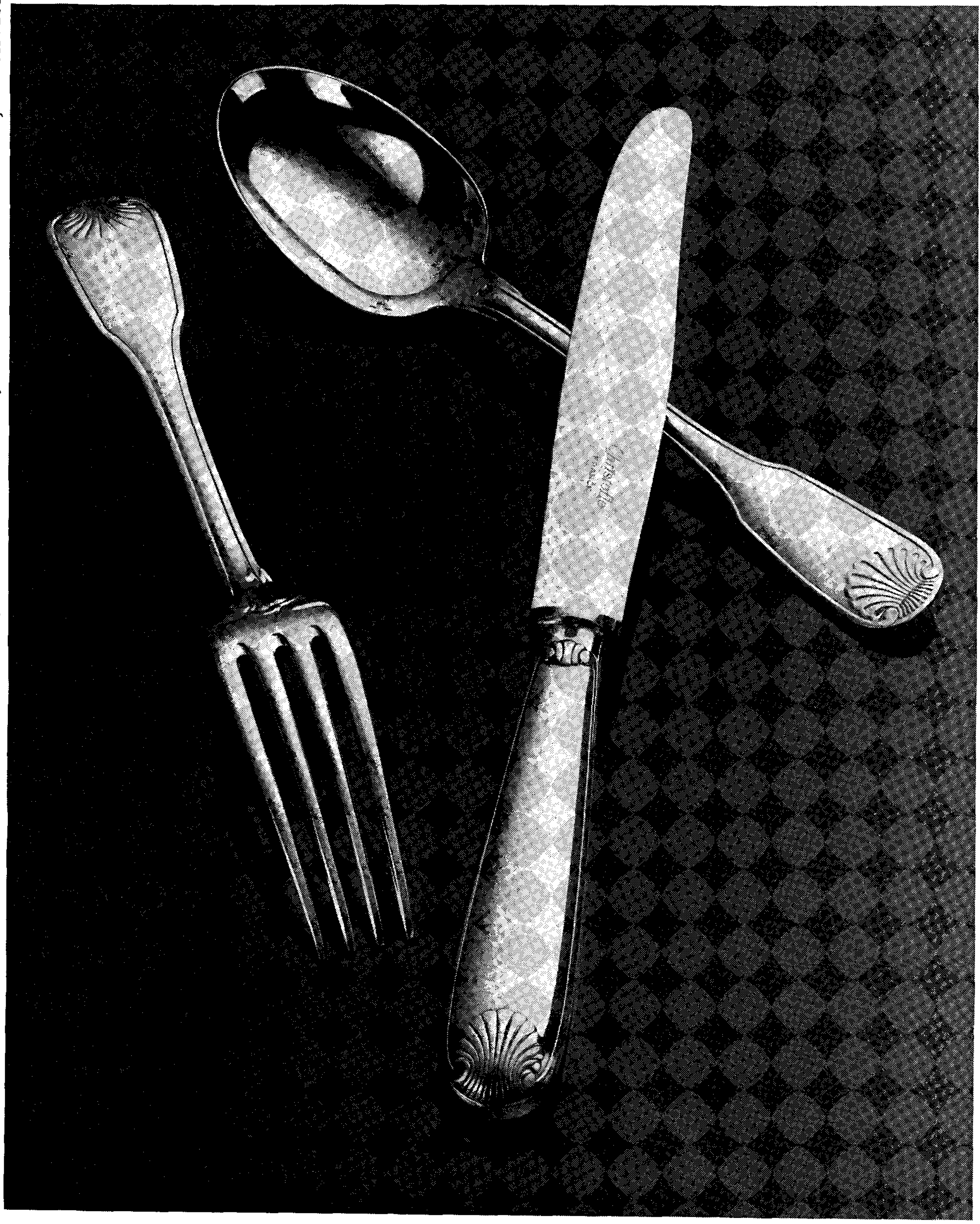
Vikings—The Vikings are a middle-age
widower, his son and partner, and his ol
father, all of Danish stock. Steve Metcalfe'
play is on the right track every step of th
way, but, unfortunately, it seldom takes of
It is well acted by Tom Atkins, Boyd Gaine
and William Swetland, and by Sheila Aller
who provides some romantic interest; and
is very well directed by Lynn Meadov
(11/24/80) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 32
E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, excep
Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturday an
Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 30.)

West Side Story—Directed and choreographe
by Jerome Robbins, the Bernstein-Sondhein
Laurents classic is in tip-top shape aft
twenty-three years. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45
St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Wednesda
through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesda
and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Clos
Sunday, Nov. 30.)

The Winslow Boy—A respectable, summer-sto
kind of production of Terence Rattigar
play based on the actual case of a thirtee
year-old boy who is falsely accused of stea
ing a five-shilling note. With Remak Rams
as the barrister who defends hir
(11/10/80) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307
26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Sat
days at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturday
and Sundays at 2.)

Wish Me Mazel-Tov—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddi
musical, with an English narration. (To
Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesda
at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Tu
days through Thursdays at 2, and Sunda
at 2 and 5:30.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A rip-roaring m
sical tribute to Fats Waller, by a supe
small company whose energy would suffice
light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th
730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and S
days, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, exc
Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays
3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.) .
ANNIE: Daddy Warbucks *is transformed int*
benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan An
is not very waiflike in this pleasant but un
spired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 7
8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays,
cept Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sundays
6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, a
Sundays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiv
Day.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**
cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical ab
a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tom
Tune was the choreographer, Carol H
wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Pe
Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Str
Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nigh
except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesda
except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2; spe
matinée Friday, Nov. 28.). . . **A CHORUS LIN**
group of young dancers audition for a ha
ful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehe
al, and by the time the evening is over
know everything about all of them. (Shub
225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, exc
Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Mati
Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special m
inée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':**
assortment of vivid production numbers
unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the chor
rapher, and his company of dancers is
zling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, Ge
M. Cohan, and other classic compos
(Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-04
After Sunday, Nov. 30, no performances
til Thursday, Dec. 4, when the show
reopen at the Ambassador, 215 W. 49th
541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays a
Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays a
and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A stun
cast, headed by Robert Reed, in a thr
whose clever anfractuosities of plot are
frightening enough and just funny eno
(Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. T
days through Saturdays at 8. Mati
Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Satur
at 2, and Sundays at 3; special mat



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Christofle sur la table

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Friday, Nov. 28, at 2:30.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. David Bowie is now the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. On Tuesday, Dec. 2, the play will be interpreted for deaf patrons by two sign-language interpreters. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Thanksgiving Day at 2, and Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Patti LuPone, James Stein, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss LuPone at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,560 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A nightclub singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PETER PAN:** A cheerful revival of a twenty-six-year-old musical version of a play that is as sturdy and (at bottom) as gloomy as "Hamlet." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Thanksgiving Day at 3, and Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance Friday, Nov. 28, at 10:30.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A Neil Simon musical different from a Simon play only in that the triphammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Tony Roberts and Anita Gillette. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
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MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—This year's Christmas show incorporates a hundred performers, a spectacle called the "Living Nativity," the singing of Chanukkah songs—and, of course, the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Nov. 27, at 2:30 and 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; Sunday, Nov. 30, at 2 and 6:30; Monday, Dec. 1, at 11; Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 11 and 2:30; Thursday, Dec. 4, at 2:30; Friday, Dec. 5, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 6, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 4.)

CIRCUS—The Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey annual rooty-toot of people and animals doing things that nature never intended them to do. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 3, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 14. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 4-5, at 3:30 and 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 6, at 11, 3, and 8.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8: "Square Dance," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 27, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 28, at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 2: "Ballo della Regina," "Orpheus," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 30, at 1: "Square Dance," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 30, at 7: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 4, at 6; Friday, Dec. 5, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 6, at 2 and 8: "The Nutcracker." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

CONTEMPORARY BALLET COMPANY—A brief engagement by a new New York company—Thursday, Nov. 27, and Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8: "Night and Day," "Juice," "Yerma," "Work #6," and "Casella 1, 3, 4." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8, and Friday, Nov. 28, and Sunday, Nov. 30, at 7:30: "Suite for Annelle," "Time Cycle," "Sequenza" (with guest singer Francesca Howe), and "Closing." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 2: "Night and Day," "Closing," "Work #6," "Casella 1, 3, 4," and "Juice." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a three-week engag
ment that will run through Sunday, De
21—Wednesday evening, Dec. 3: "Nigl
Creature," "Inside," "The Still Point" (con
pany première), and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Thur
day evening, Dec. 4: "Memoria," "Rai
bow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revel
tions." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 5: "Lat
That Day," an unnamed work (premièr
and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Saturday matiné
Dec. 6: "Night Creature," "Inside," "T
Still Point," and "District Storyville." .
¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 6: "Memoria
"Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," a
"Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55
St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées
2.)

JAMAICA NATIONAL DANCE THEATRE COMPANY—Ir
three-day engagement, presenting a progra
that will include "Caribbean Suite" a
"Two Drums for Babylon." (Brookl
Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 63
4100. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29,
8, and Sunday, Nov. 30, at 2.)

HARRY STREEP'S THIRD DANCE THEATRE—In a p
gram including two new works. (Marymou
Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Frid
Nov. 28, and Sunday, Nov. 30, at 8, and S
urday, Nov. 29, at 2 and 8. For tickets, c
924-0077.)

SPLITS—The first performances in a two-we
series of jazz and dance collaborations t
will run through Sunday, Dec. 14. Thursd
and Friday, Dec. 4-5, at 8: Ahmed Abdul
and Mickey Davidson. . . . ¶ Saturday a
Sunday, Dec. 6-7, at 8: Henry Threadgill a
Rrata-Christine Jones. (Black Theatre .
liance, 410 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-f
type is used to pick out a few of the more no
ble performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians a
night-club proprietors live complicated li
that are subject to last-minute change; it
therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

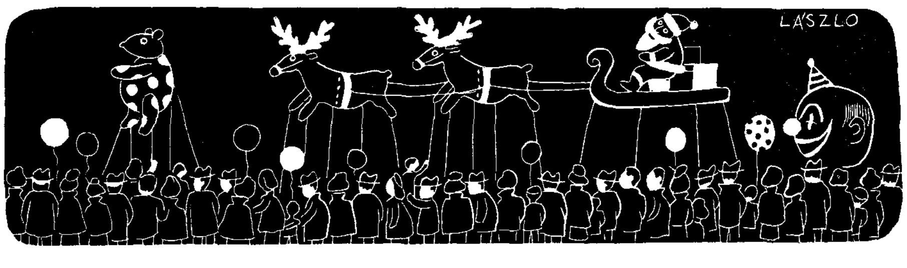
ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd
(242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical
and restaurant and a Chelsea fixture
years. Musicians pass through on weeker
pianist, composer, and big-band inspirer .
BYARD will lead a trio on Friday and Sat
day, Nov. 28-29, and on Friday and Sat
day, Dec. 5-6, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** bas
BOB CUNNINGHAM, and drummer **CURTIS B**
will team up. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty,
one.

BECHET'S, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (8
1001)—A relaxed upper East Side bar
restaurant with jazz musicians working o
bandstand in the very back of the place. C
tarist **TAL FARLOW** is making a very rare N
York club appearance through Sunday, N
30; on Monday, Dec. 1, **SCOTT HAMILTO**
young tenor saxophonist who plays wit
full-bodied, swing-era sinuosity, will brin
his quartet. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (2
6300)—The lineup: Wednesday, Nov.
folk-rocking Scot Al Stewart; Thurs
through Saturday, Nov. 27-29, blues-r
guitarist Roy Buchanan; Monday, Dec. 1,
Inmates, a British rock quintet that ch
fully plays mostly oldies; Tuesday, I
2, guitarist **ELVIN BISHOP'S** blues-and-r
band; and Friday and Saturday, Dec.
black-belt drummer **BUDDY RICH** and his
band. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-th
Sundays through Thursdays, and at
and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. I
ing.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (2
6440)—Some of the most famous pian
bassists, and guitarists in the world (altho
no musician's name is ever posted anywh
work in this dark-panelled, perpetually
seems) crowded New York bar and res
rant. Pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** is accompa
by bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** through Saturday, N
29. Music from nine-forty-five.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—
more passionate admirers of samba m
think of it as one of the great developm
of post-wheel civilization. This urbane r
is a good place to hear it performed b
vocalist and a backup trio after ele
Before eleven and between sets, ther



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** has moved in to play hot chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar and guide his trio. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** does enthusiastic interpretations of the kinds of songs they just don't write anymore. He is assisted by his bassist, **BEVERLY PEER,** and his drummer, **ROBERT SCOTT,** in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** who sings a bit to her own piano accompaniment, can be found in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays. Her hours run from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A mostly dark-brown bar and restaurant. The star here is the elegant, retiring piano soloist **ELLIS LARKINS,** who plays nightly, except Sundays, from eight. (Patrons are requested to whisper during his sets.)

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This place still hasn't had the impact on the neighborhood that it's had on the current trends in rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 26, High Roller, Lynn Messinger Band, and the Gears; Thursday, Nov. 27, Size 5, the Lights, and the Maroons; Friday, Nov. 28, the Windows, the Cooties, and True Romance; and Saturday, Nov. 29, DNA and **DEADLINE,** a new dissonance-and-blues dance band made up of drummer **PHILLIP WILSON,** bassist **BILL LASWELL,** percussionist **FRED MAHER,** and Robert Quine on guitar and Michael Beinhorn on keyboards. Monday is showcase night. Music after nine-thirty.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—For people who live in Brooklyn, Queens, or Chelsea but *love* Texas. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—The tables along the bank of picture windows afford a front-row seat if you enjoy watching taxis hightail up Central Park West or simply dig gazing at the Park trees. Farther inside the room, **RONNY WHYTE** is at the piano, singing and playing obscure and well-known popular songs Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues lyric for the uninitiated Tuesdays through Saturdays. The center-of-the-room microphone belongs to singer **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** on Sundays. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, Nov. 30, the **WARREN VACHÉ** quintet will play from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. Intense, vertiginous pianist **MC COY TYNER** performs with his sextet through Sunday, Nov. 30; on Tuesday, Dec. 2, **ZOOT SIMS,** who plays airy, dancing tenor-sax solos, will arrive with a quartet. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (362-6155)—A large square room that has been bringing in singers who usually appear in concert halls. **BILLY ECKSTINE** has had nearly as many high points in his career as a cat has lives: in the late thirties and early forties, he was a great jazz vocalist; in the forties, he led and played trombone in a history-making big band (the band not only played ground-breaking bebop, it had in its ranks Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie); and since the fifties, he has been a great balladeer. He is singing with a backing trio through Sunday, Nov. 30. Shows at nine Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays.

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Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. Is it pretentious? Well, the mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Raw Sugar, a pop-soul troupe, Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 27-30; and Tania Maria, an energetic Brazilian singer and pianist, beginning Tuesday, Dec. 2. On Mondays, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** collaborates with bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and a guest player. Music from ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. Mondays, **ATTILA ZOLLER, BEN ARONOV,** and a bassist team up from ten; Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** begins at ten; and Saturdays from seven to ten and Sundays from five to ten stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** is on hand.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. The pianists who play here are not just diversionary dining-room players. **DAVE MC KENNA,** the pianist of the month (he'll be here through Saturday, Nov. 29), is a pumping, swirling time-warp of a musician—he plays stride with his left hand and bebop with his right—and he attracts admirers from all over. On Tuesday, Dec. 2, stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** will claim the piano. Sets run Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. **JILL MC MANUS,** a Wynton Kelly-inspired pianist, plays on Sundays and Mondays from seven to eleven.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. Pianist Chuck Folds, guitarist Wayne Wright, and bassist Al Hall play for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with them after nine

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—There ar twelve video monitors hanging from th rafters around the room here, so that whe the D.J.s spin a side by Defunkt or the Po Group, one can watch them as well as hea them and dance to them. The bands: Ti Huey and Unit 5 on Wednesday, Nov. 26 Lounge Lizards and Del Byzantees on Thurs day, Nov. 27; Love of Life Orchestra and th Dance on Friday, Nov. 28; and the Piranha on Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 29-30. Re corded rock and roll from nine and betwee sets; live music from elevenish. Closed Mon day, Dec. 1.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourt floor. (477-3077)—Comfortable, relaxed su roundings with pillow furniture that one ca fall into after making the long three-fligh climb. The guest musicians will be trombon ist **STEVE TURRE** and his quintet on Friday an Saturday, Nov. 28-29, and a hard-bop quin tet co-piloted by tenor saxophonist **JUNIC COOK** and trumpeter **BILL HARDMAN** on Frida and Saturday, Dec. 5-6. Music from nin and if you hang around until two in th morning you'll hear even more jazz, playe by saxophonist **MIKE MORGENSTERN** and trum peter **CLAUDIO RODITI** and their combo. On Su days from nine to one, composer, arrange singer, and guitarist **THIAGO DE MELLO** appea with his Brazilian-jazz band, Amazon, whic features trumpet solos by **MR. RODITI.**

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)— no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carri more vividly without a carpet to soak up—traditional-jazz haunt and an altern tive to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thi ty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet, l by trumpeter Spanky Davis, occupies t bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays fro nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpet **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sunday Kaminsky directs another group of music archivists from eight until two. Clos Thanksgiving.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9 St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner resta rant and bar that is crowded with good l teners, and for good reasons. Pianist, co poser, and City College prof **JOHN LEWIS** a his bassist, **MARC JOHNSON,** perform Tuesda through Saturdays. The Sunday and Mond spots are the property of pianist **DON FRIEDM** and bassist **BOB BODLEY.** Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (24 1664)—Crowded, but authentic in its Tex ness. The rock, country, rockabilly, blu and jazz schedule includes **JUNIOR WALKER & T ALL-STARS,** a melodious honky-tonk R. & band, on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 2 27; Texas folkie Kinky Friedman on Sunda Nov. 30; and the Guess Who, a rock gro on Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 1-2. Mu from eight-thirty. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (24 4100)—**BILLY DANIELS** is still putting over "Th Old Black Magic" and other tunes. Sho Mondays through Thursdays at nine a eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and S urdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th (777-7870)—A vintage rock club that tracts young people in T-shirts, in butt down-collar shirts, and in motorcycle jacke The lineup: Wednesday, Nov. 26, Kier Liscoe & the Attitude and Luther Thomas Dazz; Thursday, Nov. 27, Rattlers a Shrapnel; Friday, Nov. 28, Cheetah Chro and Stimulators; Saturday, Nov. 29, Send and Baby Strange; Monday, Dec. 1, An Mann Band, Extras, and Nikko Toy; a Tuesday, Dec. 2, Subway, Metromen, a Bosch. Music from well after eleven.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)— you haven't caught Jonathan Schwartz the radio (he's a D.J. on WNEW) or read

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S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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column in the paper (the *Village Voice*) or heard his records (he's done at least a couple), there is still time to see him singing on this stage. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On most Mondays, Woody Allen plays celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet from nine-thirty to midnight; in color. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA** guides his African-funk band, which also plays for their guest singer, **MIRIAM MAKEBA,** through Saturday, Nov. 29. Music from about ten until two.

ƆNE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-oyster bar. **AL HAIG,** one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-fifteen to two. Dining.

ƆTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. **DAVE VAN RONK,** the bearlike lumberjack of a folkie, performs Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 27-29; Wednesday, Dec. 3, will belong to Chicago-blues bassist, singer, and composer **WILLIE DIXON;** and on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 5-6, soul singer **CISSY HOUSTON** will be present. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase. Snacks.

ALSSON'S, 158 W. 72nd St. (362-2590)—The latest jazz club to be decorated in dark-brown tones and smoked-glass mirrors is this extremely relaxed, long and narrow second-story room. The absolutely topnotch jazz: Wednesday, Nov. 26, singer **JOE LEE WILSON;** Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 27-29, trumpeter **TED CURSON;** Sunday, Nov. 30, bassist **RON CARTER'S** trio; Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 1-3, pianist **HAL GALPER'S** trio; and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 4-6, alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE.** Jazz from about ten. Dining.

EACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

AINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! What dance music, what a bounce septet! The **SY OLIVER** organization plays Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

TZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 26-27, **ROCKPILE** and Moon Martin; Friday, Nov. 28, Oingo Boingo; Saturday, Nov. 29, Kid Creole & the Coconuts; Sunday, Nov. 30, **XTC;** Monday, Dec. 1, Testors and Rudies; Tuesday, Dec. 2, soul singers **PERCY SLEDGE, CARLA THOMAS,** and **CLARENCE CARTER;** and Thursday, Dec. 4, **JOE COCKER.** Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, "Rhapsody in Gershwin," an uninspired tribute, is under way, with Annie Jo Edwards, Christine Andreas, Ed Evanko, and Chip Garnett comprising the singing and hoofing cast. Mondays through Thursdays shows begin at nine-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays they begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

LT PEANUTS, 399 Greenwich St., at Beach St. (431-6044)—Named for a tune by Dizzy Gillespie and located in the far western reaches of Tribeca, where many of the lofts are still used by business and industry. Pianist **RED GARLAND,** who cut some historic sides with Miles Davis in the fifties, and who still sounds as fresh and buoyant, will lead his trio starting Monday, Dec. 1. Music from ten. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. Guitarist **MICHAEL GREGORY JACKSON** heads up his quintet on Wednesday, Nov. 26; on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, Noel Pointer will play rhapsodic solos on his electric violin with his group; and on Thursday and Friday, Dec. 4-5, electric violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK'S** jazz-rock outfit will be present. Other combos round out the schedule. Music from ten to two. Closed Mondays and Thanksgiving.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in bentwood chairs, and mostly piano-bass duos. The current piano-bass roster: Wednesday, Nov. 26, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, **ROLAND HANNA** and **SAM JONES;** Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 2-6, **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and **RED MITCHELL.** Mondays are showcase nights. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** and pianist **BARRY HARRIS** perform some lively hard bop with a quartet through Saturday, Nov. 29; on Tuesday, Dec. 2, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER** will bring in his combo. Sundays here are allocated to singer **CHRIS CONNOR,** Mondays to guitarist **TINY GRIMES.** Music from about ten. Dining.

SYNCOPATION, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—A long, high-ceilinged jazz room that is modern and comfortable but spare; the atmosphere and the acoustics are reminiscent, in spite of all the comfort, of the old Five Spot. Saxophonist **GARY BARTZ,** pianist **HILTON RUIZ,** and drummer **FREDDIE WAITS** get together on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 26-27; on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, drummer **LOUIS HAYES** and his animated hard-bop quartet—saxophonist **FRANK STROZIER,** bassist **CLINT HOUSTON,** and pianist **HAROLD MABERN**—will be on the bandstand; and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 4-6, saxophonist **CHARLES DAVIS** will head up a quartet. Sunday nights are given over to **LOUIS HAYES, CLINT HOUSTON,** and **HAROLD MABERN.** Music Sundays from eight, and weeknights from nine-thirty.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A first-rate schedule of moving blues and soul includes Chicago-blues singer and guitarist **LUTHER ALLISON** on Wednesday, Nov. 26, and soul singer **SOLOMON BURKE** Fridays through Sundays. Shows most nights at nine and midnight. Dining and dancing.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. Wednesday, Nov. 26, Hooks and Boulevard Jacks; Thursday, Nov. 27, Oingo Boingo and IRS; Friday, Nov. 28, Terrorists and Nitecaps; and Tuesday, Dec. 2, Gerry Groom & Radio. Music every night but Sunday after eleven, usually. Dancing.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the enormous downstairs room, **THE WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION ORCHESTRA,** a youthful ten-piece dance band that celebrates the thirties and forties, plays on Fridays from ten for listening and dancing. Mondays are given over to salsa bands, which begin playing at nine. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays in the sidewalk lounge after ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club that is presenting alto saxophonist **RICHIE COLE** and his quintet, Alto Madness, through Sunday, Nov. 30. On Tuesday, Dec. 2, guitarist **KENNY BURRELL,** as wonderfully hard-bopping as ever, will turn up with a trio. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Esther Blue plays piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Harris Simon has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. Tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY'S** swing quintet, the Jazz Sultans, works through Sunday, Nov. 30; pianist **BROOKS KERR** and drummer **SONNY GREER** will be on hand on Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 1-2; pianist **JOE ALBANY'S** New Yorkers will perform Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 3-5; and the **COUNTSMEN**—trombonist **DICKY WELLS,** saxophonist **EARLE WARREN,** and their quintet—will move in on Saturday, Dec. 6. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

AL JARREAU—With David Sanborn. (Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesday, Nov. 26; Friday, Nov. 28; and Sunday, Nov. 30, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8 and 11:30.)

BOZ SCAGGS—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN & THE E STREET BAND—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 27-28, at 8.

PETE SEEGER—With the Weavers. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, at 8.)

MITCHELL-RUFF DUO—With Dizzy Gillespie. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

OLIVER LAKE QUINTET—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, Nov. 28, at 10:30, with Walt Dickerson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 10:30, with Antonello Salis.

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART & THE MAGIC BAND—With James (Blood) Ulmer. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

ROY AYERS—With Mtume. (Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

WILLIAM HOOKER—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8.

NORMAN CONNORS & THE STARSHIP ORCHESTRA—With Phyllis Hyman, Jean Carn, Aderitha, and

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

others. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 7.)

Charlie Daniels Band—Palladium. Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 8.

Paco de Lucia, John McLaughlin, and Al DiMeola—Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 8.

The Cars—With XTC. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 3-4, at 8.)

Judy Collins—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8.

Cab Calloway and Count Basie—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8.

Bluegrass Festival—Bill Monroe & the Bluegrass Boys; the Lewis Family; Byron Berline, John Hickman & Dan Crary; and Del McCoury & the Dixie Pals. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

James Moody—With an ensemble. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Dizzy Gillespie—Concert Hall, Lehman College, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8.

David Eyges and Byard Lancaster—Alternative Museum. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8.

Jazz Gallery—Friday, Nov. 28, at 8: Michele Rosewoman quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 28, at 10: Byard Lancaster Unit, with Nikki Coleman. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8: Marilyn Crispell quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 10: Jay Clayton quintet and Voices. (Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 9: Sun Ra. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 5, at 8:30: Archie Shepp. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:30: David Murray and Steve McCall, with poet Amiri Baraka (LeRoi Jones). (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Horst Antes—Paintings and steel sculptures on Hopi Indian themes by a German artist who collects the religious dolls, called kachinas, the Hopi are famous for. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Varujan Boghosian—Collages. Through Dec. 20. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

François Boucher (1703-70)—A benefit loan show of more than sixty paintings, drawings, and tapestries by an artist said to have set the fashion in interior decoration in eighteenth-century France. Through Dec. 19. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Alexander Brook (1898-1980)—A retrospective of paintings by an artist best known for his portraiture—of Raphael Soyer, Peggy Bacon, and others in this show. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Anthony Caro—Bronzes. Through Dec. 31. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Bernard Cathelin—An artist who reduces his subjects—French landscapes, Nepalese women, Ceylonese women in their pastel saris—to simplified forms. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-73)—Twenty-three box constructions and nine collages. Through Jan. 31. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. A retrospective exhibition is currently at the Museum of Modern Art.)

José de Rivera—Hand-hammered steel sculptures in his familiar style—endless whirls of metal that seem to spin in the air, and, in this case, actually do revolve slowly on their pedestals. Through Dec. 18. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Richard Diebenkorn—New paintings in the Ocean Park series, these numbered 117 to 125. Through Tuesday, Dec. 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

William Dole—Orderly collage paintings accented with words (often in a language other than English). Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

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Robert Donley—Large paintings that combine surrealism and naïveté in depicting imaginary battles that involve thousands of tiny figures under a sky crowded with warplanes, parachutists, and what seem to be death rays. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Mary Faulconer—Small, meticulously executed egg-tempera paintings of such diverse subjects as the Royal Pavilion at Brighton, Moran tugboats, and Luciano Pavarotti. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Yves Klein (1928-62)—Panels with the imprints of sponges and of bodies, paper scored with raindrops, actual sponges on sticks—all in blue. Through Wednesday, Dec. 3. (Arman, 817 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

John Koch (1909-78)—A retrospective of the realist works of a painter whose interior settings were often his own Central Park West apartment. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Lois Lane—A maternity dress, a harlequin, and a hummingbird (a recurring figure in the artist's works) are reduced to barely recognizable abstractions in these large new paintings, done mostly in dark gray and an almost black indigo. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Robert Natkin—Large paintings by an artist who saturates various fabrics with acrylics and presses them against a canvas, so that they leave a pattern when they are removed. A different pressing for each color, of course, and a final touching up with a brush. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Alice Neel / John White Alexander (1856-1915)—Recent paintings by this artist who, at the age of eighty, shows no signs of mellowing in her honest appraisals of her fellow-citizens. / Portraits of Mark Twain, Booth Tarkington, and the actor Joseph Jefferson are among the selected works by this painter, whose specialty was idealized, Whistlerian figures. Through Dec. 13. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29.)

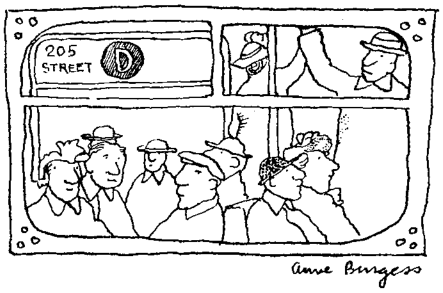
Jules Pascin (1885-1930)—Forty-eight works ranging from bordello vignettes to a large pastoral landscape of Hammam Lif, a Tunisian spa, painted on black paper in 1924 and said to have been executed as a mural decoration for a party he gave celebrating his return to Paris from Tunisia. Through Dec. 20. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Antoine Poncet—New sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

George Rickey—Twenty-one pieces dating from the fifties to the present by an innovator of kinetic sculpture. Through Dec. 13. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

William Tucker—Abstract metal sculptures; also drawings. Through Dec. 17. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Abraham Walkowitz (1878-1965)—Oils and works on paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 6 (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)



N. C. Wyeth (1882-1945)—Paintings of th Wild West by this master of the hell-for leather genre—bronco-busting, Indians o the warpath, saloon gunfights, snarling grizzlies. Through Friday, Nov. 28. (Kerr, 49 E 82nd St.)

Group Shows—At **didier aaron,** 32 E. 67th St Nineteenth-century equestrian paintings (" Lady Riding Side-Saddle on a Whit Hunter," "The Racehorse and His Lad, "Racing at Chantilly," and others) by Britis and French artists. Through Saturday, De 6. (Open Mondays; closed Friday, No 28.) . . . **art latitude,** 29 E. 73rd St.: Richar Artschwager, Sylvia Mangold, and Jo Shapiro are among the fifteen artists represented in a show of paintings called "Th Image Transformed." Through Saturda Nov. 29. . . . **castelli,** 4 E. 77th St.: Prints an photographs, for the most part, by contemporary artists Ralph Gibson, Frank Stell Sandy Skoglund, and others. Through De 20. . . . **davis & long,** 746 Madison Ave., 65th St.: Seventy-five watercolors by Englis painters, dating from the eighteenth centu on and including works by Edward Lea Gwen John, and Wyndham Lewis. Throu Saturday, Nov. 29. . . . **forum,** 1018 Madis Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings of figures groups by nineteenth- and twentieth-centu artists, including Robert Henri, Milton Aver Isabel Bishop, and David Levine. Throu Saturday, Nov. 29. . . . **fourcade,** 36 E. 75 St.: Eleven artists showing a single new wo each; an oil on canvas by de Kooning and Formica sculpture by Heizer are tw Through Dec. 31. . . . **hirschl & adler,** 21 70th St.: Another theme show, this one dea ing with buildings as subjects of early-twe tieth-century American paintings, drawin sculptures, and prints. Arthur G. Dov "Slaughterhouse," Elsie Driggs' "St. Barth omew's," and Max Weber's "New York," a seven works apiece by Sheeler and Demu are included. Through Saturday, Nov. 2 . . . **nardin,** 25 E. 73rd St.: Several generatio of social-protest works of art make up t exhibition, called "Apokalypsis." Among t protesters are Jack Levine, Leonard Bask Robert Gwathmey, Rosemarie Castoro, A thony Toney, and many others. Through J 4. (Open daily; the Sunday hours are 1 to . . . **sabarsky,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th S Drawings and watercolors by German E pressionists, among them Kirchner, Nol and Schiele. Through Saturday, Nov. (Opens at noon.) . . . **saidenberg,** 1018 Madis Ave., at 79th St.: Works on paper and a f oils (by Balthus, Masson, Tanguy, a others); some Matisse drawings that ca directly from his family and one oil and t works on paper by Picasso are on exhibit this country for the first time. Through D 20. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Fernando Botero—Paintings done over the p two years by this Colombian-born artist; cluded are a sort of recycling of Mantegn portrait of the Marchesa Gonzaga and court, and a small series in which a deadp junta dignitary is roused from his bed by diers and put, still deadpan, before a fir squad. Through Tuesday, Dec. 2. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ernest Briggs—Recent Abstract Expressio paintings. Through Dec. 20. (Gruenebau 38 E. 57th St.)

Patrick Henry Bruce (1881-1936)—Still-li and landscapes done between 1910-12 wh reflect the tutelage of his friend Matisse give little hint of the lyrical Synchromist stractions that he was to be doing a few ye later. Through Dec. 31. (Washburn, 42 57th St.)

Ray Ciarrochi—Representational landsca Through Thursday, Dec. 4. (De Nagy, 29 57th St.)

James Coignard—Semi-abstract works (scar and slashed canvases) by a French art Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Alex Rosenb 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Martha Diamond—Small-scale city views, s of them depicting the fires that ravage

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

wasted areas. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Rackstraw Downes—Polished oils of New York and Maine landscapes by an artist whose vision covers a sweep of about a hundred and eighty degrees. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Walter Dusenbery—Impressive eight-foot columns carved of travertine or Arabascato marble and shown in pairs, sometimes supporting a short section of entablature. Through Dec. 13. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Etnier—Clean-cut paintings of the Maine scene—mushroom anchors on the beach, tall pines across the cove—and also of the Caribbean seaside by a veteran realist. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Kathleen Ferguson—Sculptural wall pieces in which domes of painted papier-mâché and plaster of Paris are studded with chenille vegetation. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Oosterom, 50 W. 57th St.)

Janet Fish—New paintings. Through Dec. 31. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jane Freilicher—Sunlit interiors, bright with flowers, and landscapes of downtown Manhattan and the Hamptons by this well-known realist. Through Dec. 13. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Sidney Goodman—Watercolors, drawings, and a diptych, in oil, entitled "Matriarchs," by a figurative artist. Through Dec. 12. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Nancy Grossman—Hand-carved wooden heads nearly covered with a skin of leather; also clay reliefs. Through Jan. 3. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

Jan Groth—Big tapestries woven of a rich mixture of black and brown wool, each with a streak of white coursing across it. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Al Held / Frederick Kiesler (1890-1965)—New paintings. Through Dec. 10. / Drawings for theatre projects and an aluminum model of the never-realized but architecturally influential proposal called the Universal Theatre. Through Wednesday, Dec. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Clinton Hill—Abstract designs painted in acrylic on linen canvas and on handmade paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Gustav Klimt (1862-1918) **and Egon Schiele** (1890-1918)—Paintings and drawings by the Austrian Expressionists, including Schiele's famous portrait of his father-in-law and Klimt's two portraits of Mäda Primavesi. Nearly all the works were handled by the dealer Otto Kallir, in whose memory the loan exhibit was organized. Through Dec. 27. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Alfred Leslie—Three huge figure paintings and a sixteen-foot-long landscape of the Green River cemetery near East Hampton. The latter concludes the artist's Killing Cycle series, related to the death of the poet Frank O'Hara, who is buried in the cemetery, along with Jackson Pollock, Stuart Davis, and a number of other art-world figures. Also preparatory drawings. Through Thursday, Dec. 4. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Agnes Martin / Jean Dubuffet—Soft, delicately modulated horizontal stripes painted on large canvases. Through Dec. 13. / New, and somehow more innocent, examples of this artist's "brutal" art, in which he meets head-on the problems of depicting modern life, and does it in the way that a child draws a taxicab or an airplane or a hospital. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Sandro Martini—A gala environment in which layers of bright-dyed canvas are hung diagonally from the ceiling, like sails. Working drawings for the layout, plus small abstract watercolors, are also on view. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Rosemary Mayer—Sculptures from the seventies. Through Dec. 23. (Women's Interart Center, 549 W. 52nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

Richard Meier / Denise Green—An exhibit tracing the evolution of a reading chair, created originally for a library at the Guggenheim Museum and then, after several modifications, put into commercial production by Knoll. Drawings for the chair and for associated pieces of furniture are also on hand. / Paintings and drawings involving abstract signs and symbols. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

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Henry Moore—Recent small sculptures and a number of colored lithographs, many of them on view in New York for the first time. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jan Müller (1922-58)—A group of his mosaic-like paintings, many of which have simplified figures worked into the pattern. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Gertrude Shibley—Hard-edged, bright-colored abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Joseph Solman—Recent monotypes. Through Thursday, Dec. 4. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St.)

D. Jack Solomon—Oil-stick drawings of animal heads, done on paper, and a couple of installations, one of them centered on a rhinoceros head (painted wood and Styrofoam) jutting from the wall. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Christopher Sproat—Black-and-white futuristic-looking pieces of furniture, plus ladders, arranged in settings that the artist says are meant to express mankind's eternal struggle to do better. Through Thursday, Dec. 4. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Allen Tucker (1866-1939)—Forty-one paintings by an artist who had seven works in the 1913 Armory show. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Art Students League, 215 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

Peter Vogel—Freestanding and wall sculptures made up of electronic components—photoelectric cells, motors, loudspeakers—that react with musical blips and beeps to the presence of a spectator. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—A first show of sculptures; the major pieces, one of which is fifteen feet long, are called "Belt Still Life" (enamel on wood), "Dropped Bra" (painted aluminum), and "Smoking Cigarette" (oil and wood on Masonite). Also paintings, drawings, and maquettes. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Zao Wou-ki—Landscape paintings and ink drawings in which Oriental brushwork is combined with an Abstract Expressionist style. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jean Xceron (1890-1967)—Nonobjective works on paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **aaron berman**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works by seven Los Angeles artists include abstracts done on burnished lead or copper by Joel Bass, and large wall pieces, six feet square, of wood and handmade paper by Anne Flaten Pixley. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. . . . **kennedy**, 40 W. 57th St.: A rousing exhibition of American painting which ranges from 1750 to the present but concentrates on recent realists—Burchfield, Levine, O'Keeffe, Marsh, Marin, Demuth, and so on. Through Jan. 9. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **zabriskie**, 29 W. 57th St.: "17 Abstract Artists of East Hampton: The Pollock Years, 1946-56," a show of fifty works on paper and seven sculptures by companions of Jackson Pollock—Perle Fine, Ibram Lassaw, Franz Kline, Willem de Kooning and, naturally, Lee Krasner, among them Augmented with photographs by Han
Namuth and Maurice Berezov. Through Jan
3. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

John Baeder / Raymon Elozua—Paintings by ar
artist at home in the world of the roadsid
diner and trailer park. / Small-scale models
done in ceramics and in almost incredible de
tail, of ramshackle ore processors, min
heads, and other industrial trestleworks
Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (O.K. Harri
383 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ In the front gal
lery, photographs, four feet wide, by Ruffi
Cooper, Jr., of details on the Statue of Liber
ty and the Golden Gate Bridge.

Tom Blackwell / Charles Bell—Photo-Realis
paintings of Fifth Avenue store windows.
Realist paintings by an artist with a
abiding interest in gum-ball machine
Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Meisel, 14
Prince St.)

Ross Bleckner—Constructivist-looking pain
ings all done in black-and-white except f
one canvas, which has a bright-yellow desig
in the middle. Through Thursday, Dec.
(Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

Agnes Denes—Greatly magnified color phot
graphs dramatizing the germination of ri
seeds. Through Dec. 20. (Meyer, 410 We
Broadway.)

Richard Friedberg—Large wall pieces and o
freestanding sculpture made of painted ste
rods and metal grilles welded together in a
stract shapes; the spiky angularity of t
pieces is modified by billows of hardwa
cloth. Through Wednesday, Dec. 3. (Mill
ken, 98 Prince St.)

Jannis Kounellis—Sixteen large paintings wi
all-over black-and-white patterns of sku
like forms, plus a sculptural piece consisti
of a pile of slate slabs and a smoke-stain
wall with a palette hanging on it. Throu
Saturday, Dec. 6. (Sonnabend, 420 We
Broadway.)

Ronnie Landfield / William Eggleston—Abstra
paintings. / Photographs. Through Saturda
Nov. 29. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Mimi Korach Lesser—Large new paintings
people placidly taking their ease around
swimming pool. Through Sunday, Nov. 3
(Pindar, 127 Greene St.)

Constance McMillan—Colorful semi-abstra
paintings in which, given the clues in the
tles, one can read such everyday subjects
bird's nests in the eaves, a gleaming mot
cycle, the clutter in a girl's room. Throu
Thursday, Dec. 4. (Westbroadway, 431 W
Broadway.)

Franc Palaia—Trompe-l'oeil sculptures
decaying billboards, city walls (a couple
them with a window left intact), and the li
plus color photographs of the same them
Through Dec. 17. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Ray Parker—Abstract paintings. Through D
24. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Ed Paschke—Figure paintings that border
surrealism. Through Jan. 7. (Kind, 1
Spring St.)

Joseph Raffael—Large paintings of water li
and attendant aquatic creatures. Throu
Dec. 11. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Mira Schor—Semi-abstract pastels done on r
paper, some of them eight feet tall. Throu
Saturday, Nov. 29. (Thorp, 419 West Bro
way.)

Joel Shapiro—Minimalist sculptures—figu
houses—in cast bronze, wood, and i
Through Dec. 13. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St

Gail von der Lippe—Semi-abstract painti

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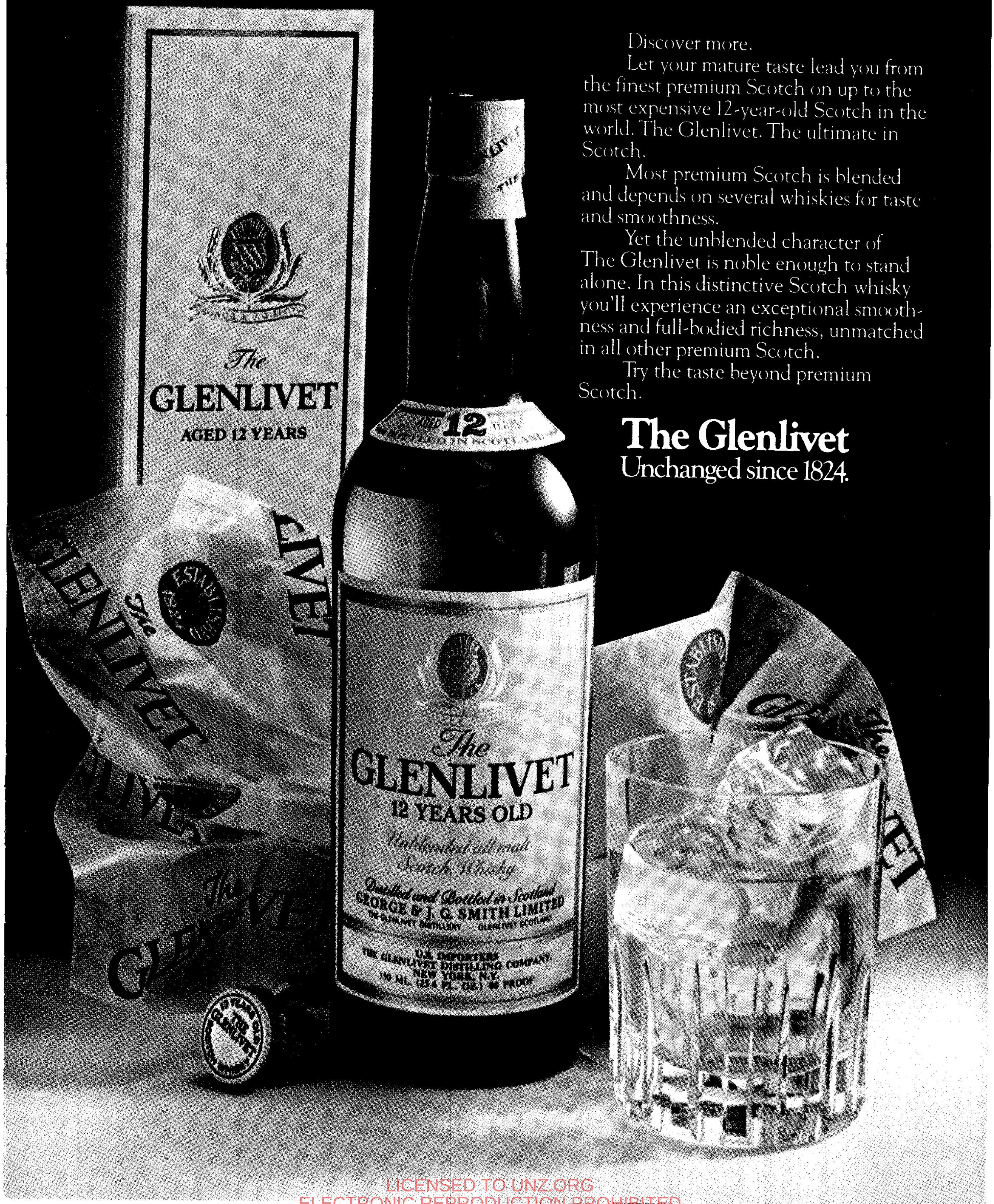
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

based on landscape elements—logs floating in a stream, for instance. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Toll, 138 Prince St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

John Walker—Abstract paintings. Through Dec. 20. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At **metro pictures,** a newly opened gallery at 169 Mercer St.: Works by a dozen artists, including pastel drawings on black paper by William Leavitt; a painting of a jet fighter streaking across a black sky by Jack Goldstein; and a sculptural wall piece by Robert Longo in which the head and arms of a diver emerge from a black stone slab. Through Wednesday, Dec. 3. . . . **washburn,** 113 Greene St.: An all-star show demonstrating the effect of Matisse on American abstract painting. Among the eight artists represented are Diebenkorn, Stella, and Motherwell. Through Dec. 31.

OTHER GALLERIES

onia Delaunay (1885-1979)—A retrospective of more than two hundred works (paintings, graphics, books, textiles, and costumes) by the School of Paris painter, who also collaborated on commercial endeavors with, among others, Tristan Tzara, Jacques Heim, Blaise Cendrars, and Diaghilev. Through Dec. 27. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

natol Kovarsky—Oil paintings—circus scenes, parades, crowded beaches, stripteasers, prizefighters—by an artist who has contributed many drawings to this magazine. Through Dec. 14. (Zoma, 327 Columbus Ave., at 75th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6:30; Sundays, noon to 6.)

ouise Kruger—Roughly carved pine and cedar sculptures of figures and animals; nearly all of the pieces have moving parts. Through Dec. 20. (Condeso-Lawler, 119 W. 25th St.)

oe Neill—Sculptures and drawings. Through Dec. 20. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

roup Show—An exhibit that includes a forbidding black structure, twelve feet high, called "A Powerhouse for Adam Smith," by Lauren Ewing. Other artists represented are Agnes Denes, Vernon Fischer, Stephen Prina, and David Reed. Through Thursday, Dec. 4. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8. Closed Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

obert Adams—Photographs in the "From the Missouri West" series. Through Dec. 15. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Weekdays, 10 to 7; Sundays, 11:30 to 6.)

e Arnold—A show of color photographs of China taken in 1979 has been mounted by the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

le Bongé / Richard J. Linke—Prints of landscape abstractions, Mardi Gras parades, nudes. / Landscapes. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Lux Feininger—The photographer was a Dessau Bauhaus student in his teens when he began doing these prints recording the more lighthearted moments there—for one, the Bauhaus swing band. Through Dec. 13. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

on Mili / Robert Bourdeau—A retrospective of the works of a *Life* photojournalist responsible for introducing high-speed electronic flash units into the craft. / Contact prints of Utah mountains, the British Isles, and Canada. Through Jan. 18. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

ilip Trager / Charles Pratt (1926-76)—Photographs of New York architecture, from ten studies of Harlem houses (and their details) to the Guggenheim Museum and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company tower. / Photographs of landscapes in Maine, Connecticut, and European cities. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

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MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of gold and silver jewelry, gilt-bronze objects, stone, wood, and ivory carvings, and other *cartes de visite* the Vikings left behind in Denmark, England, and elsewhere. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A historical survey of monotypes; the hundred or so prints are by Degas, Prendergast, Milton Avery, Jim Dine, and others. Through Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Among eighty nineteenth-century French drawings from the Lehman Collection are some by Seurat, Redon, Renoir, and Daumier. Through March 15. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Joseph Cornell retrospective consisting of two hundred assemblages in boxes and seventy-five collages. Through Jan. 20. A complementary show is at Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . ¶ An exhibit of nearly a hundred photographs by William Klein. Shown primarily by slide projection, the works are street scenes in New York, Rome, Moscow, and Tokyo. Through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ A show of Robert Motherwell's graphics. Through Dec. 16. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving evening, until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of German Expressionist paintings, drawings, and prints, centering on that movement's leading exponents—Nolde, Kirchner, Heckel, Marc, Kandinsky, Kokoschka, and Beckmann. Through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of Edward Hopper, beginning with schoolboy drawings of locomotives and horse-drawn wagons; going on to his earnest art-student studies; and culminating in such masterpieces as "Early Sunday Morning," "Coast Guard Station," and "Lighthouse at Two Lights." The painstaking preliminary sketches for many of the renowned paintings are also shown. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Six installations by James Turrell, a California artist who uses natural and artificial light as both his medium and his subject. Through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty paintings, drawings, and photographs by Charles Sheeler, from the permanent collection. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Dinner Party," Judy Chicago's sculptural tour de force of a table with place settings for thirty-nine celebrated women, real and fictional. Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 27-30, admission to this exhibit will be by ticket only. First come, first served. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ "American Drawing in Black and White: 1970-80," works by such artists as Johns, Dine, and Motherwell. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ A show of furniture, ceramics, and other objects of twentieth-century American design. Stickley, Noguchi, Eames, and others are represented. Through Feb. 8. . . . **photography:** Eve Arnold showing prints of China taken in 1979. Through Jan. 11. (A note of caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

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J. Capa

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Gardner D. Stout Hall of Asian Peoples, a permanent exhibition of the museum's vast collection of Asian ethnographic materials, as well as rare art objects. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings by Alexander Brook, Philip Guston, and Clyfford Still. . . . ¶ The annual Childe Hassam Purchase Fund show: about forty paintings by contemporary artists, some of which will be bought by the Academy / Institute as gifts to museums. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.) Both shows through Dec. 21.

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—More than two hundred Chinese jades from the Han dynasty to the Ch'ing (animal sculptures, small vessels, and decorative ornaments in stones that range in color from white to green to dark brown). All but a fraction are from Hong Kong collections. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—The origins and various guises of the "wild man"—the mythical figure so popular in medieval art—are explored in this show of some sixty objects: a woodcut of a werewolf by Lucas Cranach the Elder, a pair of gilded-and-enamelled ewers (once belonging to the Order of Teutonic Knights), a Swiss tapestry entitled "Wild Folk Working the Land." Through Jan. 11. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A treatise on functional domestic wares and customs, both historical (a fifteenth-century alcove bed, a prototype of Buckminster Fuller's 1937 "Dymaxion" bathroom) and ecumenical (chopsticks and a fifty-piece Tiffany place setting). Through Feb. 22. . . . ¶ A display of more than fifty plans for Central Park drawn up by the architectural firm headed by Frederick Law Olmstead and Calvert Vaux. Through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibit of paintings on scrolls, screens, and fans from the Rimpa school, which was originated in seventeenth-century Japan by a calligrapher and potter, Kōetsu, and a fan-shop owner, Sōtatsu, who themselves were greatly influenced by twelfth-century Heian-style painting, wherein a story, calligraphy, and decoration are unified in a single work. Through Jan. 4. (Open daily, except Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Travel photographs of the Near East of nearly a hundred years ago taken by La Maison Bonfils, a firm operated in Beirut by a French family (Felix and Lydie Bonfils and their son, Adrien). . . . ¶ Andy Warhol has done a set of portraits of twentieth-century Jews: Bernhardt, Brandeis, Buber, Einstein, Freud, Gershwin, Kafka, the Marx Brothers, Meir, and Gertrude Stein. (Open daily except Fridays, Saturdays, and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) Both shows through Jan. 4.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts and fifty single leaves. Through Feb. 8. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit of American landscape paintings, selected from the permanent collection. The bulk are from the second half of the nineteenth century, but three (by Anne Poor, Paul Resika, and Wolf Kahn) were painted as recently as the seventies. Kensett, Church, Cole, and Durand are among those represented. Through Feb. 22. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A comprehensive look (afforded by the Berg Collection) at W. H. Auden's work and, to a degree, his life. On view are a copy of his first printed work (published privately by Stephen Spender in a limited edition of twenty-five), a number of other compositions, both in typescript and manuscript, and selections from fourteen notebooks, from 1945 to 1970. A portion of the exhibit centers on his involvement with the theatre: his collaboration with Isherwood while in London in the thirties on "The Dog Beneath the Skin," and work done with Chester Kallman in New York during the war, including the libretto for Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress" and their translation of "The Magic Flute." Many photographs. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of architectural sculptures by George Smith. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the abstract paintings of Edward Clark. Through Jan. 11. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 6.—A show of works in several mediums by seven French artists. Through Dec. 13.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.—Two exhibitions: one by eight artists from the Dutch experimental outpost De Appel (through Dec. 17), the other of copies of *291*, *Dada*, and similar publications from the years 1909-29, on loan from the Museum of Modern Art (through Saturday, Nov. 29).

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 6.—Harry (Senta Driver and her company of dancers), Wednesday, Nov. 26, and Friday through Sunday, Nov. 28-30, all at 8:30; photographs of the human torso by Ron Cooper, through Wednesday, Dec. 3.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

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New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Wednesday, Nov. 26, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, at 8, and Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 7:30: Performances of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8; Friday, Dec. 5, at 2; and Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 7:30: A Mozart-Bartók program, with Ivry Gitlis, violin.

Y Chamber Symphony—A program of baroque music, performed by fifteen members of the Symphony. With Ronald Roseman, oboe; Thomas Nyfenger, flute; and Lionel Party, harpsichord. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Irish Light Orchestra of Dublin—*A program of* popular and Irish music. (Concert Hall, Lehman College, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting, with Jessye Norman, soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 5-6, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 7, at 3.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with James Buswell, violin, and Walter Trampler, viola. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Mount Holyoke Choruses—Catharine Melhorn and Richard Sparks directing a Christmas concert. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8. For information about tickets, call 371-2139.)

Dessoff Choirs—Michael Hammond directing a program entitled "Glories of the English Renaissance." (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

RECITALS

Jessye Norman—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

Julian Bream—Guitar, in the second of two *identical programs. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday*, Nov. 28, at 8.)

Jack Kreiselman—Clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

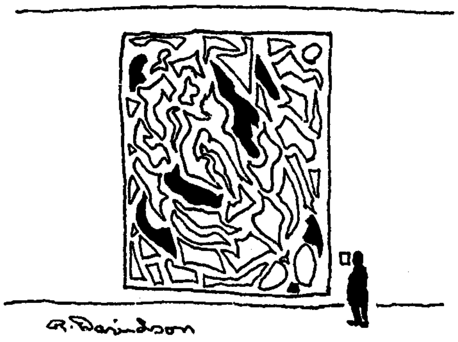
Vermeer Quartet—With Hilda Harris, mezzo-soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 30, at 2.)

Daniel Barenboim—Piano, in an all-Schubert program. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 2:30.)

Kazuko Hayami—Piano. (WQXR Auditorium, New York Times Building, 229 W. 43rd St. *Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8. A limited number of* free tickets are available thirty minutes before concert time on a first-come, first-served basis, in the lobby of the New York Times Building.)

Edward Pierson—Bass-baritone. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—*Emma Kirkby, soprano, and* Anthony Rooley, lutanist, in a program of Renaissance songs. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the con cert.)



José Carreras—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday Nov. 30, at 3.)

Gary Karr—Double bass, in a program tha will include the première of Aaron Copland' "Sonata" (originally written for violin an now transcribed for double bass). (Alice Tul ly Hall. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Arnold Steinhardt and Lee Luvisi—Violin an piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Stree Y. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Manhattan String Quartet—Chamber musi (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, No 30, at 8.)

Ann Schein—Piano, in the third of six al *Chopin programs, this one with the Jupite* Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Jer Nygaard. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. at 8.)

Viktor Friedman—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Mor day, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Ilana Vered—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Mor day, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program music by Ferrucio Busoni, Philipp Jarnac Otto Luening, and Nicolas Roussakis pe formed by Barbara Martin, soprano; Pa Jacobs, piano; and the Manhattan Choru (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd S Monday, Dec. 1, at 8. Tickets at the door the night of the concert.)

Dorian Woodwind Quintet—With composer-co ductor-pianist Lukas Foss in the last in a s ries of programs that include a work by M Foss, as well as works by other composers in this case, Bach. (Kaufmann Concert Ha 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wedne day, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Alfredo Kraus—Tenor. (Avery Fisher Ha Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—An all-Bartók progra (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at . . . ¶ A Beethoven program. (Grace Rain Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museu Friday, Dec. 5, at 8. All seats have been sol and only standing room is left.)

Peter Serkin and David Soyer—In a program Beethoven sonatas for piano and cello. (Gra Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolit *Museum. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8.)*

Harvey Pittel—Saxophone. (Kaufmann Conc Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Dec. 4, at

Arminda Canteros—Piano. (Alice Tully Ha Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano. (Carne Hall. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Pierre d'Archambeau and Marilyn Mason—Vio and harpsichord, in the first of two Ba Handel programs. (Carnegie Recital Ha Friday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Beethoven Society—An all-Beethoven progra performed by Lilian Kallir, piano; Arn Steinhardt, violin; and Leslie Parnas, cel *(Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 3.)*

Composers String Quartet—The third in a ser of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cle, this one featuring the three Rasumovs quartets. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 3. The Quar will provide a one-hour commentary and m sical illustrations of the cycle at 2. Tickets the door on the day of the concert.)

Richard Goode—Piano. (Washington Irvi High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturd Dec. 6, at 8. For tickets, call 581-5197.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—John Williams conducting Boston Pops Esplanade Orchestra, w Itzhak Perlman, violin. The beneficiary is America-Israel Cultural Foundation. (C negie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 7:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Squ Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 3 Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE G DEN:** Knicks vs. Portland, Saturday, Nov. at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Indiana, Tuesd Dec. 2, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Milwauk Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8:05. . . . **RUTGERS UNI**

SITY ATHLETIC CENTER: Nets vs. Utah, Friday, Nov. 28, at 8:05. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 935-8888.)

OLLEGE FOOTBALL—Saturday, Nov. 29: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 3:50. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30.

ROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Sunday, Nov. 30: Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Los Angeles Rams, at Los Angeles.

OCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Monday, Dec. 1, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Colorado Rockies, Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

ACING—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Wednesday, Dec. 31. Post time will be 11 A.M. on Thanksgiving Day. The Queens County Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 27, and the Firenze Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 6. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights, except Thanksgiving, at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 30. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Wednesday, Dec. 31.

OTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 17.

ET ALIA

ETRY READINGS—Yehuda Amichai reading from his own works, plus songs by Elizabeth Swados. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8.) . . . ¶ Joseph Brodsky and Derek Walcott reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Dec. 1, at 8.) . . . ¶ Marvin Bell reading from his own works. (Top of the Park, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ James Laughlin reading from the poetry of Ezra Pound. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

OWER SHOW—The Christmas Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 5-7, noon to 6.

CTIONS—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, Dec. 4, at 10:15 and 2: American Impressionist and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Marsden Hartley, Charles Burchfield, and Paul Manship. . . . OTHEBY'S YORK AVENUE GALLERIES, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 o 5.) Friday, Nov. 28, at 10:15 and 2, and Saturday, Nov. 29, at 10:15: Medieval and later works of art, including Italian Renaissance bronzes from the estate of Helen Jansen Wetzel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 2: French and other Continental furniture and decorations. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 10:15: Decorative works of art, furniture, nd rugs. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 4, at 2, and Friday, Dec. 5, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art, mong them pieces by Carl Fabergé. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 28. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.) Thursday, Dec. 4, at 10 nd 2: Jewelry, from the estate of Marjorie Wiggin Prescott and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 29. . . . PHILLIPS, 25 E. 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 1: Books and autographs. Exhibition starts Monday, Dec. 1.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

FESSIONAL BASKETBALL—The Knicks at MADISON QUARE GARDEN: Dec. 9 (Washington), Dec. 13 Detroit), Dec. 16 (Utah), Dec. 20 (Denver), Dec. 25 (Boston), Dec. 27 (Kansas City), Dec. 30 (Dallas), Jan. 3 (Atlanta), Jan. 6 San Antonio), and Jan. 8 (Indiana). . . . The Nets at RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC ENTER, Piscataway, N.J.: Dec. 10 (Knicks), Dec. 14 (Philadelphia), Dec. 17 (Milwaukee), Dec. 26 (Atlanta), Dec. 28 (Kansas City), Jan. 2 (Cleveland), Jan. 4 (Indiana), Jan. 9 (Phoenix), and Jan. 10 (Boston).

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—The Garden State Bowl: Navy vs. Houston. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Dec. 14.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—SUNDAY, DEC. 7: Giants vs. Seattle Seahawks, at Seattle, and Jets vs. Cleveland Browns, at Cleveland. . . . SATURDAY, DEC. 13: Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Washington. . . . SUNDAY, DEC. 14: Jets vs. New Orleans Saints, at Shea Stadium. . . . SATURDAY, DEC. 20: Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Miami. . . . SUNDAY, DEC. 21: Giants vs. Oakland Raiders, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands.

HOCKEY—The Rangers at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Dec. 7 (Chicago), Dec. 10 (Washington), Dec. 17 (Winnipeg), Dec. 22 (Calgary), Dec. 28 (Montreal), Dec. 31 (Colorado), Jan. 2 (Islanders), Jan. 4 (Quebec), and Jan. 9 (Buffalo). . . . ¶ The Islanders at NASSAU COLISEUM: Dec. 16 (Winnipeg), Dec. 20 (Quebec), Dec. 23 (Calgary), Dec. 30 (Colorado), Jan. 3 (Hartford), Jan. 6 (Toronto), and Jan. 10 (Boston).

RACING—At Bowie, Md.: Jan. 1-March 14.

TROTTING—At Meadowlands Racetrack: Jan. 9-Aug. 8.

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA (580-9830): The season will open on Dec. 10 with a concert of Mahler's Second Symphony, followed by the first opera, Alban Berg's "Lulu," on Dec. 12. . . . AVERY FISHER HALL (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 9. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 14, 21, and 28. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Messiah Sing-In, Dec. 19. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (247-7459): Simon Estes, bass-baritone, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Dec. 10-11. . . . ¶ Boston Pops, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Jan Peerce, tenor, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Marilyn Horne, soprano, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Régine Crespin, soprano, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ New York String Orchestra, Dec. 29. . . . ¶ Itzhak Perlman, violin, Dec. 31. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ New York Philomusica, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Dec. 12 and 14. . . . ¶ Orpheon Chorale, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Abbey Simon, piano, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Ensemble for Early Music, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, Jan. 8. . . . KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd Street Y (427-4410): David Bean, piano, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, Dec. 16-17 and Jan. 6-7. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, Dec. 20-21. . . . ¶ Frederick Zlotkin, cello, Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Peter Frankl, piano, Jan. 10. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Orpheus, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Jan. 10.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Eva Le Gallienne and Kim Hunter in "To Grandmother's House We Go," a play by Joanna M. Glass. . . . ¶ A musical, "Onward Victoria," starring Jill Eikenberry as the suffragist Victoria Woodhull. Charlotte Anker and Irene Rosenberg wrote the book and lyrics, and Keith Herrmann provided the music. . . . ¶ "Amadeus," a new play by Peter Shaffer, originally seen in London, with Ian McKellen, Tim Curry, and Jane Seymour. . . . ¶ A play by Victor Gialanella, "Frankenstein," based on the novel by Mary Shelley. The cast will include Keith Jochim, William Converse-Roberts, and John Carradine. . . . ¶ A limited engagement of Ibsen's "John Gabriel Borkman," starring Irene Worth, E. G. Marshall, and Rosemary Murphy. . . . ¶ The New York Shakespeare Festival's production of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Pirates of Penzance," in which Kevin Kline, Estelle Parsons, Linda Ronstadt, George Rose, and Rex Smith will appear. . . . ¶ Julie Harris, Geraldine Page, Rip Torn, and Michael Higgins will have the leading roles in James Prideaux's comedy "Mixed Couples."

OTHER DATES—Exhibition of the People's Republic of China, at the Coliseum, Dec. 6-21. . . . ¶ The first day of winter is Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Thursdays. . . . ¶ Fourth-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Thursday, Jan. 15.

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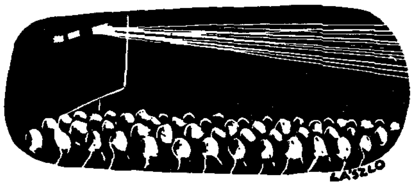
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED *IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING* ON PAGE 22. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
A Paul Robeson festival:
Nov. 26: "King Solomon's Mines."
Nov. 27-28: "Show Boat."
Nov. 29-30: "The Emperor Jones."
Dec. 1: Theatre closed.
An Italian comedy festival (free):
Dec. 2: "*Divorce—Italian Style.*"
Dec. 3: "Scent of a Woman."
Dec. 4: "We All Loved Each Other So Much."
Dec. 5: "The Big Deal on Madonna Street."
Dec. 6, starting at 2: Five films directed by Mario Monicelli, titles to be announced.

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Dec. 2: "The Children of Theatre Street."
A two-a-day festival of British films (titles only):
Dec. 3: "The Hidden Room" and "Valley of the Eagles."
Dec. 4: "The Duke Wore Jeans" and "Inquest."
Dec. 5: "The Secret" and "Child in the House."
Dec. 6: "Thunder in the City" and "Green Grow the Rushes."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Nov. 27: "The First Deadly Sin" and "Eyes of Laura Mars."
Nov. 28-Dec. 4: (tentative): "Bread and Chocolate" and "Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession."
From Dec. 5: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Falling in Love Again."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"It's My Turn."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Idolmaker."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Elephant Man."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Nov. 27: "Hopscotch."
Nov. 28-Dec. 4: "How Funny Can Sex Be?" and "Wifemistress."
From Dec. 5: "Flash Gordon."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Raging Bull."

PENTHOUSE EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior."

MANHATTAN 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Private Benjamin."

MANHATTAN 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"The Elephant Man."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Stardust Memories."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"From the Life of the Marionettes."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"One-Trick Pony."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Apocalypse Now."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Falling in Love Again."

GEMINI 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Dec. 4: "Fame."
From Dec. 5: "Flash Gordon."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Resurrection."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Melvin and Howard."

LOEWS NEW YORK 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"It's My Turn."

LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Stunt Man."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Dec. 2: "Ordinary People."
From Dec. 3: "The Competition."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Nov. 27: "The Marriage of Maria Braun."
Nov. 28-Dec. 4: "Willie & Phil."
From Dec. 5: "Hopscotch."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Gloria."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 4: "The Boogey Man."
From Dec. 5: To be announced.

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Elephant Man."

LOEWS ORPHEUM 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Awakening."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 4: "Shogun Assassin." From Dec. 5: "Flash Gordon."
Theatre 2: "Private Benjamin."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Hopscotch."

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Gloria."

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"*Private Benjamin.*"

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Melvin and Howard."
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 4: "Sir Henry at Rawlinson End." From Dec. 5: "Flash Gordon."
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 4: "Shogun Assassin." From Dec. 5: "Flash Gordon."
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 27: "Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession." From Nov. 28: "The Jerk" and "The Blues Brothers."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Space Movie."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Rock Show."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Elephant Man."

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Stunt Man."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Stardust Memories."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Bye Bye Brazil."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Great Santini."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Falling in Love Again."

CINEMA STUDIO 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Every Man for Himself."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Loulou."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Gloria."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Airplane!"
Theatre 2: "The Black Hole" and "Sleeping Beauty."
Theatre 3: "Private Benjamin."
Theatre 4: "The First Deadly Sin."

NEW YORKER 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Hopscotch."

NEW YORKER 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Shogun Assassin."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 27: "The First Deadly Sin and "Mad Max."
Nov. 28-Dec. 4: "Gloria" and "Lost an Found."
From Dec. 5: "The Warriors" and "America Gigolo."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Theatre closed.
Theatre 2: "The Jerk" (†) and "The Blue Brothers." (†)
Theatre 3: "Fame." (†)
Theatre 4: "The Awakening." (†)
Theatre 5: "Divine Madness." (†)

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Gloria." (†)

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Nov. 26: "The First Deadl *Sin." (†) From Nov. 27: "Star Trek—Th* Motion Picture."
Theatre 3: "Airplane!" (†)
Theatre 4: Nov. 26: "Fade to Black." Fro Nov. 27: "The First Deadly Sin." (†)

EMBASSY 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through Dec. 4: "The Black Hole" (†) ar "Sleeping Beauty." (†)
From Dec. 5: "The Warriors" (†) ar "American Gigolo." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Ordinary People." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"It's My Turn." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through Nov. 27: "Breaker! Breaker!" ar "Kill or Be Killed."
From Nov. 28: To be announced.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Private Benjamin." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"The Idolmaker." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Dec. 4: "The Boogey Man." (†)
From Dec. 5: "Flash Gordon." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Raging Bull." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"Shogun Assassin." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, *144 Bleecker St.* (674-2560
Nov. 26: "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947), dire ed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin a Martha Raye; and "Monty Python and t Holy Grail" (1975), performed by t BBC-TV Python team.
Nov. 27: "Death in Venice" (1971), direct by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde.
Nov. 28: "Pretty Baby" (1978), directed Louis Malle, with Keith Carradine, Sus Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Anto Fargas; and "Days of Heaven" (1978), rected by Terrence Malick, with Richa Gere, Brooke Adams, and Sam Shepard.
Nov. 29: "The Harder They Come" (197 directed by Perry Henzell, with Jim Cliff; and "Reggae" (1971), a film of t Caribbean Music Festival at Wembley, London, in 1970, directed by Horace Ov
Nov. 30: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (197 directed by John Schlesinger, with Glen Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray He and "Darling" (1965), directed by Jo Schlesinger, with Julie Christie, Laurer Harvey, and Dirk Bogarde.
Dec. 1: "The Passenger" (1975), directed Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jack Nich son; and "L'Avventura." (†)
Dec. 2: "Yojimbo" (1961), in Japanese, dire ed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifu and "The Third Shadow Samurai" (196 in Japanese, directed by Umetsugu Inou
Dec. 3: "Germany in Autumn" (1977), German, directed by Rainer Werner Fa binder; and "Despair" (1979), directed Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with D Bogarde.
Dec. 4: "Le Gai Savoir" (†) and "Band Outsiders." (†)
Dec. 5: "New York, New York" (1977), rected by Martin Scorsese, with Liza M nelli and Robert De Niro; and "T

Driver" (1976), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster.
Dec. 6: "Variety Lights" (†); and "Fellini's Roma" (1972), in English and Italian, directed by Federico Fellini.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Nov. 26: "Ulysses" (1967), directed by Joseph Strick, with Milo O'Shea; and "Under Milk Wood" (1973), directed by Andrew Sinclair, with Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, and Peter O'Toole.
Nov. 27: "The Magic Flute" (1975), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman.
Nov. 28: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Isabelle Adjani; and "Day for Night" (1973), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, and Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Nov. 29: "The Damned" (1969), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger.
Nov. 30: "Bye Bye Birdie" (†); and "Auntie Mame" (1958), directed by Morton da Costa, with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne.
Dec. 1: "Elephant Walk" (1954), directed by William Dieterle, with Elizabeth Taylor, Dana Andrews, and Peter Finch; and "The Pumpkin Eater." (†) At 10 P.M. only, a showing of "Sunday Bloody Sunday."
Dec. 2: "Network" (1976), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, and Robert Duvall; and "Girl with Green Eyes." (†)
Dec. 3: "A Delicate Balance" (1973), directed by Tony Richardson, with Katharine Hepburn, Paul Scofield, Lee Remick, and Kate Reid; and "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966), directed by Mike Nichols, with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis.
Dec. 4: "Butley" (1974), directed by Harold Pinter, with Alan Bates; and "The Homecoming." (†)
Dec. 5: "Nijinsky" (1980), directed by Herbert Ross, with Alan Bates, Leslie Browne, and George de la Peña; and "The Loves of Isadora" (1969), directed by Karel Reisz, with Vanessa Redgrave.
Dec. 6: "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad" (1967), directed by Richard Quine, with Rosalind Russell and Robert Morse.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 27: "Nashville" (1975), directed by Robert Altman, with Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson.
Nov. 28-29: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell.
Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "The Blue Lagoon" (1980), directed by Randal Kleiser, with Brooke Shields and Christopher Atkins; and "Pretty Baby" (1978), directed by Louis Malle, with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas.
Dec. 2: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Wrong Box." (†)
Dec. 3-4: "Urban Cowboy" (1980), directed by James Bridges, with John Travolta; and "Hud." (†)
Dec. 5-6: "Richard Pryor in Concert" (1979); and "The Lenny Bruce Performance Film" (1974), recorded in Aug., 1965, at Basin Street West, San Francisco.

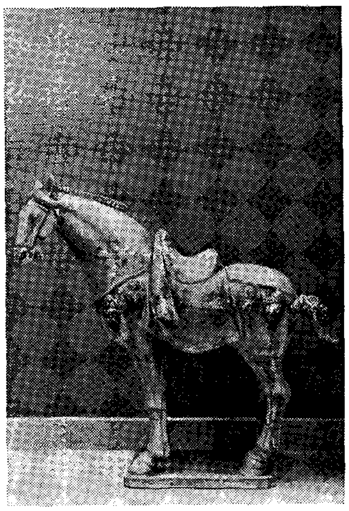
th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 4: "Divine Madness" (†); and "Gilda Live" (1980), directed by Mike Nichols, filmed at Gilda Radner's stage performances on Broadway, Aug., 1979.
From Dec. 5: To be announced.

ini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)
Through Nov. 27: "Humoresque" (1946), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Joan Crawford, John Garfield, Oscar Levant, and J. Carrol Naish; and "Sadie McKee" (1934), directed by Clarence Brown, with Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, Edward Arnold, and Gene Raymond.
Nov. 28-29: "42nd Street" (1933), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, and Dick Powell; and "Cain and Mabel" (1936), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Marion Davies and Clark Gable.
Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "Jezebel" (1938), directed by William Wyler, with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, and George Brent; and "The Toy Wife" (1938), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Luise Rainer, Melvyn Douglas, and Robert Young.
Dec. 2-3: "The Gunfighter" (1950), directed by Henry King, with Gregory Peck; and "Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid" (1973), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with James Coburn and Kris Kristofferson.
Dec. 4-5: "The Loved One" (†); and "Decline and Fall . . . of a Bird Watcher!" (1969), directed by John Krish, with Robin Phillips, Geneviève Page, and Donald Wolfit.
From Dec. 6: "Far from the Madding Crowd." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Nov. 26: "A Raisin in the Sun" (1961), directed by Daniel Petrie, with Sidney Poitier, Claudia McNeil, Ruby Dee, and Diana Sands; and "Bound for Glory" (1976), directed by Hal Ashby, with David Carradine.
Nov. 27-29: "Tin Pan Alley" (1940), directed by Walter Lang, with Alice Faye, Jack Oakie, and Betty Grable; and "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with James Cagney.
Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "The Human Comedy" (†); and "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" (1936), directed by Frank Capra, with Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper.
Dec. 2-3: "The Best Years of Our Lives." (†)
Dec. 4-6: "The Last Picture Show" (1971), directed by Peter Bogdanovich, with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, and Cloris Leachman; and "Picnic" (1956), directed by Joshua Logan, with William Holden, Rosalind Russell, Kim Novak, and Susan Strasberg.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Nov. 26: "Private Hell 36" (1954), directed by Donald Siegel, with Ida Lupino, Steve Cochran, Dean Jagger, and Howard Duff; and "The Hitch-Hiker" (1953), directed by Ida Lupino, with Edmond O'Brien, Frank Lovejoy, and William Talman.
Nov. 27: "The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel" (1938), directed by Hans Schwartz, with Barry K. Barnes; "The Scarlet Pimpernel" (1935), directed by Harold Young, with Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon, and Raymond Massey; and "Pimpernel Smith" (1941), directed by Leslie Howard, with Howard and Francis Sullivan.
Nov. 28-29: "Foreign Correspondent" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and George Sanders; and "Sabotage" (1936; "The Woman Alone"), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.
Nov. 30: "Knife in the Water" (†); and "Cul-de-Sac" (1966), directed by Roman Polanski, with Donald Pleasence and Françoise Dorléac.
Dec. 1: "Metropolis" (1926), a German silent film, directed by Fritz Lang, with Brigitte Helm, Alfred Abel, Gustav Frölich, and Rudolf Klein-Rogge; and "Scarlet Street" (1946), directed by Fritz Lang, with Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, and Dan Duryea.
Dec. 2: "Stage Door" (1937), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, and Franklin Pangborn; and "Gabriel Over the White House" (1933), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Walter Huston, Karen Morley, and Franchot Tone.
Dec. 3: "Two Cents Worth of Hope" (†) and "The Fiancés." (†)
Dec. 4: "Salt of the Earth" (1954), directed by Herbert Biberman, with Will Geer; and "Harlan County, U.S.A." (1977), a documentary about the coal miners' strike in Kentucky in the early seventies, directed by Barbara Kopple.
Dec. 5-6: "Massacre at Central High" (1976), directed by Renee Daalder, with Derrel Maury, Andrew Stevens, Bob Carradine, and Kimberly Beck; and "Schlock," directed by John Landis.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Nov. 26: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953), directed by Howard Hawks, with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and



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"River of No Return" (1954), directed by Otto Preminger, with Robert Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe.

Nov. 27: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939), directed by Victor Fleming, with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen.

Nov. 28-29: "Roman Holiday" (1953), directed by William Wyler, with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert; and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961), directed by Blake Edwards, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard.

Nov. 30: "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "Spellbound" (1945), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, and Michael Chekhov.

Dec. 1: "Funny Face" (1957), directed by Stanley Donen, with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Kaye Thompson, and Michel Auclair; and "Second Chorus." (†)

Dec. 2: "The Man Who Could Work Miracles" (1937), directed by Lothar Mendes, with Roland Young, Ralph Richardson, Ernest Thesiger, and George Sanders; and "Things to Come" (1936), directed by William Cameron Menzies, with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson.

Dec. 3: "Another Part of the Forest" (1948), directed by Michael Gordon, with Fredric March, Dan Duryea, and Florence Eldridge; and "The Searching Wind" (1946), directed by William Dieterle, with Sylvia Sidney, Robert Young, and Ann Richards.

Dec. 4: "Since You Went Away." (†)

Dec. 5-6: "The Thin Man" (1934) and "After the Thin Man" (1936), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of films directed by Michael Powell: Nov. 27 at 2:30: "I Know Where I'm Going" (1945), co-directed by Emeric Pressburger, with Wendy Hiller, Roger Livesey, and Pamela Brown. . . . Nov. 28 at 2:30: "The Spy in Black (*U Boat 29*)" (1939), with Conrad Veidt, Valerie Hobson, Sebastian Shaw, and Marius Goring. . . . Nov. 28 at 6: "Red Ensign" (1934), with Leslie Banks; and "Crown V. Stevens" (1936), with Beatrix Thomson and Patric Knowles. . . . Nov. 29 at 2: "The Red Shoes" (1948), co-directed by Emeric Pressburger, with Moira Shearer, Anton Walbrook, and Marius Goring. . . . Nov. 29 at 5: "The Spy in Black (U Boat 29)." . . . Nov. 30 at 2:30: "One of Our Aircraft Is Missing" (1942), co-directed by Emeric Pressburger, with Godfrey Tearle, Eric Portman, Hugh Williams, Bernard Miles, Googie Withers, Pamela Brown, Joyce Redman, and Peter Ustinov. . . . Nov. 30 at 5: "The Phantom Light" (1935), with Binnie Hale, Ian Hunter, and Gordon Harker. . . . Dec. 1 at 2:30: "The Red Shoes." . . . Dec. 1 at 6 and Dec. 4 at 2:30: "Something Always Happens" (1934), with Ian Hunter and Nancy O'Neil. . . . Dec. 4 at 6: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1940), co-directed by Ludwig Berger, Tim Whelan, and others, with Conrad Veidt and Sabu. . . . Dec. 4 at 8:30: "One of Our Aircraft Is Missing." . . . Dec. 5 at 2:30: "The Phantom Light." . . . Dec. 6 at 2:30: "The Thief of Bagdad." . . . Dec. 6 at 5: "49th Parallel (The Invaders)" (1941), with Eric Portman, Laurence Olivier, Anton Walbrook, and Glynis Johns. . . . ¶ Other, non-Powell, films scheduled during this period are: Nov. 29-30 at noon: Two different programs of films by Joseph Cornell. . . . Dec. 1-2 at noon: "One Generation Is Not Enough" (1980), directed by Tony de Nonno; and "Jokes . . . or Love Departed" (1978), directed by Mirra Bank and Ellen Hovde. . . . Dec. 2 at 2:30: "Miracle in Milan" (1950), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Francesco Golisano and Paolo Stoppa; English subtitles. . . . Dec. 2 at 6: "Plea Bargaining, An American Way of Justice" (1980), directed by Robert Thurber, with Bill Moyers. . . . Dec. 4-5 at noon: Two different programs of films by Joseph Cornell. . . . Dec. 5 at 6: "King: A Filmed Record . . . Montgomery to Memphis" (1970), a documentary about Martin Luther King, Jr. . . . Dec. 6 at noon and 1: A program of films by Joseph Cornell. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Text and Commentary" (1977), a video installation, directed by Beryl Korot, who wil be present on Dec. 4 at 3:30. Showings hourly from noon until five (7 on Tuesdays). Cal desk (288-9601) for ticket information Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Nov. 26 at 3: A program of four video films by Ed Emshwiller. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 8: "Jeremelu" (1963), "Yes" (1964), "A My Mother's House" (1970), and "Aspects o a Hill, Part 1: The Periphery, and Part 2 The Grass" (1971-72), all films directed by Naomi Levine. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 8: A program of five films directed by Peter Kubelka . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 11 A.M.: A program of fou video films by Nam June Paik. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 2: A program of video films by Isaac Cronin, Terrel Seltzer, Magdalen Pierrakos Tony Yoursler, and Dan Brood. . . . ¶ Nov 29 at 8: "Intolerance" (1916), a silent film directed by D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 a 8: "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son" (1969), silent film, directed by Ken Jacobs. . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 3: A program of video films by Stephen Beck, Don Hallock, William Roarty and Willard Rosenquist. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 8 "Film Portrait" (1971), directed by Jerom Hill. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 8: A program of films by Ian Hugo, Christopher Maclaine, and Ke Jacobs. . . . ¶ Dec. 4-6 at 8: A program o films made by Alexander Hammid in Prague 1930-37. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 2: A program o video films by Wolf Kahlen.

Entermedia, 2nd Ave. at 12th St. (475-4191)—A series of samurai films, shown as double features, with a new combination every thre days. Through Jan. 3, starting at 2. Showin this week are: "Sanjuro," "Tattooed Swordswoman," "Throne of Blood," "Tokkan," "Hidden Fortress," "Samurai Assassin," "On baba," and "Zatoichi Fire Festival." For film schedules, call the theatre.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Airplane!—Cheerfully clunky gags. The movie is compiled like a joke book. The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (Reviewed in our issue of 9/1/80.) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy.)

American Gigolo—Richard Gere as a suave, beautifully dressed, and deeply uninteresting male prostitute, who earns a nice dollar, plus perks (he drives a black Mercedes convertible and buys his fancy vines at Juschi's boutique, in Beverly Hills), from his ability to bring sexual pleasure to some rich, spoiled older women who frequent the Polo Lounge, Perino's, and the pools and patios of Malibu, Bel Air, and Palm Springs. Writer-director Paul Schrader probably had something serious in mind here, but he seems to lose interest in his glum hero along the way, and the story trails off into vacuity and violence. With Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, Hector Elizondo, and K. Callan. (2/4/80) (Olympia, and Embassy 5; starting Dec. 5.)

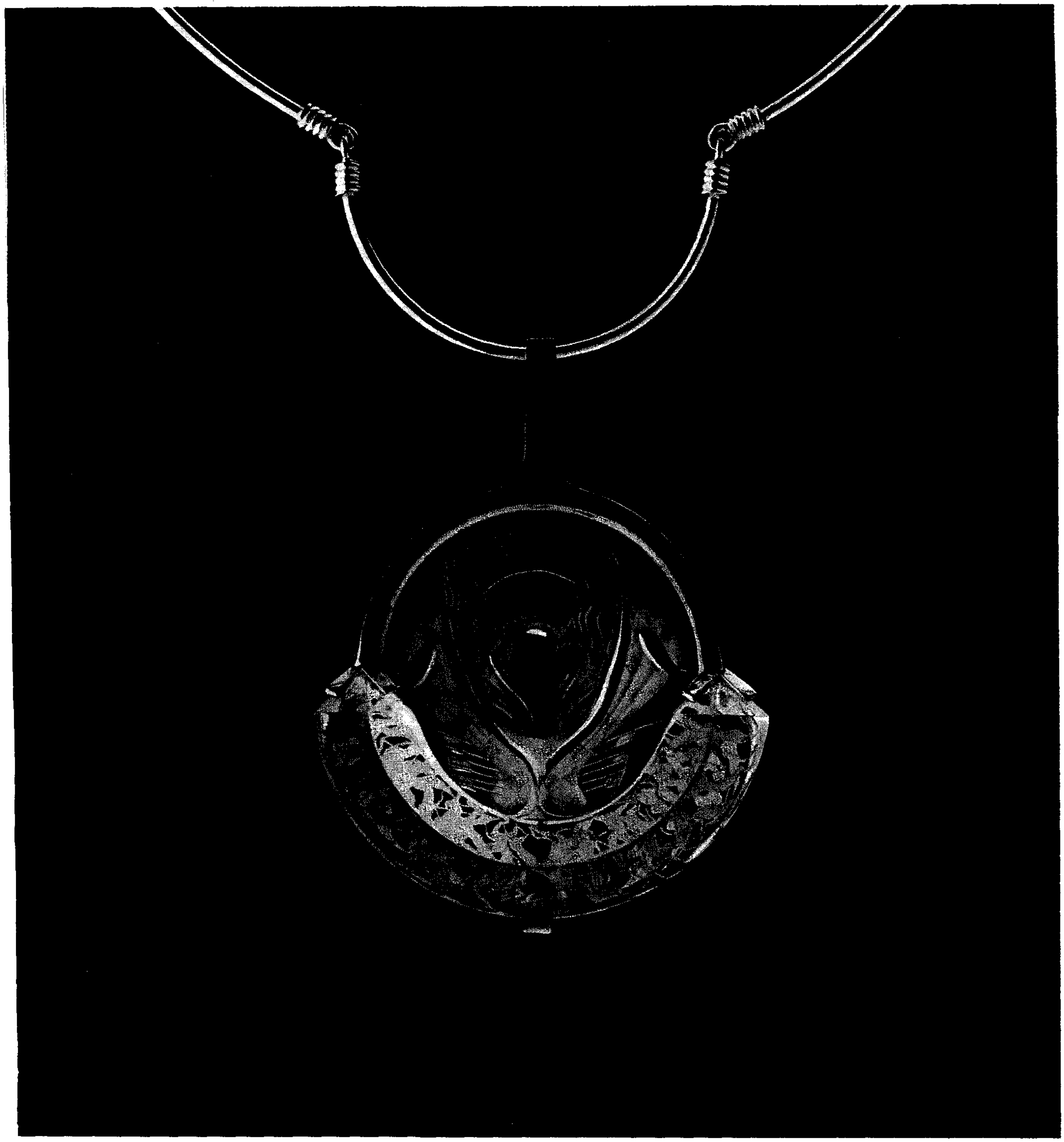
Apocalypse Now (1979)—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches," which sees the heart of the Vietnam War's darkness as "that joke at the deepest part of the blackest kernel of fear." Francis Coppola, the director, does not just balance comedy and horror—he breeds a mutation, and displays it with the physical brilliance and amplitude of "2001." (The cinematographer is Vittorio Storaro, who has done four movies for Bertolucci.) The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses, like "2001," in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Cinema I.)

L'Avventura (1959)—Antonioni's study of the human condition at the higher social and economic levels—a study of adjusted, compromising modern man, afflicted by short memory, thin remorse, the capacity for easy betrayal. The characters are active only in trying to discharge their anxiety: sex is their sole means of contact. Too shallow to be truly lonely, they are people trying to escape their boredom by reaching out to one another and finding only boredom once again. Because the film is subtle and ascetic, yet laborious about revealing its meanings, it suggests Henry James when he "chewed more than he bit off." Visually, it's extraordinary: a calm hangs over everything—Antonioni's space is a vacuum in which people are aimlessly moving. Searchers and lost are all the same: disparate, without goals or joy. This is upper-class neorealism—the poetry of moral and spiritual poverty. There had been nothing like it before, and it isn't fair to blame this movie for all the elegant sleepwalking and desolation that followed. There's somethin great here—a new mood, a new emotiona rhythm—even with all the affectation. Le Massari is the woman who quarrels with he architect lover (Gabriele Ferzetti) and the disappears from the uninhabited islan they're visiting; Monica Vitti is her frien who takes up the search and then takes he place with the architect. Also with Dom nique Blanchar. Cinematography by Alc Scavarda; script by Elio Bartolini, Toni Guerra, and Antonioni. In Italian. (Bleeck St. Cinema; Dec. 1.)

The Awakening—With Charlton Heston, Susannah York, Jill Townsend, and Stephanie Zimbalist, directed by Mike Newell. (Loews O pheum 2, and Criterion Center.)

Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession—With A Garfunkel, Theresa Russell, Harvey Keit and Denholm Elliott; directed by Nicol Roeg. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 27. . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 28-Dec. 4, tentative.)

Band of Outsiders (1964)—The two hero (Claude Brasseur and Sami Frey) begin b playacting crime-and-violence movies, the really act them out in their lives. Their gi (Anna Karina), wanting to be accepted, tel them there is money in the villa where sl lives. And we watch, apprehensive and puzzled, as the three of them go through the ro bery they're committing as if it were som thing in a movie—or a fairy tale. The crin does not fit the daydreamers or their milie we half expect to be told it's all a joke—th they can't really be committing an arm robbery. This Jean-Luc Godard film is like reverie of a gangster movie—a gangst movie as students in an *espresso* bar mig remember it or plan it. It has the gangste film virtues (loyalty, daring), but they a mixed with innocence, amorality, lack



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

equilibrium. It's as if a French poet took a banal American crime novel and told it to us in terms of the romance and beauty he read between the lines; Godard re-creates the gangsters and the moll with *his* world of associations—seeing them as people in a Paris café, mixing them with Rimbaud, Kafka, Alice in Wonderland. This lyrical romantic tragicomedy is perhaps Godard's most delicately charming film. Script by Godard (he is also the narrator), based on the novel "Fool's Gold" by Dolores Hitchens. Cinematography by Raoul Coutard; music by Michel Legrand. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 4.)

The Best Years of Our Lives (1946)—A hefty (almost three-hour) piece of moviemaking that seemed to satisfy the public's desire to see what changes the Second World War had made in people's lives. Despite its seven Academy Awards, it's not a great picture. However, episodes and details stand out and help to compensate for the soggy plot strands, and there's something absorbing about the banality of its large-scale good intentions; it's compulsively watchable. Fredric March is the infantry sergeant who comes home to the love of his wife (Myrna Loy) but finds no pleasure in his job as vice-president of a bank. Dana Andrews, an Air Force captain who had been a soda jerk before the war, discovers that his hard-as-nails wife (Virginia Mayo) doesn't want him any more than he wants her; he turns to the sergeant's daughter (Teresa Wright). Harold Russell is the machinist's mate second class who has lost his hands but has retained the love of his childhood sweetheart. Produced by Samuel Goldwyn and directed by William Wyler from Robert E. Sherwood's adaptation of MacKinlay Kantor's material. (Regency; Dec. 2-3.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1958)—The Italian title is "I Soliti Ignoti," the police term for "the usual unidentified persons." Mario Monicelli's gentle, casually underplayed comedy is about a group of petty thieves eager to move up in status—to rob a safe in a loan office. The thieves are ambitious, good-natured, and hopeful, but they are easily distracted; when they should be concentrating on plans, they become hungry or fall in love or quarrel or fuss over a sleepless baby. This is a shaggy "Rififi." With Marcello Mastroianni (as a simpleton), Vittorio Gassman, Renato Salvatori, Claudia Cardinale, Carla Gravina, and, as the leading safecracker in Italy (now almost senile), whom the small-time thieves hire to show them how to pull off their big job, the superb clown Totò—a stylized image of fatigue, sadness, decadence. In Italian. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Dec. 5.)

he Black Hole—The Walt Disney Productions' entry in the anybody-can-make-another-"Star Wars" sweepstakes is notable for some of the special effects, but also for its unsurprising space characters, feeble plot, and brain-numbing dialogue. The film is rated PG, but the only danger to children is that it may make them begin to think that outer space isn't much fun anymore. With Maximilian Schell, Anthony Perkins, and Yvette Mimieux. (1/14/80) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Embassy 5; through Dec. 4.)

he Blues Brothers—A musical slapstick farce, set in Chicago and starring Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi as deadpan hipster musicians—characters they first used in skits on the television show "Saturday Night Live." But their taciturn style doesn't allow them to reveal enough personality for this full-length movie. The director, John Landis, has a lot of comic invention and isn't afraid of silliness, but in terms of slapstick craft he's still an amateur. The film, however, brings Aretha Franklin to the screen, and she transcends the film's incompetence. With Carrie Fisher, Henry Gibson, Ray Charles, Cab Calloway, James Brown, and many other celebrated musicians. Written by Aykroyd and Landis. (7/7/80) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 28.)

he Boogey Man—With Suzanna Love, Ron James, and John Carradine; directed by Ulli Lommel. (U. A. East, and Rivoli; through Dec. 4.)

read and Chocolate (1974)—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
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Brusati. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 28-Dec. 4, tentative.)

Bye Bye Birdie (1963)—The Michael Stewart satirical musical about a rock-and-roll idol who gets drafted, with its parodistic Charles Strouse and Lee Adams score, sounds like a good movie idea, but the central character (played by Jesse Pearson) has been softened, the sit-com plotting is tedious, and the film aims for cornball zest rather than wit. Ann-Margret, playing a brassy sixteen-year-old with a hyperactive rear end, takes over the picture; slick, enamelled, and appalling as she is, she's an undeniable presence. The cast, which performs erratically, includes Dick Van Dyke, Janet Leigh, Maureen Stapleton, Paul Lynde, and Bobby Rydell. Directed by George Sidney. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 30.)

Bye Bye Brazil—A Brazilian film with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker, directed by Carlos Diegues. In Portuguese. (Paris.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

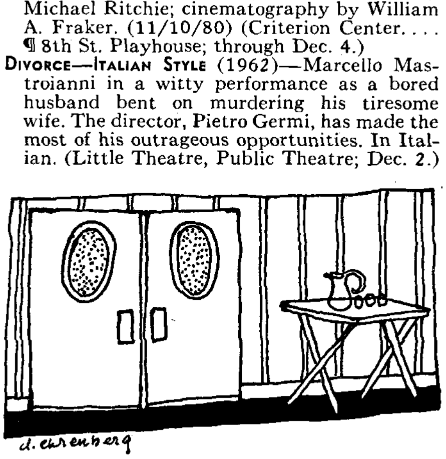
Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

The Children of Theatre Street (1977)—An American production team was able to get behind the scenes at Leningrad's historic ballet school (on Theatre Street), and then lost sight of its subject—the way the pupils are trained to become dancers. Colorful sidelights and some good performance shots of young dancers and old ballets, but, by and large, a wasted opportunity. (Art; through Dec. 2.)

The Competition—With Richard Dreyfuss, Amy Irving, and Lee Remick; directed by Joel Oliansky. (Loews Tower East; starting Dec. 3.)

Divine Madness—Essentially a one-woman show: Bette Midler is alone on the stage with her backup trio, the Harlettes, but like Craig Russell, she seems to have a whole troupe of people inside. In this film, shot on three successive nights at the Pasadena Civic Auditorium, she tells jokes (she may be better at bawdiness than any other woman entertainer alive) and she sings. She really gives a song a workout—she may swing it, wail it, shout it, rock it, and throw in some scat, gospel, funk, and punk. She's an emotional whirligig, and the film is hugely entertaining, though the best numbers come at the beginning; the last quarter—when Midler comes on as a boozing bag lady who is trying to capture the bird of happiness—has a sodden inspirational quality. Directed by Michael Ritchie; cinematography by William A. Fraker. (11/10/80) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 4.)

Divorce—Italian Style (1962)—Marcello Mastroianni in a witty performance as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. The director, Pietro Germi, has made the most of his outrageous opportunities. In Italian. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Dec. 2.)



The Elephant Man—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. There's something indefinably erotic going on here; it's submerged in the film's rhythm and in the director's whole way of seeing. Scene by scene, you don't know what to expect; you're seeing something new—subconscious material stirring within the format of a conventional narrative. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows. With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft as the actress Mrs. Kendal, and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes. Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is perhaps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (10/27/80) (34th St. East, Manhattan 2, Loews Orpheum 1, and Festival.)

The Emperor Jones (1933)—Eugene O'Neill's play about a black man's disintegration was conceived in a semi-Expressionist style, and it was filmed in that style by Dudley Murphy, from a screenplay by DuBose Heyward. Murphy, a director with ideas but almost no technique, used painted sets, exaggerated décor, and an artificial jungle; the effects are sometimes powerful, sometimes ridiculous. O'Neill's violent emotions are accurately rendered by Paul Robeson and Dudley Digges, though they seem to be acting on a stage. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Nov. 29-30.)

Every Man for Himself—This 1979 picture, which Jean-Luc Godard calls his "second first film," has been widely hailed as a return to his great, innovative work of the sixties. It's wonderful to feel the pull of Godard's images again, but the movie may also make you feel empty. The setting is a nameless Swiss city, where the lives of the three main characters are loosely intertwined—Jacques Dutronc is a video filmmaker, Nathalie Baye is the woman who is leaving him, and Isabelle Huppert is a practical-minded prostitute. It's about money and people selling themselves—their minds or their bodies. Godard's political extremism has been replaced by a broader extremism—total contempt, shaded by masochism. He's saying "Everything is for sale." It's simplistic cynicism, like that of the barroom pundit who tells you that every man has his price. The look of the picture isn't inhuman, even though what it's saying is; that's its poignancy. Godard shows us the soft shadings of what might have been. He also tickles the audience with a variety of jokes about the joylessness of sex, but he's too despairing to be really funny. In French. (11/24/80) (Cinema Studio 1.)

Eyes of Laura Mars (1978)—This New York-set thriller operates on mood and atmosphere, and it moves so fast, with such delicate changes of rhythm, that its excitement has a subterranean sexiness. Faye Dunaway, with long, thick, dark-red hair, is Laura Mars, a celebrity fashion photographer who specializes in the chic and pungency of sadism; the pictures she shoots have a furtive charge—we can see why they sell. Directed by Irvin Kershner, the film has a few shocking fast cuts, but it also has a scabrous elegance and a surprising amount of humor. Laura's scruffy, wild-eyed driver (Brad Dourif) epitomizes New York's crazed, hostile flunkies; he's so wound up he seems to have the tensions of the whole city in his gut. Her manager (René Auberjonois) is tense and ambivalent about Laura—about everything. Her models (Lisa Taylor and Darlanne Fluegel), who in their poses look wickedly decadent, are really just fun-loving ding-a-lings. As for Dunaway, constantly kneeling or sprawling to take photographs, her legs, especially her thighs, are far more important to her performance than her eyes; her flesh gives off heat. Tommy Lee Jones is the police lieutenant who represents old-fashioned mo-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

rality, and when the neurotically vulnerable Laura, who has become telepathic about violence, falls in love with him, they're a very creepy pair. With the help of the editor, Michael Kahn, Kershner glides over the gaps in the very uneven script (by John Carpenter and David Z. Goodman, with an assist from Julian Barry). The cast includes Raul Julia, Rose Gregorio, Meg Mundy, and Bill Boggs (as himself). (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 27.)

Falling in Love Again—With Elliott Gould and Susannah York, directed by Steven Paul. (Gramercy, Cinema II, and Paramount.)

Fame—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. Directed by Alan Parker; with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody. The music is set by Michael Gore. (5/26/80) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; through Dec. 4.)

Far from the Madding Crowd (1967)—John Schlesinger's least typical film. An unsuccessful, misconceived attempt to bring the great Hardy novel to the screen, but in some ways a very beautiful film. A botch, but you can feel that it was made with love. With Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Terence Stamp, and Peter Finch. Dorset stands in for Wessex. (Mini Cinema; starting Dec. 6.)

The Fiancés (1963)—A wonderfully sweet-natured film about a long-distance engagement between poor young people in Italy, made by Ermanno Olmi. In Italian. (Thalia; Dec. 3.)

The First Deadly Sin—With Frank Sinatra and Faye Dunaway, directed by Brian Hutton. (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through Nov. 27.)

Flash Gordon—With Sam J. Jones in the title role, directed by Mike Hodges. (Eastside Cinema, Gemini 1, R.K.O. 86th St., Quad Cinema, and Rivoli; starting Dec. 5.)

From the Life of the Marionettes—With Robert Atzorn, Christine Buchegger, and Martin Benrath; directed by Ingmar Bergman. In German. (Coronet.)

Le Gai Savoir (1968)—"Weekend" (made earlier this same year) was the culmination of Godard's great, innovative, rampaging career, and after it he seemed to be back at Square One, trying to found a new Maoist political cinema. "Le Gai Savoir" was the first of his monotonous, didactic experiments, and it's just about impossible to sit through. Juliet Berto (as the daughter of Lumumba) and Jean-Pierre Léaud (as Rousseau's great-great-grandson) begin on a course of study; there's not much to look at, and since the soundtrack is full of bleeps to cover the obscenities, there's nothing to do but read the subtitles as the two of them talk. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 4.)

Girl with Green Eyes (1964)—The hardships of young love on the Old Sod, starring Rita Tushingham, Peter Finch, Lynn Redgrave, and Dublin's fair city. Directed by Desmond Davis, from Edna O'Brien's novel "The Lonely Girl." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 2.)

Gloria—With Gena Rowlands, John Adames, and Buck Henry; directed by John Cassavetes. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich Playhouse 1, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Olympia; Nov. 28-Dec. 4.)

The Great Santini (Called "The Ace" on Home Box Office)—This slice-of-family-life melodrama features Robert Duvall in the Bruce Dern role (the military-psychopath father) and Michael O'Keefe in the Richard Thomas role (the sensitive, thoughtful teen-age son). Adapted from Pat Conroy's autobiographical novel "The Great Santini," the movie is set in 1962 in Beaufort, South Carolina, where Conroy grew up, but (as written for the screen and directed by Lewis John Carlino) it takes place in the TV land of predictability—the plain of dowdy realism where a boy finds his manhood by developing the courage to stick to his principles and stand up to his father. With Blythe Danner, who comes close to creating a believable woman out of an idealized mother figure, and also with Lisa Jane Persky as the family comic, Theresa Merritt as the housekeeper, David Keefe as a redneck, and Paul Mantee. (9/1/80) (Cinema 3.)

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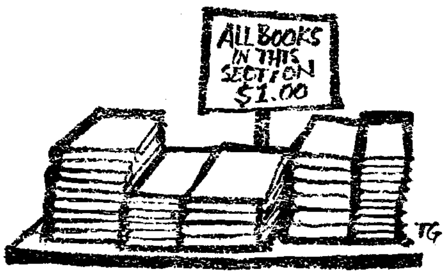
The Homecoming (1973)—Harold Pinter's mannered, floating ominousness has been used to tone up many movies (it was at its most effective in his script for "Accident"), but his own plays—"The Caretaker" and "The Birthday Party," and "The Homecoming," too—transfer to film badly. When this play is presented on the stage, the tensions bounce around, and one can respond to the actors' relish in their roles, but on the screen the material is so lethally *set* that Pinter sounds Pinteresque. This movie comes across as corny-tricky and cheaply theatrical, with cryptic reversals of attitude and sudden outbreaks of violence and sex, plus a coronary and some unspecified sort of seizure. And the attitudes are cheap, too. Michael Jayston, smiling a tiny, tight smile, plays the philosophy professor who, accompanied by his wife, Ruth (Vivien Merchant), returns from America to visit his Cockney family; the role is none other than the old standby of middlebrow theatre—the prissy, unfeeling, vaguely impotent intellectual. Stoic Ruth, the one woman in this archetypal rancorous-family play, is mother-wife-whore, and, of course, is sphinxlike—the ultimate, controlling mystery of life. We got rid of "Everyman;" are we to drag "Everywoman" around forever? The suggestiveness of the play remains, however, and so does some of its charge. In the movie, though, Pinter's idiom, with its wit, sounds crisped—over-calibrated. With Paul Rogers as the domineering butcher father, Cyril Cusack as the weak uncle, Ian Holme as the satanic pimp son, and Terence Rigby as the thickheaded son; they are all playing so high that they cancel out one another's performances. Directed by Peter Hall; cinematography by David Watkins; music by Thelonious Monk. Produced by Eli Landau, for American Film Theatre. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 4.)

Hopscotch—With Walter Matthau, Glenda Jackson, and Ned Beatty; directed by Ronald Neame. (Waverly, and New Yorker 1. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Dec. 5.)

How Funny Can Sex Be? (1973)—An eight-episode film, with Giancarlo Giannini and Laura Antonelli, directed by Dino Risi. In Italian. (Eastside Cinema; Nov. 28-Dec. 4.)

Hud (1963)—Hugely entertaining contemporary Western, set in the Texas of Cadillacs and cattle, crickets and transistor radios; handsomely designed and shot in black-and-white (by James Wong Howe), it's visually simple and precise and unadorned. The film is schizoid: it tells you to condemn the nihilistic heel Hud (Paul Newman), who represents modern "materialism," but casting Newman as a mean materialist is like writing a manifesto against the banking system while juggling your investments to make a fortune. Newman has energy and humor and his physique and "them there eyes," while his clean-old-man father (Melvyn Douglas), who stands for high moral principles, is a pious fuddy-duddy—inhuman, except for a brief sequence when he's at the local movie house and he follows the bouncing ball and sings "Clementine." The plot involves Hud's wanting to sell off a herd that is possibly infected with hoof-and-mouth disease, and his father's rectitude in having the cows slaughtered. Patricia Neal, as the ranch housekeeper, is funny in her best raspy style; Brandon deWilde, as Hud's nephew, is our observer—a cardboard older version of the boy he played in "Shane." Martin Ritt directed; the script is by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., from Larry McMurtry's novel "Horseman, Pass By." (Cinema Village; Dec. 3-4.)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The Human Comedy (1943)—William Saroyan wrote the script for this deliberately unsensational wartime family story set in a small town, and his love and woozy high spirits come pouring through. You can fight it, but part of the time you lose—especially when freckled five-year-old Jackie (Butch) Jenkins waves hopefully at passing trains. Mickey Rooney plays Jackie's older brother, and Van Johnson is his oldest brother, who's in the Army. Fay Bainter is the impossibly lofty mother of this brood. Saroyan and the director, Clarence Brown, were trying for something—and the film is worth seeing—but there's also a cloying M-G-M shininess to it. With Donna Reed, Barry Nelson, Marsha Hunt, James Craig, Alan Baxter, Ray Collins, and Darryl Hickman. (Regency; Nov. 30-Dec. 1.)

The Idolmaker—With Ray Sharkey, directed by Taylor Hackford. (Murray Hill, and National.)

It's My Turn—With Jill Clayburgh, Michael Douglas, and Charles Grodin; directed by Claudia Weill. (Bay Cinema, Loews New York 1, and Loews State 1.)

The Jerk—A dreary farce about a backcountry boob at large in a cruel, Mel Brooksian world. Steve Martin, the television comedian, is the star (and a co-author), and he has filled this disastrous "Candide" with street language and smutty jokes. With Bernadette Peters, and directed by Carl Reiner, of all people. (12/17/79) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 28.)

Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Plaza.)

King Solomon's Mines (1937)—With Paul Robeson, Cedric Hardwicke, and Roland Young directed by Robert Stevenson. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Nov. 26.)

Knife in the Water (1962)—A middle-aged man his pretty young wife, and an undergraduate hitchhiker act out a rather sinister charade in contemporary Poland. Roman Polansk wrote and directed. In Polish. (Thalia; Nov 30.)

Lost and Found (1979)—If there is a way to pass off George Segal and Glenda Jackson as a comic loving couple, it has not been discovered by Melvin Frank, as hinted at by his first attempt, "A Touch of Class," and proved beyond satisfaction by this misconceived and clumsy movie, which he produced, directed, and wrote (with Jack Rose). (7/30/79) (Olympia; Nov. 28-Dec. 4.

Loulou—With Isabelle Huppert, Gérard Depardieu, and Guy Marchand; directed by Maurice Pialat. In French. (Cinema Studio 2.)

The Loved One (1965)—From the look of thi version of Evelyn Waugh's satirical nove centering on Forest Lawn, the director, Tony Richardson, shot every plausible idea tha came along, and then, because the materia was of megalomaniac length, he chopped i up and slapped it together hard, trying to plug the holes with overlapping sound. Bu it's funny anyway. The botched picture is a triumphant disaster—a sinking ship tha makes it to port because everybody on board is too giddy to panic. Milton Berle and Margaret Leighton play a married couple, Rod Steiger is an embalmer, Ayllene Gibbons i his bedridden fat mother (who gets orgasm from looking at the food in TV commercials) Jonathan Winters is a charlatan, and Liberace is a casket salesman. The cast also includes James Coburn, John Gielgud, Rober Morley, Roddy McDowall, Robert Morse Anjanette Comer, Tab Hunter, Lione Stander, and Paul Williams, as a child scientist. Christopher Isherwood worked on th script; then Terry Southern was brought in (Mini Cinema; Dec. 4-5.)

Mad Max—An Australian film, with Mel Gibson, directed by George Miller and Gibson (Olympia; through Nov. 27.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun (1979)—Directe by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personifica tion, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (72nd Street East; through Nov. 27.)

Melvin and Howard—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Demme and Goldman have entered into the soul of American blue-collar suckerdom; they have taken for their hero a chucklehead who is hooked on TV game shows, and they have made us understand how it happened that when something big—something legendary—touched his life, nobody could believe it. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter—the representative debt-ridden American for whom game shows were created. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. Melvin, thinking him a desert rat, helps him into his pickup truck but is bothered by his mean expression; in order to cheer him up (and give himself some company), he insists that the old geezer sing with him or get out and walk. When Robards' Howard Hughes responds to Melvin's amiable prodding and begins to enjoy himself on a simple level and sings "Bye, Bye, Blackbird," it's a great moment. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as a Melvin's go-go-dancer first wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch counterman at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Beekman, and Quad Cinema.)

One-Trick Pony—With Paul Simon, Blair Brown, Rip Torn, Joan Hackett, and Allen Goorwitz; directed by Robert Z. Young. (D. W. Griffith.)

Ordinary People—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but the movie is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially; Alvin Sargent's adaptation of the popular Judith Guest novel is heavy on psychobabble. The joker about this movie is that the audience weeps for the unloving Wasp-witch mother, who cares only for appearances, and who can't change because of the pride and the privacy she was trained in; she seems the gallant last standard-bearer for the Wasp family ethic, and the picture somehow turns into a nosegay for Wasp repression. With Judd Hirsch as an idealized warm, friendly Jewish psychiatrist, Elizabeth McGovern as the son's girlfriend, and Meg Mundy as the grandmother. (10/13/80) (Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through Dec. 2.)

'rivate Benjamin—A women's-liberation service comedy, in which Goldie Hawn plays a spoiled honey bunch—a rich blond Jewish girl from Philadelphia—who becomes a real woman in the Army. The script goes from one formula to the next, and it reworks the pranks of generations of male service comedies, but the director, Howard Zieff, refurbishes the stale material with smart small touches, and Goldie Hawn has such infectious frothy charm that she manages to get laughs out of ancient routines about a

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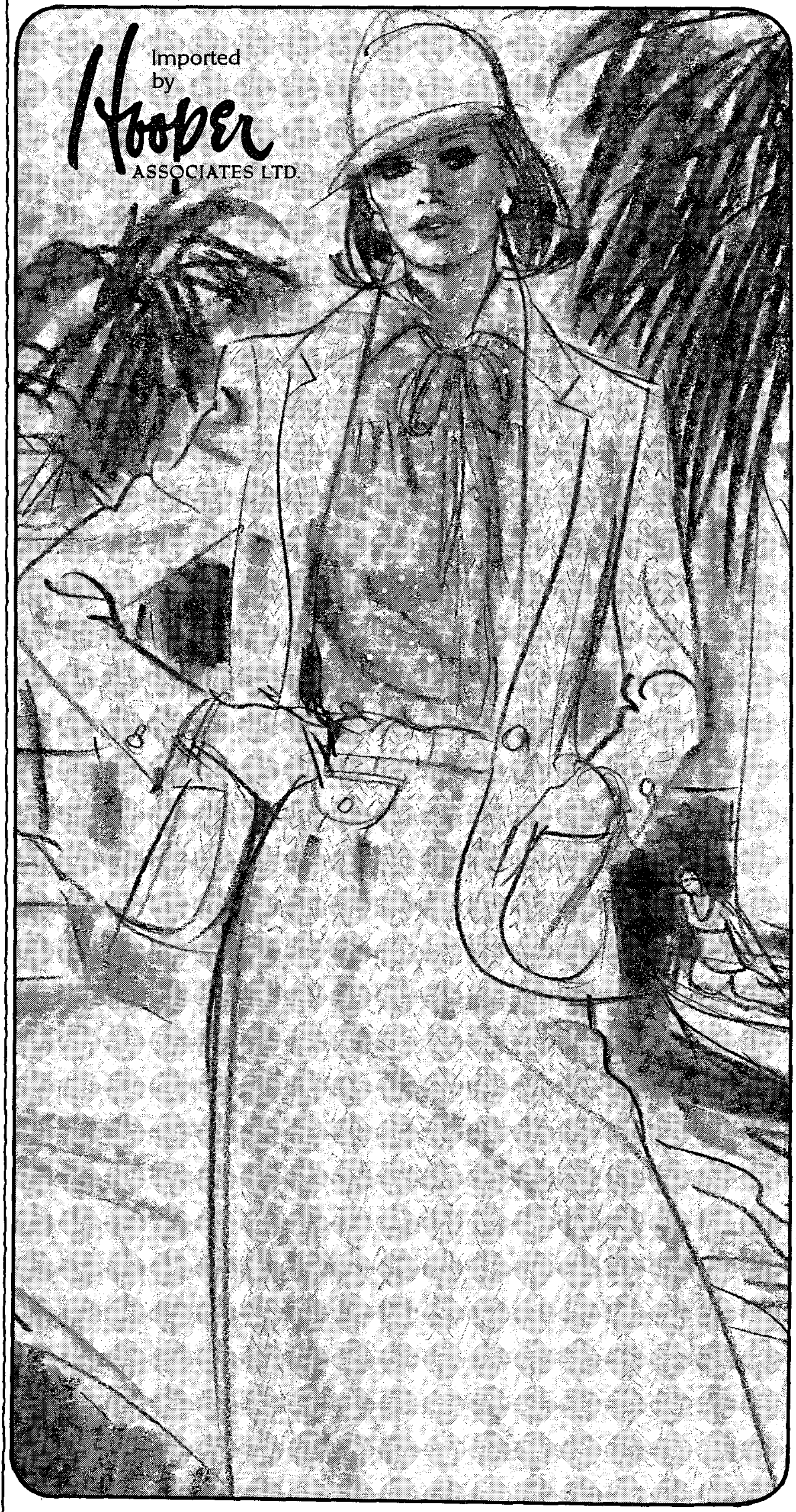

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tenderfoot going through the rigors of basic training. Her likableness makes the picture moderately amusing until the last third, when she gets involved with a dream prince (Armand Assante) who turns out to be a thickheaded chauvinist, and she has to be liberated all over again; the picture seems to be stuck in a revolving door. This is the sort of feminist movie in which almost every man is an insensitive boor or a fool, yet the heroine gets what she wants by manipulation and the shrewd use of sexual blackmail—which we're meant to find adorable. Basically it's just Daffy Duck-TV sit-com. With Albert Brooks, Eileen Brennan, Harry Dean Stanton, Hal Williams, Toni Kalem, Damita Jo Freeman, Mary Kay Place, P. J. Soles, Robert Webber, and Sam Wanamaker and Barbara Barrie as the heroine's parents. Written by Nancy Meyers, Charles Shyer, and Harvey Miller. (11/10/80) (Manhattan 1, R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich Playhouse 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Movieland.)

The Pumpkin Eater (1964)—Jack Clayton's underrated version of the Penelope Mortimer novel, with a script by Harold Pinter and a fine cast including Anne Bancroft (in top form), Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 1.)

Raging Bull—The story of the boxer Jake La Motta, with Robert De Niro as La Motta. Directed by Martin Scorsese. (Sutton, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

Resurrection—With Ellen Burstyn, Eva Le Gallienne, and Sam Shepard; directed by Daniel Petrie. (Gemini 2.)

Rock Show—Paul McCartney & Wings in a filmed concert. (Ziegfeld.)

Scent of a Woman (1976)—Vittorio Gassman, acting high on the hog, as a sardonic Army captain blinded in an explosion. We're supposed to be enchanted by his macho gallantry as he dashes around Genoa and Rome, literally smelling women, the way hunters in movies used to claim they could smell bear. Is there still an audience for this kind of romantic swill? Dino Risi directed. In Italian. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Dec. 3.)

Second Chorus (1940)—A misbegotten Fred Astaire musical. At the time, it was generally considered his worst picture, and Astaire himself later concurred in the judgment. He plays an overage undergraduate—a swing bandleader who keeps flunking his exams so that he can stay in college. The band is actually Artie Shaw's, considerably augmented. Astaire's romantic and tap partner is Paulette Goddard, who manages the band, and his rival for her affections is Burgess Meredith. The funnymen, Charles Butterworth and Jimmy Conlin, don't compensate for the scarcity of good numbers. The most memorable song is the one known by the line "I ain't hep to that step but I'll dig it." H. C. Potter directed; Bobby Hackett dubbed Astaire's trumpet, and Billy Butterfield dubbed Meredith's trumpet. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 1.)

Shogun Assassin—With Tomisaburo Wakayama, directed by Robert Houston. (New Yorker 2, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., and Quad Cinema; through Dec. 4.)

Show Boat (1936)—Despite (or is it perhaps because of?) the Edna Ferber plot, with its heartbreaks and coincidences, this classic musical melodrama with the Jerome Kern songs is hard to resist in any of its many versions. This one from Universal (which is far superior to the 1951 M-G-M version) features Irene Dunne and Allan Jones, but its greatest attractions are Paul Robeson as Joe and the marvellous Julie of Helen Morgan. James Whale directed, and the cast includes Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, Hattie McDaniel, and Donald Cook. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Nov. 27-28.)

Since You Went Away (1944)—David O. Selznick must have had a reverent desire to do for the American home front what Hollywood had already done for the British home front in "Mrs. Miniver"—that is, to package a "typical" genteel home (in this case, in the Middle West) in a wishful, postcard version. He wrote the script himself, intending his story to be moving and simple, along epic lines; the result is pedestrian in a peculiarly grandiose manner. Claudette Colbert is the mother of the family, Neil Hamilton is her husband, Jennifer Jones and Shirley Temple are her daughters, Joseph Cotten is her old suitor who still hovers about, and Hattie McDaniel is her cook; others involved in this self-righteous salute to idealized American middle-class values include Nazimova, Robert Walker, Agnes Moorehead, Guy Madison, Monty Woolley, and Lionel Barrymore. The two-hour-and-fifty-one-minute film, directed by John Cromwell, is perhaps more memorable for the James Agee review it occasioned (not the one in *Time* but the one in the *Nation*—see his book "Agee on Film") than it is for itself: if one reads Agee first, the film may actually become entertaining. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 4.)

Sir Henry at Rawlinson End—With Trevor Howard and Patrick Magee, directed by Steve Roberts. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 4.)

Sleeping Beauty (1959)—The full-length Walt Disney cartoon. (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Embassy 5; through Dec. 4.)

Space Movie—Directed by Tony Palmer. (Guild.)

Stardust Memories—Woody Allen wrote, directed, and stars in this obsessional pastiche, modelled on Fellini's "8½" and shot in black-and-white that suggests a dupe of a dupe of "8½." Allen plays Sandy Bates, a comedian-writer-director who goes to the Hotel Stardust to be the celebrity-in-residence for a weekend film seminar and is besieged by his fans, who want him to make more comedies, though he doesn't want to, because all he sees is human suffering. The pushy fans are photographed as Diane Arbus grotesques—big-nosed, fat-lipped, with outsize thick goggles—and Sandy Bates is presented as their victim. To say this picture isn't funny is putting it mildly; it isn't good either. With Charlotte Rampling, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Jessica Harper. (10/27/80) (Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

The Stunt Man—A virtuoso piece of kinetic moviemaking. Working with material that could, with a few false steps, have turned into a tony reality-and-illusion puzzle, the director, Richard Rush, has kept it all rowdy and funny—it's slapstick metaphysics. Lawrence B. Marcus's script, freely adapted from the Paul Brodeur novel, is about paranoia and the making of movies; Steve Railsback is the fugitive who becomes a stunt man, and Peter O'Toole is the flamboyant, fire-eater director who, Railsback thinks, is out to kill him. Playing a protean figure—visionary, fierce-tempered, and ornery, yet ethereal and fey—O'Toole gives a peerless comic performance. With Allen Goorwitz as the dumpling scriptwriter who plays Sancho Panza to O'Toole's Don Quixote, Barbara Hershey, and Alex Rocco. (9/29/80) (Loews New York 2, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

Two Cents Worth of Hope (1952)—An Italian comedy, very funny, played against a background of poverty and unemployment. The cast is made up of alleged amateurs, all of whom are wonderful. Directed by Renato Castellani. In Italian. (Thalia; Dec. 3.)

Variety Lights (1949)—This first film directed by Federico Fellini (working with Alberto Lattuada as co-director) has a backstage story with a theme that he returned to later in the big, trashy phantasmagoria "Juliet of the Spirits." Giulietta Masina plays the aging mistress of the head of a touring company; he goes off with a younger woman, then returns to her. It's a very simple and, in some ways, tawdry film, but Fellini shows his extraordinary talent for the dejected setting, the shabby performer, the fat old chorine, the singer who will never hit the high note. Though he deals with "artists," he doesn't deal with talent or artistry; here, as in his later films, such as "La Dolce Vita" and "8½," his specialty is revealing the shoddiness of theatrical life. For Fellini, the magic of show business (and this is the magic of his films) is in self-delusion. The most memorable moments of a Fellini film are likely to be images of defeat, nostalgia, forlorn hopes, dismal theatrical routines; in "Variety Lights" there is a troupe on a back-country road at night and the satirical "glorification" of a sex goddess. With Peppino de Filippo, Carla del Poggio, Folco Lulli, and John Kitzmiller. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 6.)

The Warriors (1979)—Walter Hill's spectacle that takes its story from Xenophon's Anabasis and its style from the taste of the modern urban dispossessed—in neon signs, graffiti, and the thrill of gaudiness. The film enters into the spirit of urban-male tribalism and the feelings of kids who believe that they own the streets because they keep other kids out of them. In this vision, cops and kids are all there is, and the worst crime is to be chicken. It has—in visual terms—the kind of impact that "Rock Around the Clock" had when it was played behind the titles of "Blackboard Jungle." It's like visual rock. The action runs from night until dawn, and most of it is in crisp, bright Day-Glo colors against the terrifying New York blackness; the figures stand out like a jukebox in a dark bar. There's a night-blooming, psychedelic shine to the whole baroque movie. Adapted from the Sol Yurick novel. (3/5/79) (Olympia, and Embassy 5; starting Dec. 5.)

We All Loved Each Other So Much (1977)—An Italian film by Ettore Scola that is a comic commemoration of some of the reasons we find Italians congenial: bombast, the gift for abusive lifelong friendship, puff-chestedness, dignity in making gaffes, a talent for chaos, a genius with babies, intense solemnity about professionalism in anything from male nursing to car parking to film buffery to policemen dressed up like generals. Vittorio Gassman plays a well-heeled lawyer, Nino Manfredi plays a hospital orderly, Stefano Satta Flores plays a film buff, blanched and bespectacled from all the films he has watched. In Italian. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Dec. 4.)

Wifemistress (1979)—With Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli, directed by Marco Vicario. In Italian. (Eastside Cinema; Nov. 28-Dec. 4.)

Willie & Phil—Writer-director Paul Mazursky's homage to "Jules and Jim" is also an overview of the psychosocial fashions of the seventies, but there's no texture to the lives of the characters. We have no idea why Willie, a high-school teacher (Michael Ontkean), and Phil, a go-getting fashion photographer (Ray Sharkey), who meet at a revival showing of "Jules and Jim" in Greenwich Village, become inseparable friends, or why they both fall in love with Jeannette (Margot Kidder), rather than with any other stray pretty girl in Washington Square. The liveliest, funniest performance—it's just a small one—is by Kaki Hunter as Jeannette's cutie younger sister. With Helen Hanft as a used-car saleswoman, Julie Bovasso as Phil's mother, Jan Miner as Willie's mother, Kathleen Maguire as Jeannette's mother, Laurence Fishburne III as the student who recites "To Be or Not to Be," and Kristine DeBell as Rena. (9/1/80) (72nd Street East; Nov. 28-Dec. 4.)

The Wrong Box (1966)—Farce, in color, about murderous competition for money, with Ralph Richardson and John Mills as heads of the competing branches of a family whose other members include Michael Caine, Peter Cook, and Dudley Moore. Peter Sellers plays a doctor, Wilfrid Lawson a butler. Directed by Bryan Forbes. (Cinema Village; Dec. 2.)

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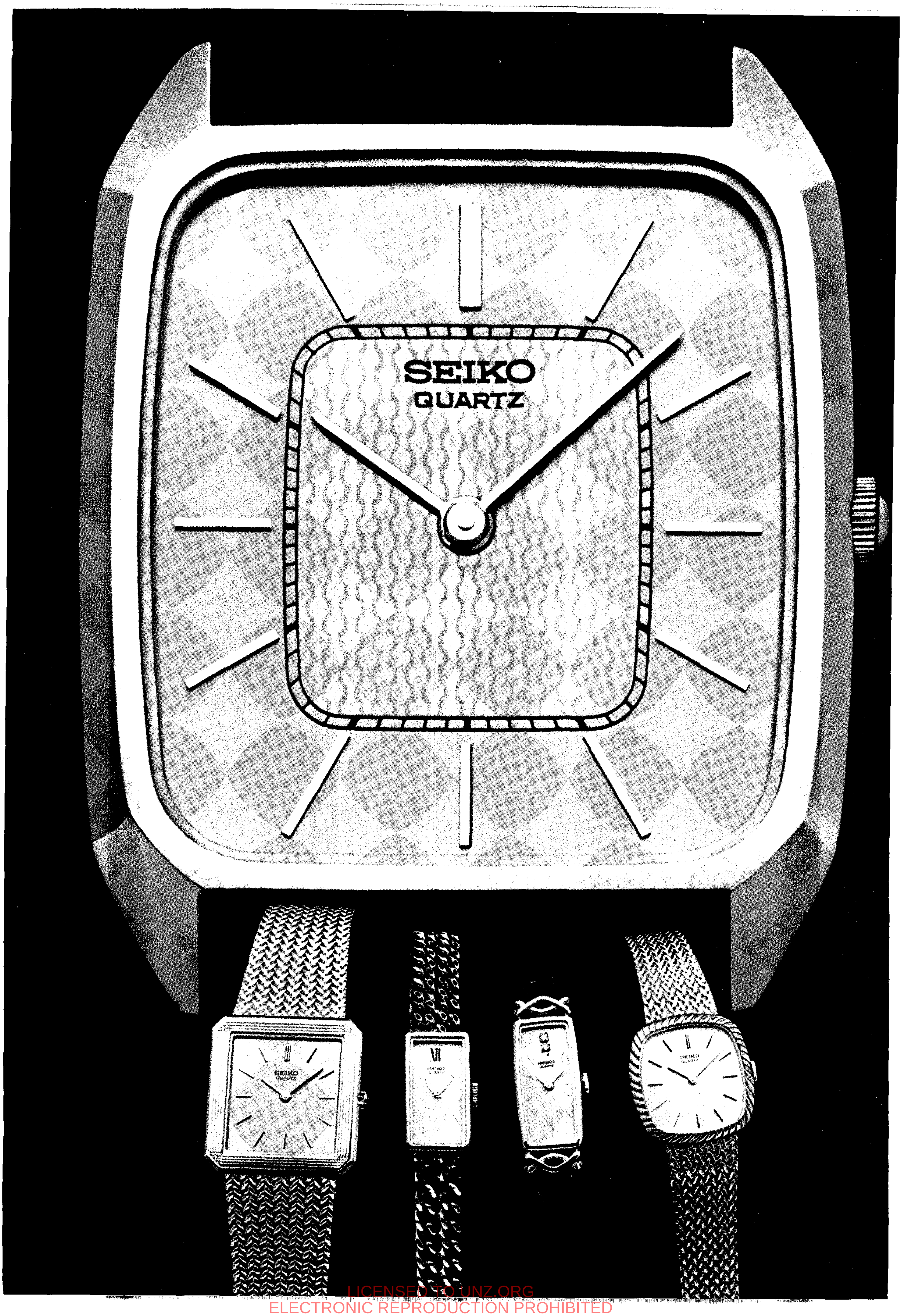
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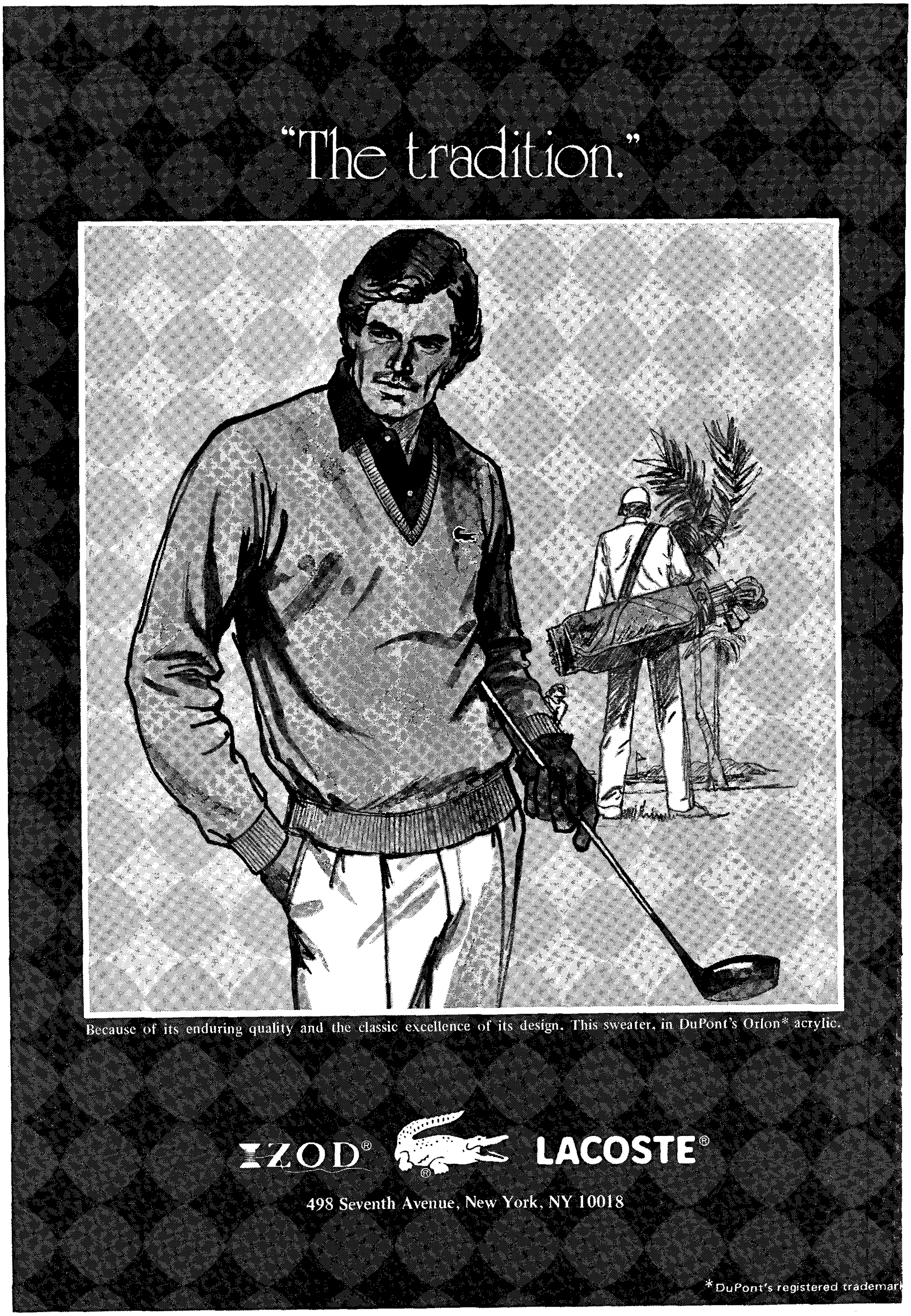

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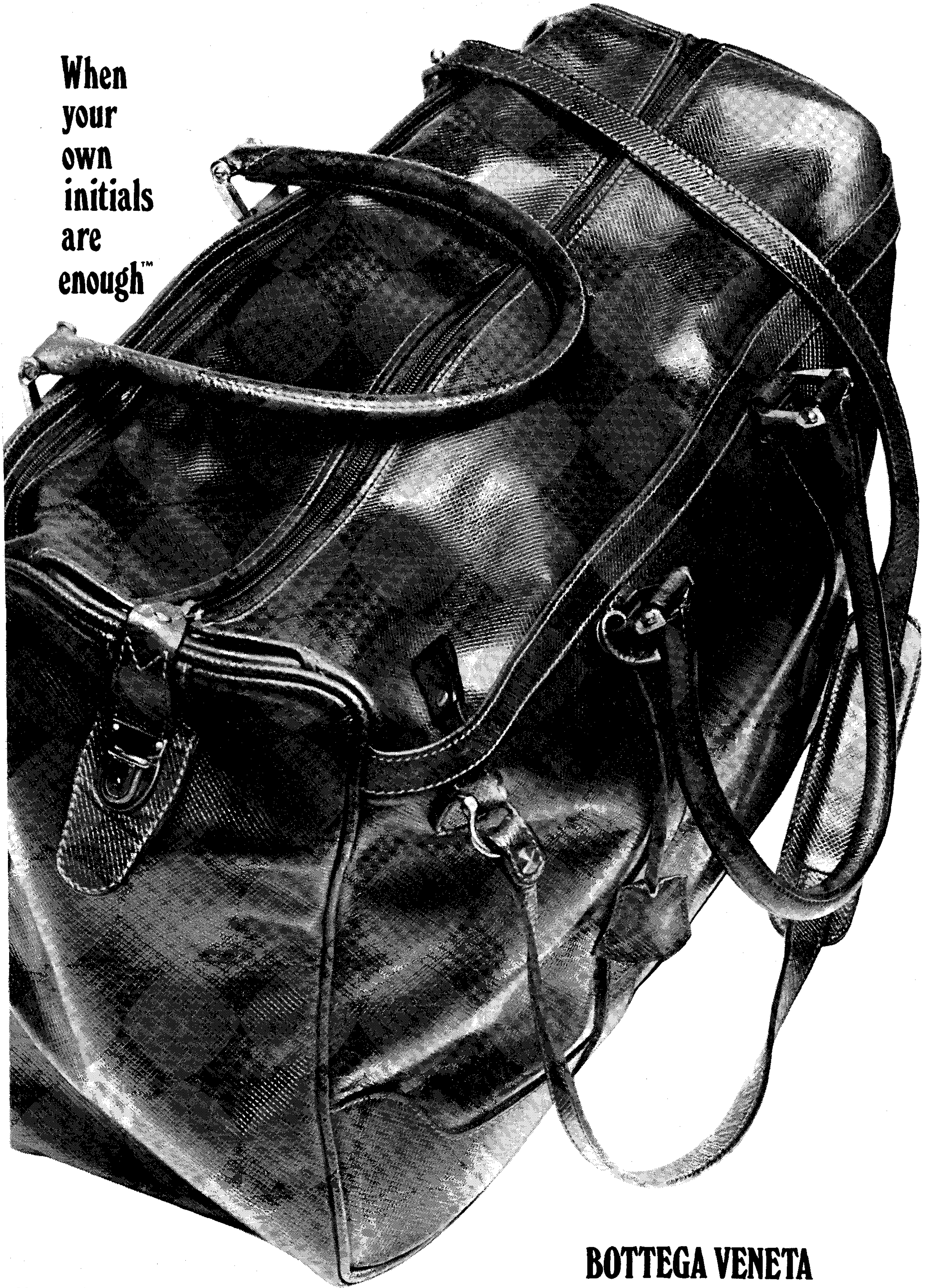
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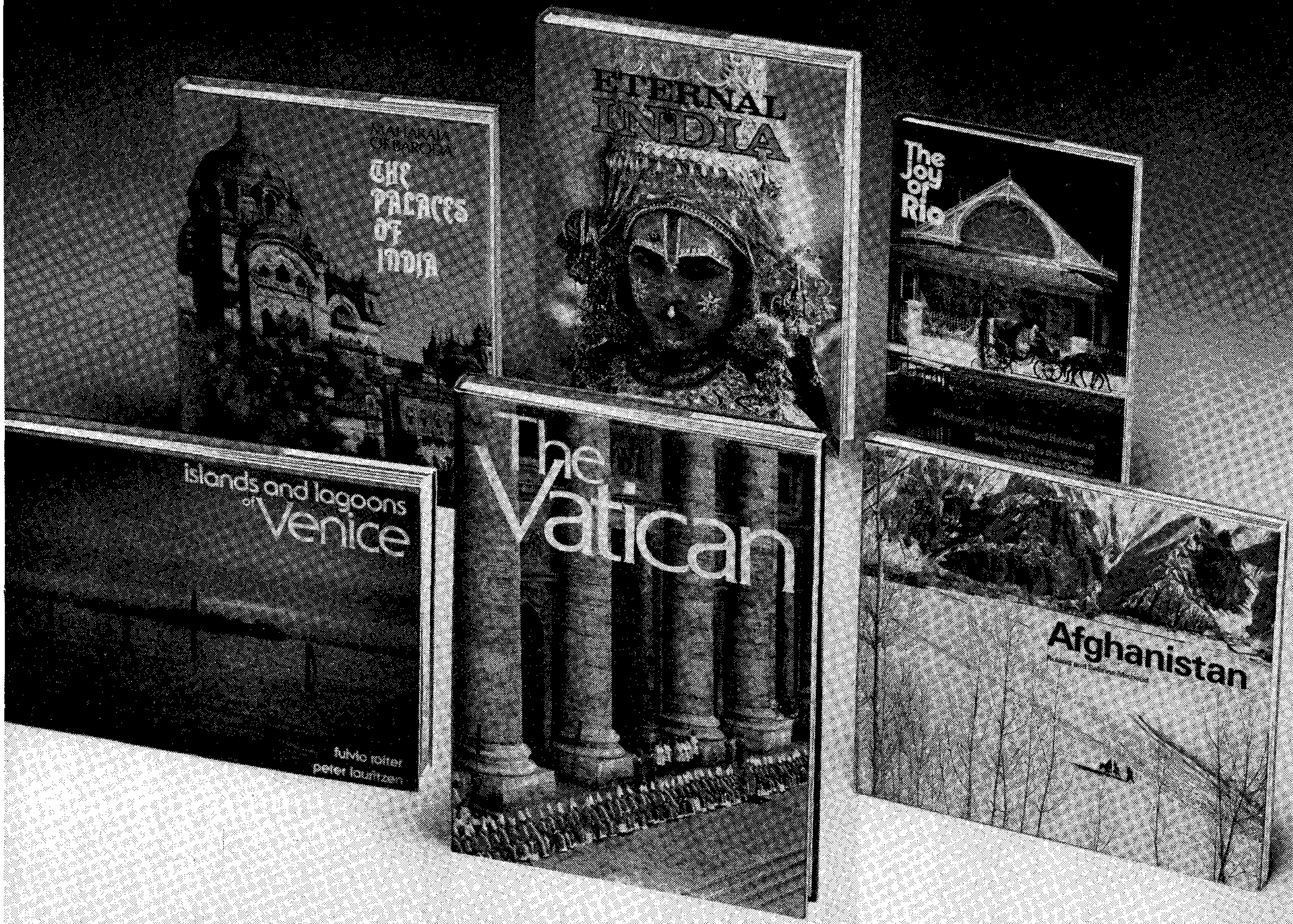

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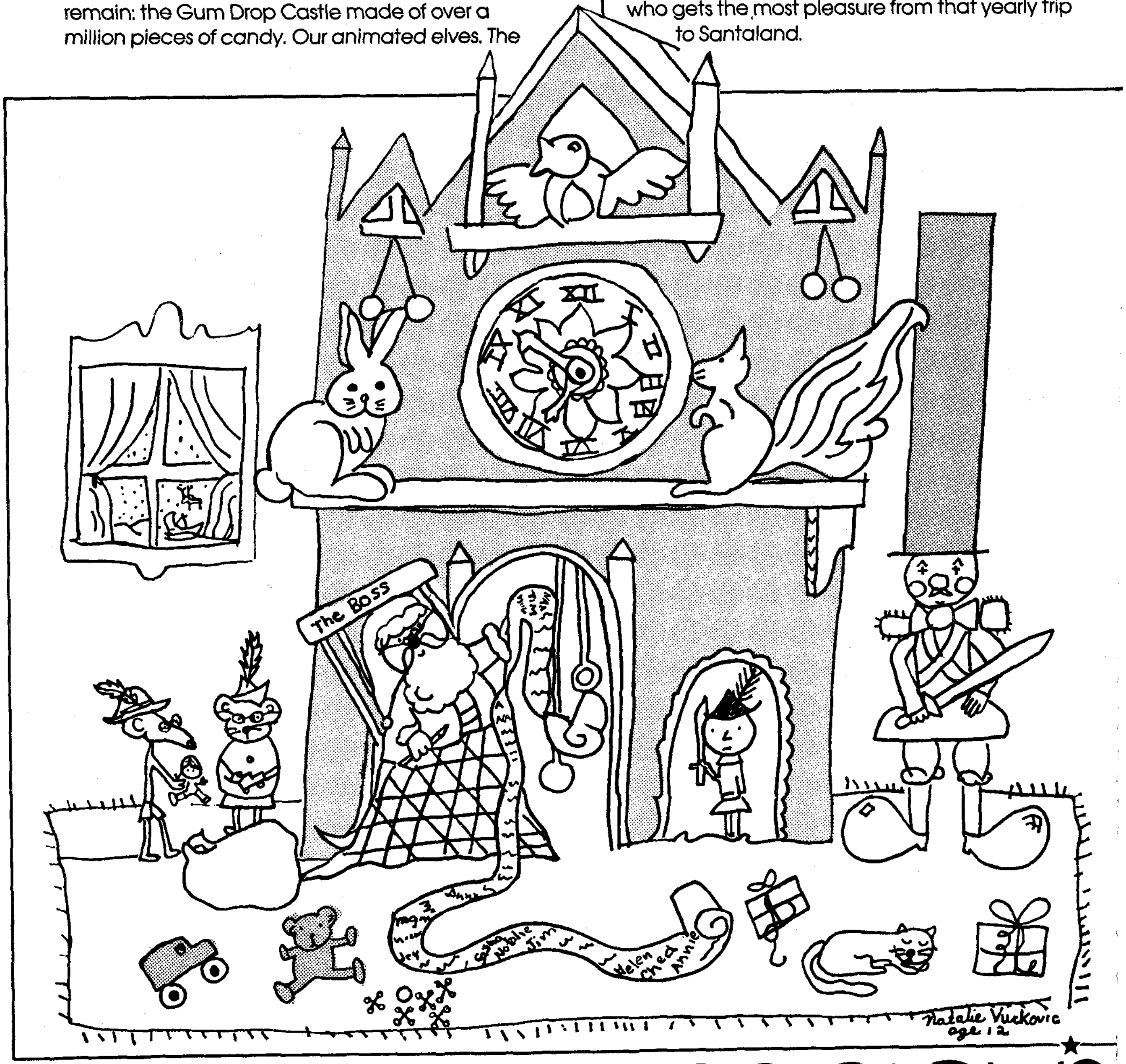

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

"I HAVE been trying all afternoon to control my room and have failed," said a friend of ours, now in her nineties. "It has a life of its own, absolutely." About her house in general we have often noticed an independent aliveness asserting itself amid order—for she is the unrequited champion of order. Once, when we were her guest, we came in after midnight, on tiptoe, braced for the eerie stillness of a house long asleep. We found instead a parlor where, to the tick-tick-tick of the clock on the manel, a flame had sprung up from the embers on the hearth and the cat was chasing a mouse. In the daytime, the iveliness can be more jarring, with doorbells ringing, the dog barking, the cat dragging a quail in and killing it under the chaise longue, and a great deal of mental energy being expended by our friend in efforts to understand he plans of her numerous descendants, who in her opinion are short on common sense. "All my life, I have been trying to prevent disasters," she ays, often, and when we try to tease her by telling her that she has cast herself in the role of an air-traffic controller, she says "Well, yes! Exactly!" with the clear implication that without her constant vigilance crashes would ake place all over.

The room in question, however, is different from the rest of the house. It is her bedroom but also a study and a sitting room—large, sunny, and studio-like, with islands of furniture for different activities, and an astounding number of chairs and tables of various sizes. In the rest of the house, everything is firmly in place—and if disarranged by some careless person is likely to be set straight within minutes and with firmness—but in this room there is a floating quality that does not ultimately submit to analysis but is caused in part by the confluence of two Sargassos. One of these washes into the room in the form of numerous publications (for this lady is as constant in her battle to track public affairs as she is in her attempt to make sense of the activities of her offspring) and what most people call junk mail but our friend calls communications.

"I cannot conceive of throwing any communication into the wastebasket unopened," she said recently. For this, she was chided by her daughter, who said that when *she* picked up *her* mail from her post-office box she immediately dumped all junk mail, unopened, into the trash can right there in the post office.

"I find that fantastic," said our friend. "How can you possibly know what is inside? It might be something important."

Her daughter said she was reminded of a story about the French composer Erik Satie. "Have you heard it?" she asked.

"I don't think so," our friend replied, dubious about the relevance of this tack.

"At the end of his life, when he was dying in a public hospital, Satie spent much of his time reading newspapers. When he was through with them, he would chuck them over the top of his bed. Every so often, the nuns would clear out the lot. Though he was never well off himself, Satie had rich friends who looked after him throughout his life and who came to visit him in the hospital. Some time passed, and a number of heaps were cleared out from under the bed, before the nuns discovered that along with the old newspapers they were throwing away envelopes containing sums of money—money solicitously brought by the rich friends and then chucked over the bedstead by Satie."

For several moments, our friend stared at her daughter, as if seeking out some hidden twist in this story that was apparently being offered as a rebuttal of her own practices. Then, still staring, she said, a little lamely, "Well, yes. Exactly."

Junk mail, however, whether read or unread, can be thrown out. So can newspapers. So can magazines. In fact, they frequently look their best in a wastebasket.

The other Sargasso is a different

matter. This is the flotsam and jetsam of the past, bubbling up irrepressibly and inexhaustibly through the lighter stuff of the present, and it is this that causes the real trouble in that room. The past cannot be easily thrown in the wastebasket, for the sight of it there is bound to exact a feeling of loss. On the other hand, those bits and pieces of history often defy categorization and, hence, efforts to devise a satisfactory place for them. So they float. In any event, it was the past that had defeated our friend in her efforts to control her room that afternoon, and she offered us some evidence of the force that she was up against. What she showed us was the top half of a box that had once contained stationery—a deep rectangular bin. At the bottom lay three documents. One was a tear sheet from this magazine, dated January 14, 1928. Under the heading "When New York Was Really Wicked" and the subhead "The Ghouls' Most Famous Exploit" was a story about the theft, for ransom, of the body of a lateral ancestor-in-law of our friend. The second was a poem written by her eldest son on the occasion of some long-past birthday. It began, "When we were babies in our cribs And spat our pablum on our bibs." The third document was a transcript of a conversation between our friend's brother-in-law, now deceased, and his answering service upon his return from a trip. The brother-in-law was a lawyer and also a prominent figure in public affairs, a very busy man. He had sent the transcript to our friend at some indeterminate time in the past (the late sixties, we would guess), from which it had now reëmerged, a play within a play in the drama of her room:

Answering Service: Yvonne called from Chicago. Will call you again from Oklahoma.

Answering Service: Misha called. Said she was Yvonne's brother. Can that be right?

Answering Service: Mrs. Schenockeras called.

Brother-in-Law: I don't know any Mrs. Schenockeras. Could that be Mrs. Auchincloss?

Answering Service: You may be right.

Answering Service: A lady called. Left no message.

Answering Service: Father Gloopy called. Said he was a friend of Yvonne's from Equator. I may not have got the name right. He didn't speak very good English.

Answering Service: Your nephew called. Wants to know if he can spend the night.

Brother-in-Law: Which nephew?

Answering Service: He didn't say. Wait a minute. He said his name was White.

Brother-in-Law: I have eleven White nephews. Which White?

Answering Service: He didn't say.

Brother-in-Law: Which night is he coming?

Answering Service: He didn't say.

Answering Service: Your sister called.

Brother-in-Law: I haven't got any sister. Could it be my sister-in-law?

Answering Service: That might be it.

Brother-in-Law: Which sister-in-law?

Answering Service: She didn't say.

Answering Service: Your daughter called.

Brother-in-Law: Which daughter?

Answering Service: She didn't say.

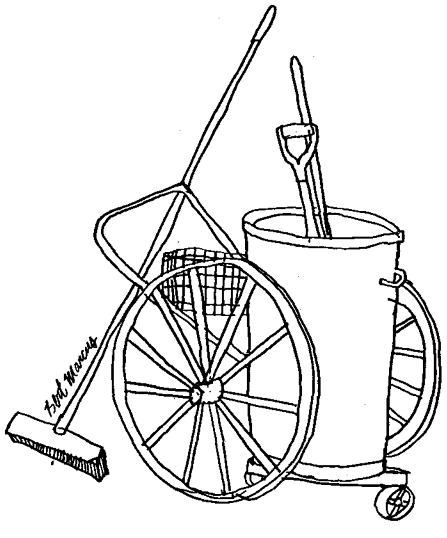
Answering Service: Your secretary called.

Brother-in-Law: Which secretary?

Answering Service: The one at the Board of Sanitation.

Brother-in-Law: What was the message?

Answering Service: She wanted me to read you this telegram: "NATIONAL STUDENT LEAGUE WAR AND RACISM DEMANDS YOU APPEAR TWO PM TODAY AT ROCKAWAY BEACH AUDITORIUM TO EXPLAIN YOUR POSITION ON ACADEMIC FREEDOM BIRTH CONTROL AND VIETNAM WAR."



Brother-in-Law: When did this message come in?

Answering Service: Last Thursday.

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The Arts

HERE are some of the things thai were going on around town lasi week:

Two Cat Events: At the Morgar Library, Gerald Gottlieb, the curatoi of early children's books, was assembling an exhibit of cat images—no only domestic cats but lions, tigers lynxes, and the odd ounce—from rar books and manuscripts and drawing in the collection. The show, which i called Nine Lives or More, is divide into a number of sections, such as Benign Cats, Educational Cats, Siniste Cats, Alphabetical Cats, Crafty Cats Vanishing Cats, Musical Cats, an Quite a Lot of Cats. We visited Mr Gottlieb one afternoon and inquire about the range of the exhibit. "Chronologically," he said, "we begin with hand-painted red lion from a tenth century Greek manuscript that contains the earliest-known illustrated lif of Aesop and end with a 1945 illustration by Garth Williams from a firs edition of E. B. White's 'Stuart Littl which shows the intrepid mouse shooting an arrow at a ferocious black ca Physically, we begin with Benign Ca —a seventeenth-century engraving c Aesop's lion—and end with a copy c a wonderful pen-and-ink drawing b Kipling that illustrates his story 'Th Cat That Walked By Himself.' " W asked Mr. Gottlieb to point out som favorites, and he showed us a dashin cat dressed in high boots, from a 169 manuscript of Perrault's "Contes d Ma Mère l'Oye" ("The earlies known written form of the 'Puss i Boots' story"), Tenniel's vanishin Cheshire Cat from the suppresse 1865 edition of Lewis Carroll "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, a tiny, peevish leopard from a 177 book called "A Poetical Description Beasts, with Moral Reflections for tl Amusement of Children," a maniac Edward Lear cat in flight ("C was Cat/Who ran after a Rat./But h courage did fail/When she seized c his tail"), and a happy cat performir an entrechat in the air over a dinn table, from an 1806 book called "To and His Cat." "I'm not a cat lover said Mr. Gottlieb. "But my resistan was broken down by a number of pe

WALL ST.
Barber
Shop
STEVENSON

ple who noticed the cat images in our books. And since the collection is only partly catalogued I'm amazed at what we've been able to turn up by memory."

Later that day, there was a cocktail party at the Algonquin Hotel in honor of "Algonquin Cat," a new book by Val Schaffner. The protagonist of the book is the real Algonquin cat, a reserved white feline named Hamlet who spends most of his time curled up on top of the *Times Literary Supplement* in the lobby. The guests included forty-odd cat owners who had entered photographs of their pets in a good-looking-cat contest. We looked at a wall of photographs of cats that were named Wilbur, Omar, Miss Phoebe, Nicholas Alexander, Mortimer, Muffin, Sacheverell, Mallomar, Rousseau, Moose Finch, and Wormwood. Then we asked Andrew Ansbach, the managing director of the Algonquin, where he had acquired Hamlet. "We got him about seven years ago at Bide-A-Wee, because our previous one died and we've always had a cat at the Algonquin," he said. "I don't allow our guests to keep pets, but I did make an exception for one man, who rented an extra room for his dog and brought along an attendant to keep it company. Yes, we have a family cat at home. A Siamese named MacGregor."

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TWO VIRTUOSI: In a teaching studio at Juilliard, the oboist Ronald Roseman paused during a ehearsal for his forthcoming recital, with the pianist Gilbert Kalish, at the Ninety-second Street Y to give us some pointers on the oboe. "The modern oboe, which dates from about 1900, has range from low B-flat to A above the taff," he said. "The distinctive sound s due to the conical bore and to the ouble reed, which virtually all oboists ut and scrape personally. The finger-ng is more difficult than that of a clarinet or a flute, because oboe-makers kept adding keys to provide more chromatics. For example, they put on a key to let you do a C-sharp-to-low-B trill, and one to permit you to trill from A-sharp to the B an octave higher. So an F-major arpeggio that used to be simple on the baroque oboe is fairly difficult on the modern instrument, because of the irrational way that keys have been added since Bach's day."

"Tell us about reeds," we said.

Mr. Roseman showed us a small leather case packed with tiny double reeds that were tied onto cork-and-metal mouthpieces. "You have to scrape each reed differently, depending on how you want to use it," he said. "Wider reeds give a fuller, louder, richer sound, but the sound is less focussed. Narrower reeds give a more focussed sound, which plays high notes better. When I come up with a really exceptional reed—which is a matter of luck and skill—I save it for concert work, because it makes the difference between a good sound and a really beautiful sound." He selected a reed and played the final bar of Poulenc's Sonata for Oboe and Piano. "This reed is coming along," he said. "Here you want a large sound at first and then a softer, haunting quality at the end. If I work with this reed for a week or so, and keep it moist, it may be in shape for the recital."

In an East Side apartment, Gary Karr, a cheerful, bearded double-bass soloist, was practicing a sprightly Hoffmeister concertino that he had selected for his approaching concert, with the pianist Harmon Lewis, at Tully Hall. "This piece was written as a quartet, but there was a transcript made by Hoffmeister himself for piano and bass," he told us. "I'm also doing the Beethoven D-Major Cello Sonata, which the great bass player Domenico Dragonetti played in a concert in 1799 with Beethoven at the piano. Dragonetti didn't have to change a note, and neither did I, because Beethoven wrote very low on the cello to accommodate the timbre and range of the piano of his day."

We asked Mr. Karr if there were any works for solo bass and symphony orchestra.

He replied that Hans Werner Henze and Gunther Schuller had both written concertos for him, and added that Aaron Copland had just finished revising his 1943 Violin Sonata for the Tully concert. "When we were working together on the score, I came across a whole page that was all natural harmonics on the double bass, and I said to Aaron, ‘Look at this. Can you believe it?’ He just laughed, and said, ‘When I wrote it, I guess I must have had the bass in the back of my mind.’ ”

“Tell us about your instrument,” we said.

“This is Serge Koussevitzky’s 1611 Amati, which was given to me by his widow, Olga, after his death,” said Mr. Karr. “It’s easier to play than a modern instrument, because it’s shaped like the older gambas—with a flat back, flat sides, and flat corners. When I travel with it, I buy a second first-class ticket in the name of Mr. B. Fiddle, and I always order him an extra vegetarian meal.”

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TWO DANCE REHEARSALS: On the stage of the New York State Theatre, where the New York City Ballet had recently opened its new season, George Balanchine, wearing a gray suit and a blue shirt, and with a patch over his right eye (a souvenir of a recent cataract operation), was rehearsing Patricia McBride and Helgi Tomasson in the coda of his “Raymonda Variations.” He sat on a stool at the front of the stage watching as Miss McBride circled the edge of the stage in a series of leaps and fast turns, ending up too far back for her final fouettés.

“You should be here,” said Mr. Balanchine, pointing to the center of the stage.

“I know,” Miss McBride said breathlessly. “I need help. I didn’t start in the right place, and I couldn’t see a thing with those lights.”

Mr. Balanchine leaped off the stool and walked the steps of the circle with Miss McBride, marking the leaps and turns with economical arm movements. “You come out here,” he said, indicating a point halfway to the back of the stage, “and then you move sidewise here for the finish.”

Miss McBride followed instructions and did eight perfect fouettés in dead center. “All right?” she said, flashing a grin.

“The music should be faster,” said Mr. Balanchine.

Twenty blocks to the south, in a large glass-walled studio that overlooked the neon sign for “A Chorus Line,” Alvin Ailey was choreographing part of a new ballet. The music was a frenetic jazz score by Max Roach, which had blasting brasses, a moaning chorus, and some snappy saxophone and drum solos. The dancers, ten young men in tights and T-shirts, were not finishing the tricky steps together.

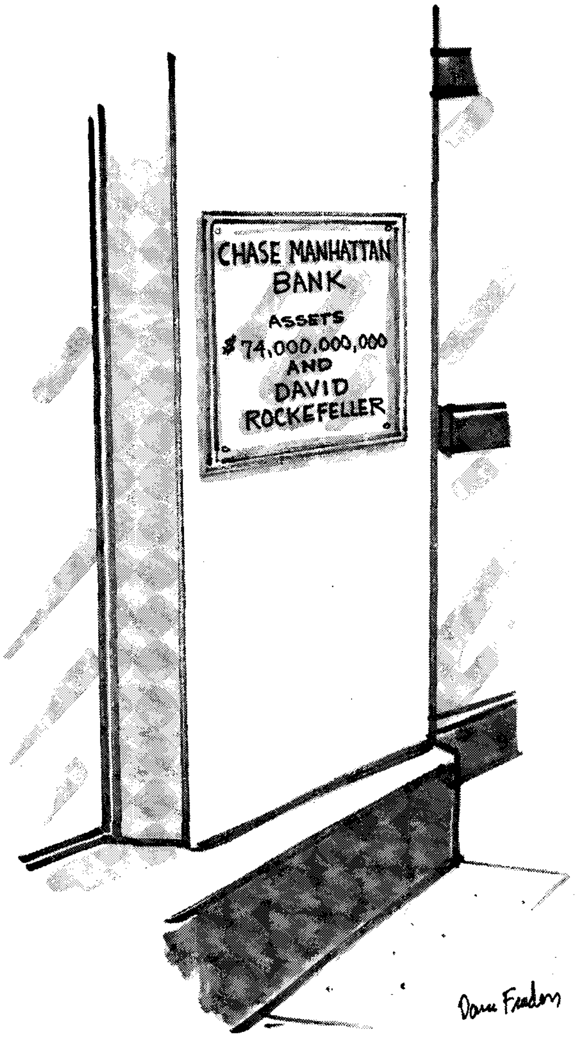
“What are we going to do about this?” Mr. Ailey said, turning back the tape recorder for another try. “Shall we change it? Shall we count it out? Which is the part where we’re not together most?”

“The end,” the dancers said in unison.”

“O.K.,” said Mr. Ailey. “Let’s work on that.”

He ran through the steps without music as the dancers repeated them, telling them to do a pirouette, an outside pirouette, a soutenue (a turn, with arms overhead, crossing the feet on the floor), a pitch turn (a Graham invention consisting of a classic arabesque penché with the head down), a quick back soutenue, two developpé tilts (straight-legged sidewise kicks), two steps forward, a double pirouette, preparation, a double tour (a turning jump), and a final lunge. Then he turned on the music, and the dancers flung themselves through the steps with determination, finishing within a few seconds of each other.

“That’s going to be all right if you just keep the momentum going,” said Ailey. “And if it doesn’t work after all, I can always turn it into a canon.”



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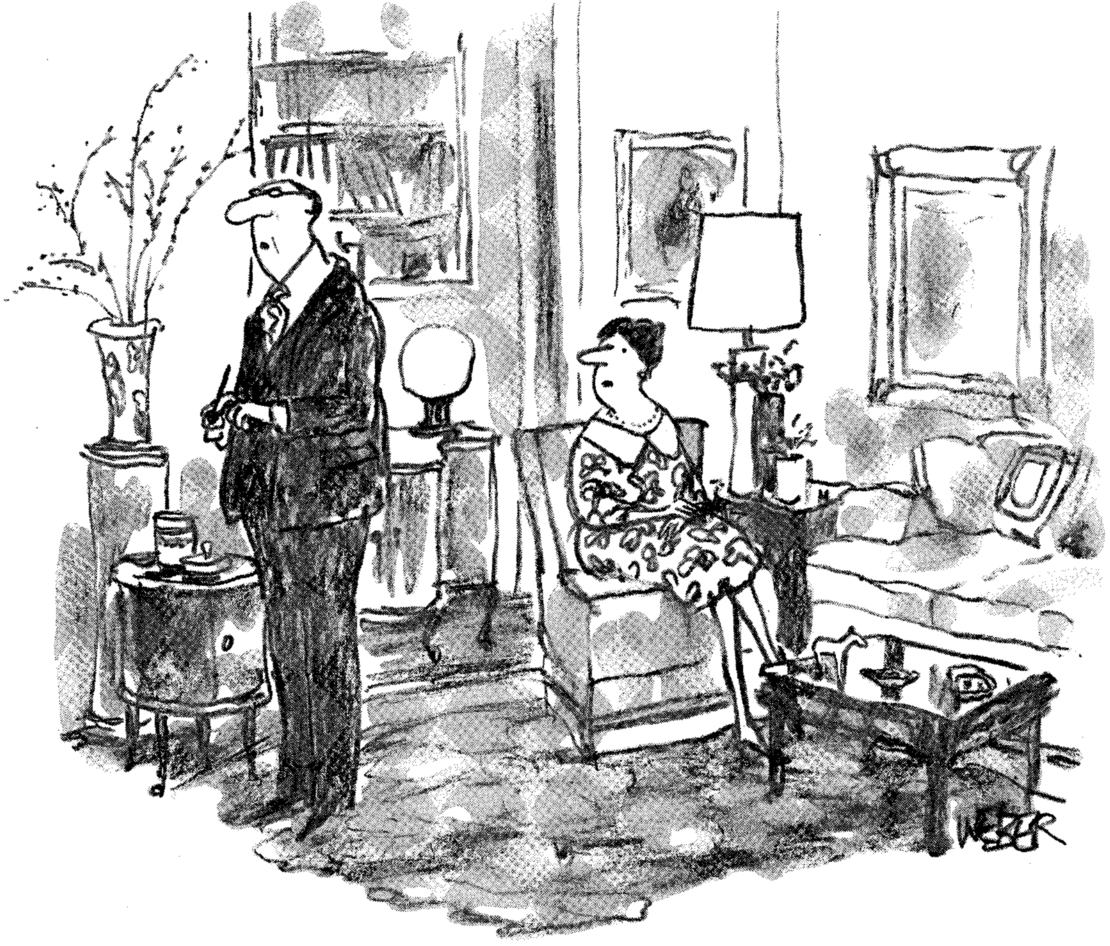
TWO EXHIBITS: The Guggenheim is showing Expressionism: A German Intuition—a stunning collection of more than three hundred paintings, watercolors, drawings, and woodcuts documenting the great wave of rebellious individualism that swept across German culture between 1905 and 1920. Although the paintings range from anguished screams of protest (Nolde’s demonic “Dance Around the Golden Calf,” Heckel’s sinister “Madman”), through cool dissections of urban despair (Kirchner’s “Street with Red Cocotte,” Grosz’s “Metropolis”), to joyous outbursts of delight in nature (Kandinsky’s “Mountain,” Jawlensky’s “Mediterranean Near Marseilles”), they are united by a common visionary style that focusses on the inward thoughts and feelings of the painter. The surprise of the show was the watercolors, drawings, and woodcuts, many of which had been borrowed from German museums and private collectors We admired a wall of glowing watercolors (portraits of women, clumps of flowers ships, seascapes) by Nolde, a Matisselike black-and-white tempera by Kirchner of two women seated on a rug, a semi-abstract head by Jawlensky, and several nightmarish woodcuts (“Cerberus,” “The Smoker,” “The Prisoner”) by Rohlfs Then we asked Thoma Messer, one of the organizer of the show, to give us hi definition of Expressionism.

“To simplify vastly, on could say that there are tw main tendencies in art,” Mr Messer said politely. “Th classical painters are concerne primarily with formal issues—composition, picture surface, relationship between colors, tones, and textures. The Expressionsts had the urge to convey emotion, to bring to the surface what is inside. The French Impressionists saw he world differently—paricularly in nature—from he way the early nineeenth century had pereived it, but they were oncerned primarily with xternal optical things nd cared relatively little bout human content. The German Expressionists hared the changed view of he world, but they wanted o express *live* issues. And o they became pictorial evolutionaries, searching or new styles to communiate their ideas. These picures are masterpieces now; hey have been absorbed by museums and aesthetically imed. But one must remember how far out and rightening they were to he establishment of the eriod. Some of them were xhibited in Hitler's famous 937 show of degenerate t and were subsequently sold abroad. ow the German museums are trying buy them back, at enormous cost."



"Theresa, what I am about to say should not be construed as criticism."

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Down Fifth Avenue, at the Metropolitan Museum, we found Mrs. Penelope Hunter-Stiebel, an associate curar of twentieth-century art, perched the top of a ladder in a second-floor allery and reaching down into a tall splay case to dust off a large, circular d glass sculpture called "Flower," Břetislav Novák, Jr. Descending, rs. Hunter-Stiebel, who has large own eyes and long brown hair, told that she was getting ready to open exhibit called New Glass, which as organized by the Corning Glass Museum, in Corning, New York. We're showing everything from use1 objects—goblets, vases, bottles, lad bowls—to the most abstract ulpture," she said. "Serious artists e working in glass all over the world ese days, many of them in Iron Curn countries. The pieces were chosen the basis of technique and of the arts' ability to make a strong statement out what glass is and how one comes to terms with it." She showed us a strong statement by Marvin Lipofsky—an accusing plaster hand above a broken semicircular vessel of white glass. Then she took us around the exhibit, in which we admired a melting green glass pyramid by Zoltan Bohus ("Very organic"), a series of heavy green glass squares by Joaquín Torres Esteban ("This has been smashed and heated in the most aggressive way"), a large flat plate by Ann Wärff that showed four empty chairs facing a sunset of blue, pink, and yellow clouds ("If you look carefully, you can see the outlines of a woman giving birth in the clouds"), a striking carved glass skull by Michael Esson ("That bloodshot eye just transfixes me"), and, by Michael Cohn, a curious-looking triangular white glass object mounted on a flat slab of black glass ("The title of this is 'Black Plate #3,' but I call it my space rabbit. The eye in the center changes color as you move around it"). Across the room from the space rabbit, two workmen were setting up Jack Schmidt's "Ten Degree Break," three rectangular sheets of heavy smoked glass stuck off center into a tilted steel base. "The tension of that piece comes from the fact that it's so precariously balanced," said Mrs. Hunter-Stiebel. "It's strong and vulnerable at the same time. That's what glass is all about."

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TWO ENSEMBLES: At Carnegie Hall, Julius Rudel was rehearsing the Buffalo Philharmonic in Gustav Mahler's "Das Klagende Lied," a three-part cantata that—with the assistance of the Cornell University chorus and four soloists—was being presented in its complete version for the first time in New York. As we arrived, Mr. Rudel was giving notes to the musicians on the first part of the piece, "Waldmärchen," which the composer had suppressed, and which had remained almost unknown for nearly ninety years. Leafing through the music, Mr. Rudel said, "At the fourth bar after Number Two, oboe and clarinet, it's the pickup note that's important. Four

"We—your agents, successors, licensees, and assigns—would like to share a few thoughts with you."

bars before Five, clarinets and harps, this whole thing has to be faster and furtive. Don't try to make it legato. These are dotted notes. Make it hushed and sinister. One before Seven, celli and bass, we have not yet hit the happy ritardando that is practically nonexistent. But stay with me and we'll try for it. Violins, you're rushing the eighth note before Twenty. Violas, when you are left alone there—triple forte. Stay with me as I change dynamics." After several more pages of instructions, Mr. Rudel gave the downbeat and swept the orchestra into the mysterious, grandiloquent music, which Mahler wrote when he was twenty. Hunting horns echoed through fairy-tale forests; harps evoked images of shimmering glens; piercing woodwinds foreshadowed the approach of violent death. During a break, Mr. Rudel told us that the cantata was based on a Gothic ballad of love and fratricide. "Mahler wrote both the text and the score, and the music is germinal to his later work," he said. "You can hear Wagner in it, but you can also already hear the First, the Second, the Fourth, and the Fifth Symphonies. When Mahler finally got the cantata performed, twenty years after he'd written it, he dropped the entire 'Waldmärchen' section, for reasons that are still obscure. Its score was released for public performance in 1970, and now, with a new edition of the complete cantata, the over-all architecture of the work is finally visible."

At the RCA studios on West Forty-fourth Street, Thomas Z. Shephard, an RCA vice-president, was trying to capture the aural essence of "42nd Street" on tape despite constant interruptions from David Merrick, the show's producer. As the afternoon wore on, Mr. Merrick, who had the right of approval of the materials to be recorded but not of the final mix, complained with increasing vehemence that the tap-dance sound—the leitmotiv of the show—was being overwhelmed by the orchestra. Mr. Shephard, a short, intense man, who is recognized as one of the best recording producers in the business, tried to convince him that the excitement of the recorded show lay in the tussle between the brassiness of the band and the complex tap patterns made by the dancers. At one point, he said, "When you remove the sets, the costumes, and the lighting, you're left with whatever illusion you can create with sound. We're trying to preserve the visceral excitement of a liv show, to make peopl feel that they're actually in the theatre. But i the tap-dancing is to loud, it's just clatter clatter, clatter, and people will run for thei audio controls." Ou in the high-ceilinge studio, forty youn dancers dressed i shirts, bluejeans, an silver tap shoes wer running through thunderous dance routine amid a battery of microphones. It was the bi production number set to the titl song, which includes a boy-meets-gir pas de deux, a street murder, and a accelerating mass tap dance—a danc that came through the microphone sounding like the tread of a well drilled syncopated army. After the firs take, Mr. Shephard flipped open hi mike and said, "Is there any way t differentiate between the boy and th girl in the pas de deux?" The danc captain placed Lee Roy Reams, th juvenile lead, in the center of a larg square of plywood and moved Wand Richert, a willowy blonde with a wid smile, over to the bare floor on h right. "Let me hear a little of eac of you answering back and forth," sai Mr. Shephard. The two dancers tappe away, circling each other from an unaccustomed distance, while Mr. Shephard watched his dials. "That wa worth taking the time for," he said. " think it's pure gold. Insert Two, Tak One."

PEPPERONI

FINANCIALLY, the paper is quite healthy. The paper's timberlands, mining interests, pulp and paper operations, book, magazine, corrugated-box, and greeting-card divisions, film, radio, television, and cable companies, and data-processing and satellite-communications groups are all flourishing, with over-all return on invested capital increasing at about nine per cent a year. Compensation of the three highest-paid officers and directors last year was $399,500, $362,700, and $335,500, respectively, exclusive of profit-sharing and pension-plan accruals.

But top management is discouraged and saddened, and middle management is drinking too much. Morale in the newsroom is fair, because of the recent raises, but the shining brows of the copy boys, traditional emblems of energy and hope, have begun to display odd, unattractive lines. At every level, even down into the depths of the pressroom, where the pressmen defiantly wear their square dirty folded-paper caps, people want management to stop what it is doing before it is too late.

The new VDT machines have hurt the paper, no doubt about it. The people in the newsroom don't like the machines. (A few say they like the machines but these are the same people who like the washrooms.) When the machines go down, as they do, not infrequently, the people in the newsroom augh and cheer. The executive editor has installed one-way glass in his office door, and stands behind it looking out over the newsroom, fretting and groaning. Recently the paper ran the ame stock tables every day for a week. No one noticed, no one complained.

Middle management has implored op management to alter its course. Top management has responded with postdated guarantees, on a sliding cale. The Guild is off in a corner, whimpering. The pressmen are holding an unending series of birthday par-ies commemorating heroes of labor. Reporters file their stories as usual, ut if they are certain kinds of stories hey do not run. A small example: the aper did not run a Holiday Weekend Death Toll story after Labor Day his year, the first time since 1926 o Holiday Weekend Death Toll tory appeared in the paper after Labor Day (and the total was, although ot a record, a substantial one).

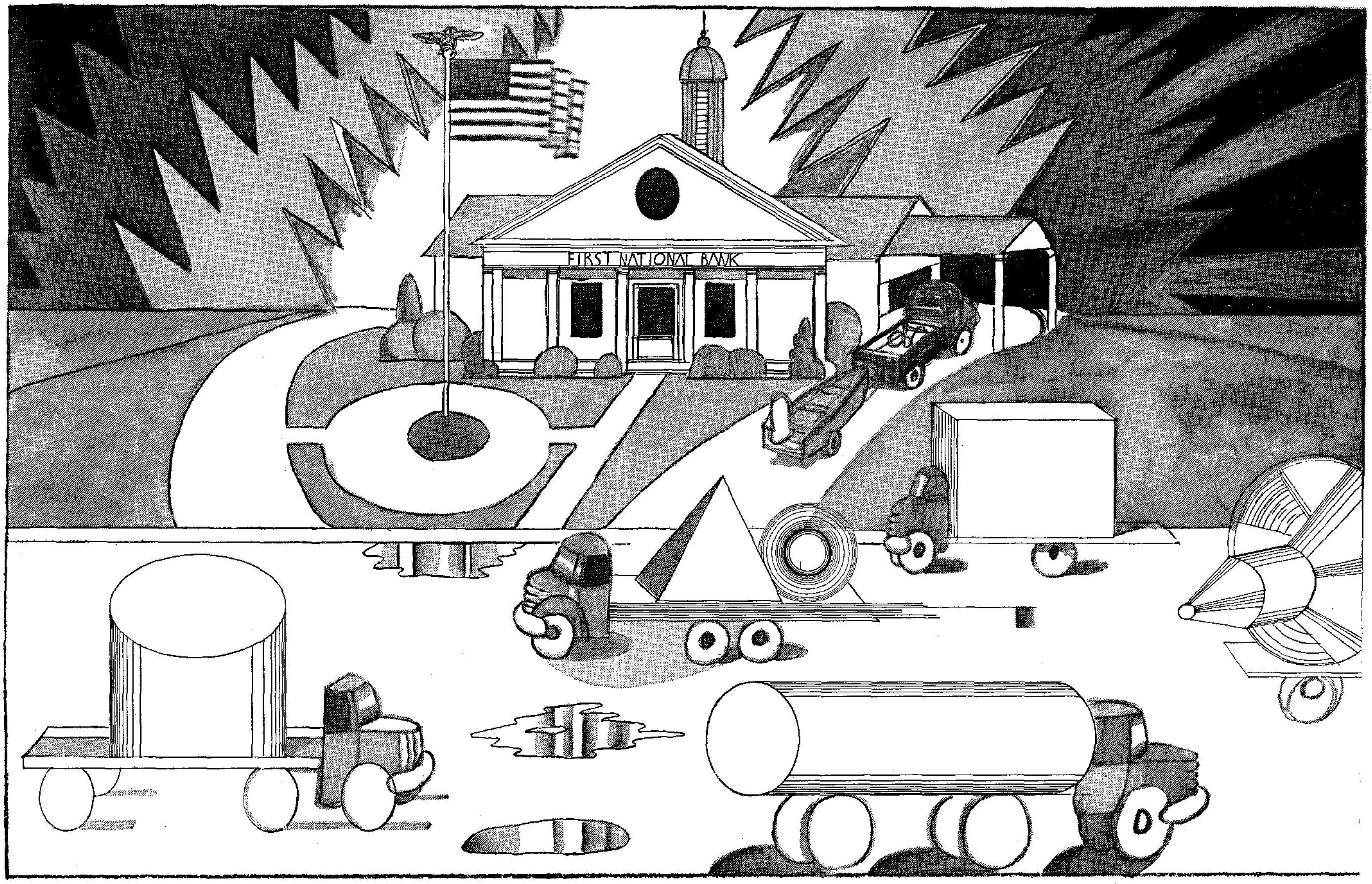
Some elements of the staff are not depressed. The paper's very creative real-estate editor has been a fountain of ideas, and his sections, full of color pictures of desirable living arrangements, are choked with advertising and make the Sunday paper fat, fat, fat, fat. More food writers have been hired, and more clothes writers, and more furniture writers, and more plant writers. The bridge, whist, skat, cribbage, domino, and vingt-et-un columnists are very popular.

The Editors' Caucus has once again applied to middle management for relief, and has once again been promised it (but middle management has Glenfiddich on its breath, even at breakfast). Top management's polls say that sixty-five per cent of the readers "want movies," and feasibility studies are being conducted. Top management acknowledges, over long lunches at good restaurants, that the readers are wrong to "want movies" but insists that "morality cannot be legislated." The newsroom has been insulated (with products from the company's Echotex division) so that the people in the newsroom can no longer hear the sounds in the streets.

The paper's editorials have been subcontracted to Texas Instruments, and the obituaries to Nabisco, so that the staff will have "more time to think." The foreign desk is turning out language lessons ("*Yo temo que Isabel no venga*," "I am afraid that Isabel will not come"). There was an especially lively front page on Tuesday. The No. 1 story was pepperoni—a useful and exhaustive guide. It ran right next to the slimming-your-troublesome-thighs story, with pictures.

Top management has vowed to stop what it is doing—not now but soon, soon. A chamber orchestra has been formed among the people in the newsroom, and we play Haydn until the sun comes up. —DONALD BARTHELME

COUNTRY TRAFFIC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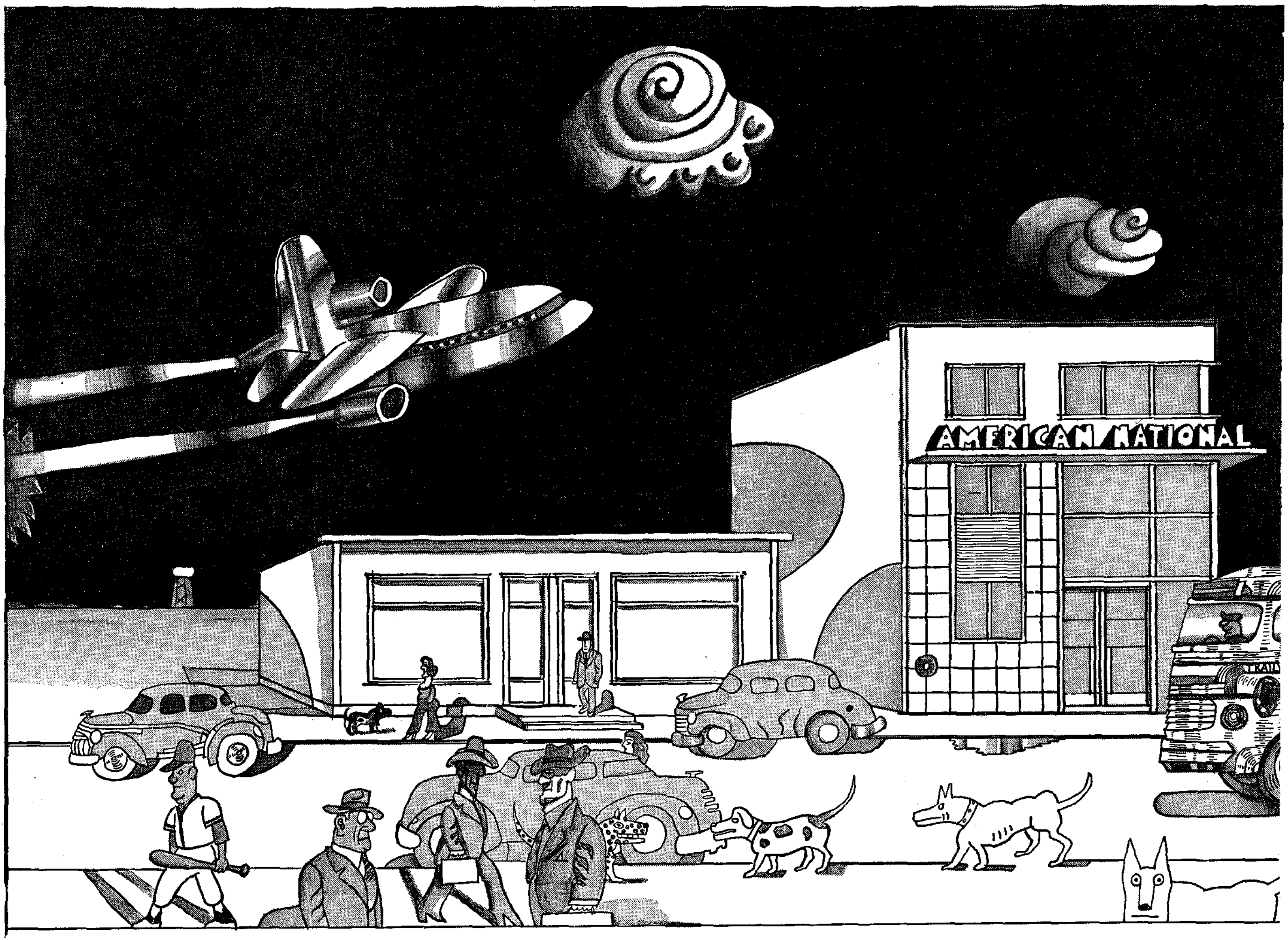
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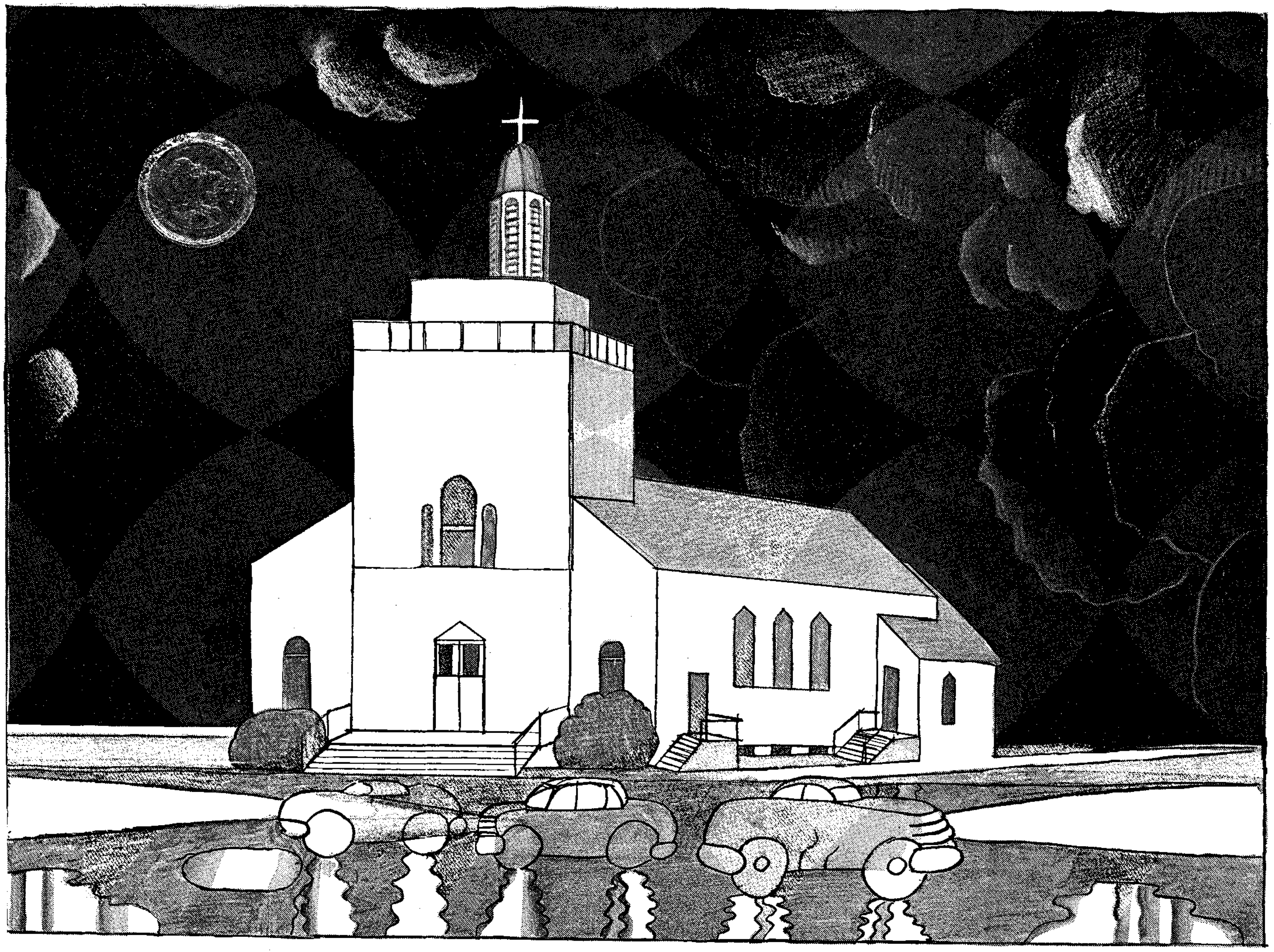
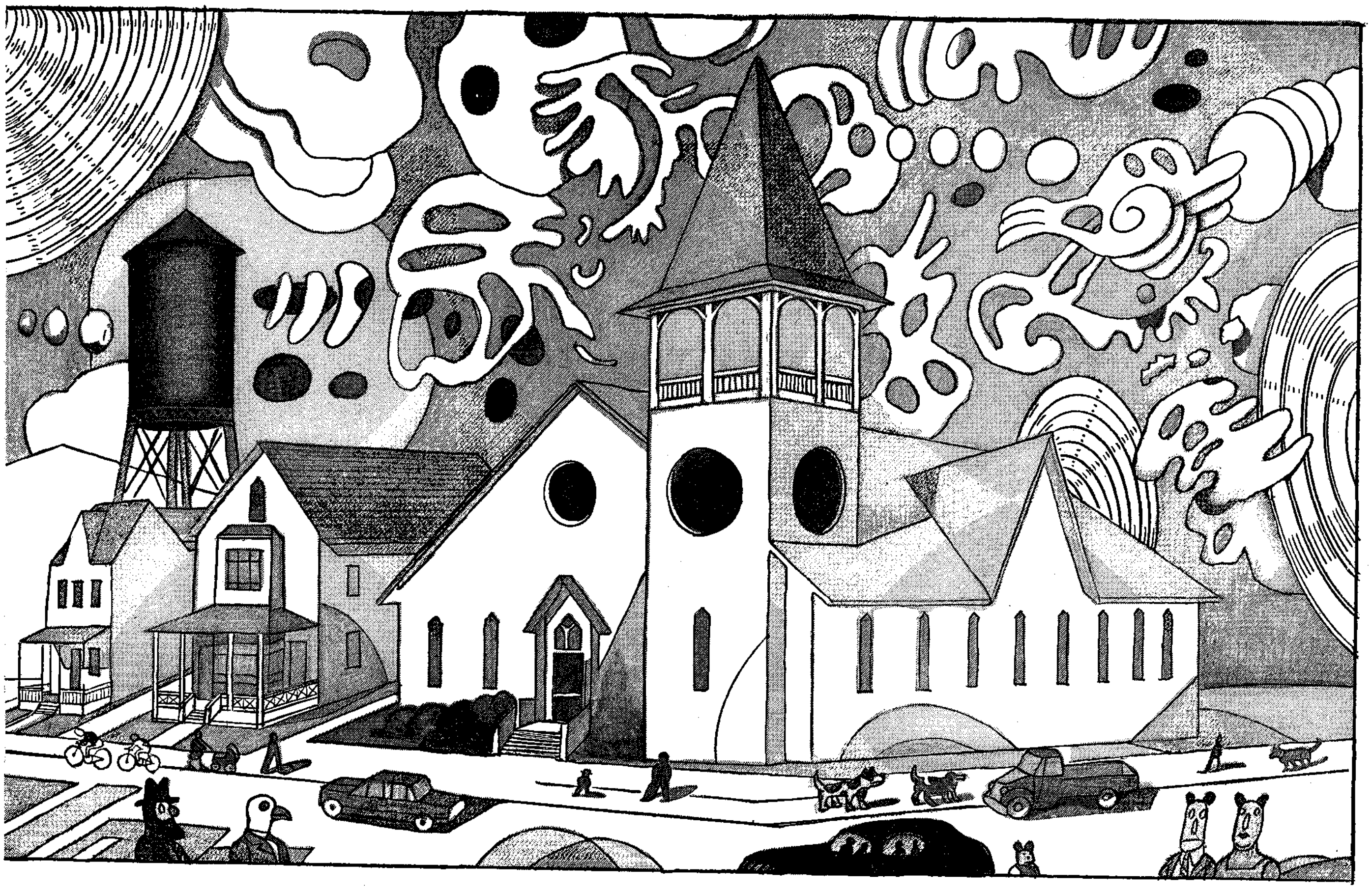
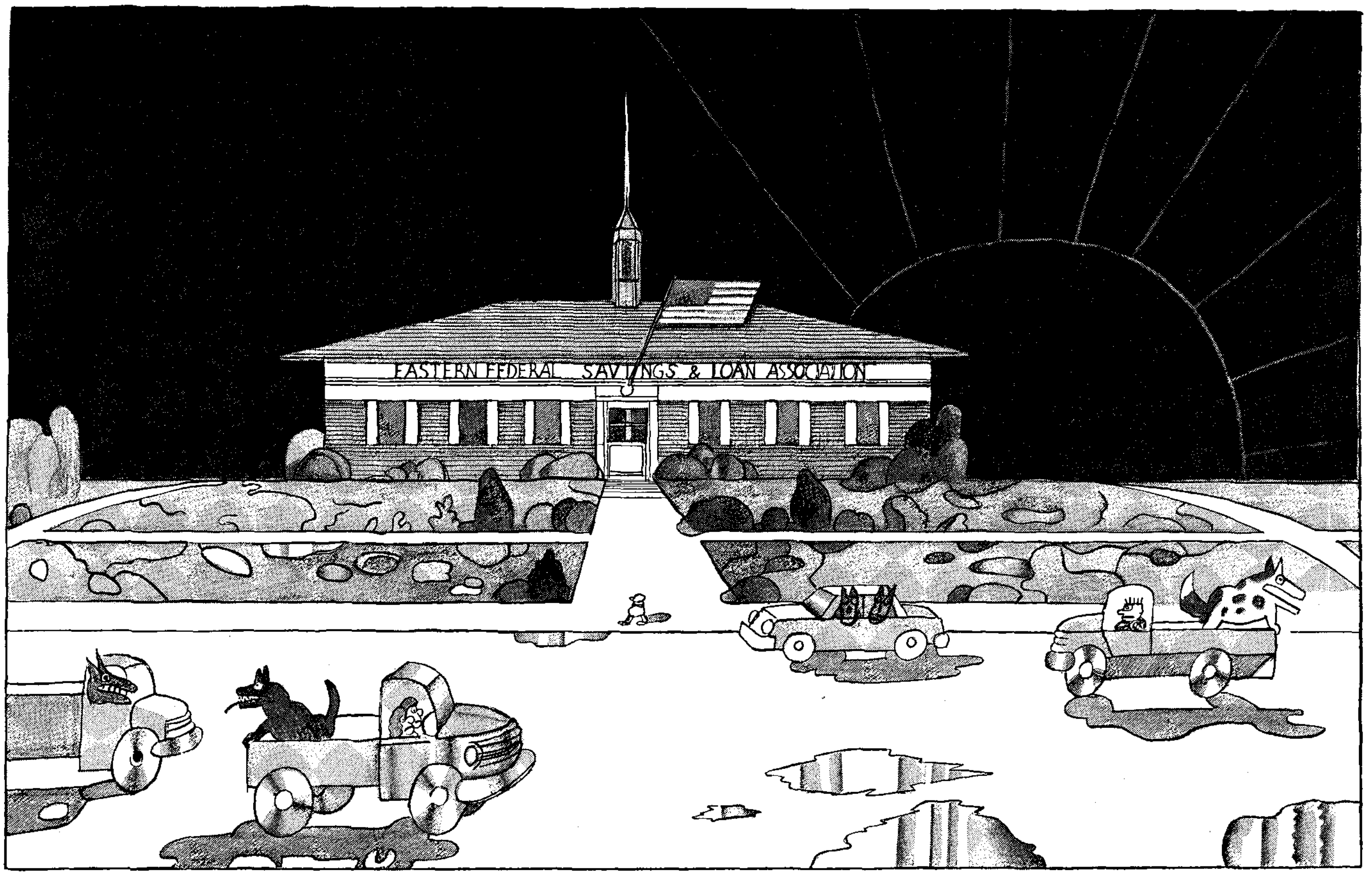
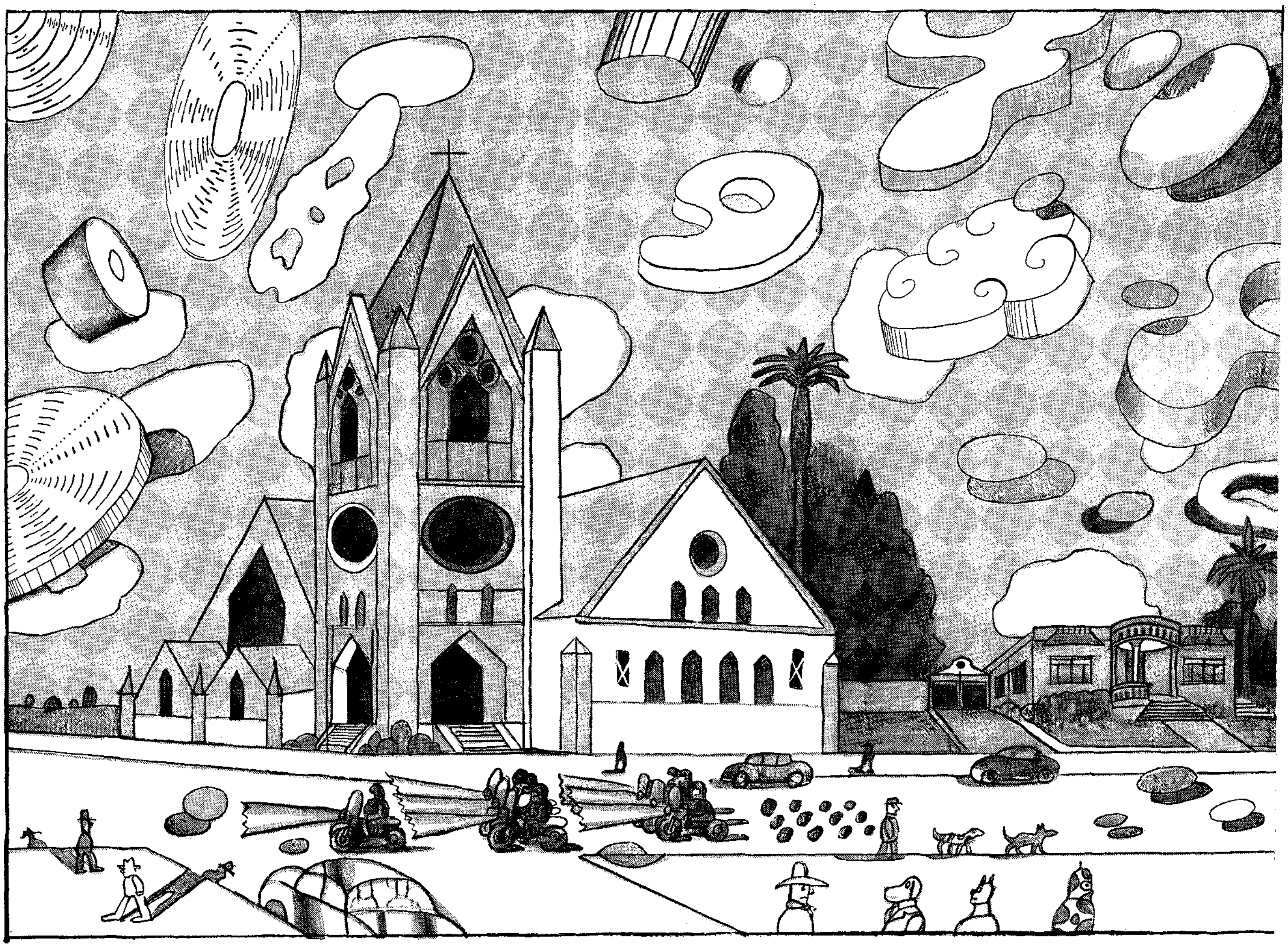





EASTERN FEDERAL SAVINGS & LOAN ASSOCIATION



STEINBERG

CHANGE

THE doorknob now glows. I've cleaned the paint spots and spatters off its surface and dug the paint and grime out of its ornate grooves at last, after being bothered by it for several months; it took a pointed tool and emery cloth, to begin with, and then steel wool and Brasso. Now, with the door swung in against the left end of this table, as I like it, walling me in somewhat on the one open side, the knob shines above the edge of my vision like a miniature burnished sun. First, the spattered radiator in the corner—spattered in the way that fixtures and hardware in a ramshackle, citified (this is Chicago), wood-frame apartment house get spattered with the near-yearly hasty paintings—wasn't to be borne anymore, so I offered my daughter, who's eight, two dollars to repaint it, and since the day she finished, stepping back in the smock she wears when she paints at her easel (or was it one of my work shirts?), the haze of the multicolored knob has hovered on and off to my left as if in reproach. That was April, and now cold is rising in the night air again: fall.

I'm transcribing a work that at times I believe will be an indisputable proof of the existence of God, at least for me. I say "transcribing," pulling down the word with the closest bearing on this into the slot, because I'm arranging and recopying notes and notebooks and files of pages and scenes I've got down over a period of thirteen years, attempting to deal in a literal way with exact events from my past, and I find now that I've had different opinions or interpretations of their meaning during different recastings of them that I'd like to get rid of, leaving the events, which were almost wholly not of my making, as free of any subjective coloring as on the days they brought me down. This relief from that might be, as I see it, then, a stocktaking interim.

Lightning has struck here twice. Each time, it's knocked out the power lines to our house. Our kitchen is on the ground floor, at the back of the house, facing east, and a recently installed window above the sink looks out on our small fenced-in yard to the blacktopped parking lot for our building; directly across this small lot is a triple garage, of rock-faced cement block, once a carriage house, or a small barn, perhaps (there's a big central gable with a door that opens on a mow), since this was a rural area not so many years ago—anyway, a perfect cupped reflector, all complete, to amplify the effects of such a blast. The power lines swag past the garage and across the alley up to transformers on a pole.

Even before the first bolt hit, I'd been sensitized; I'd gone to the Driver's Services Department to renew my many-months-expired license, and had passed the written exam and was on the last of the mechanical tests, gazing into one of those machines where miniature road signs and rows of letters are cranked up for you to read, when its interior went black and my knees gave with the pressure of an impact that seemed to bring in the glass wall behind. The lights were out. Most of the state employees, perhaps war veterans, were stoical but wore looks of being at the ready, and the applicants were scrambling around to hide behind counters or find a way out.

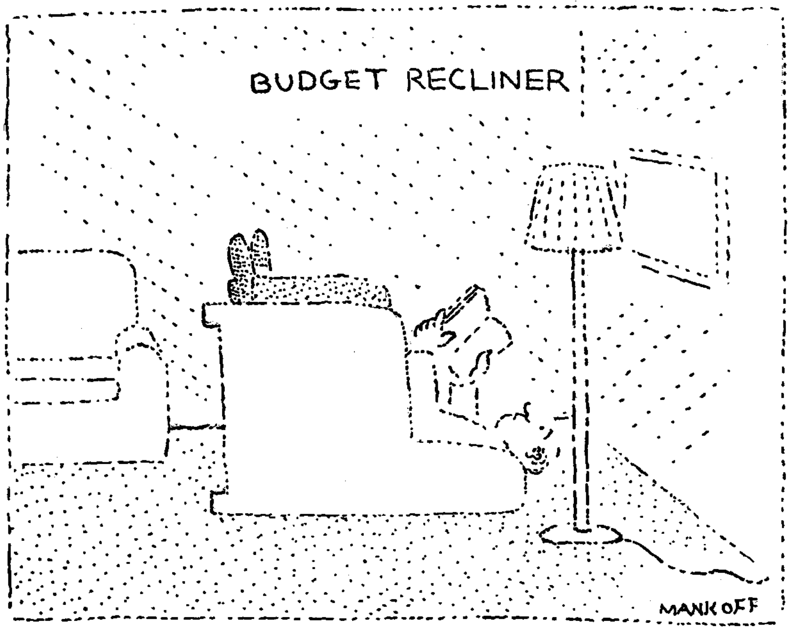
A maintenance man in gray twills came running in and cried, "That big baby damn near took my head off! I just stepped out when he hit and he got that pole right outside the door there! You see them sparks come down? They just missed!"

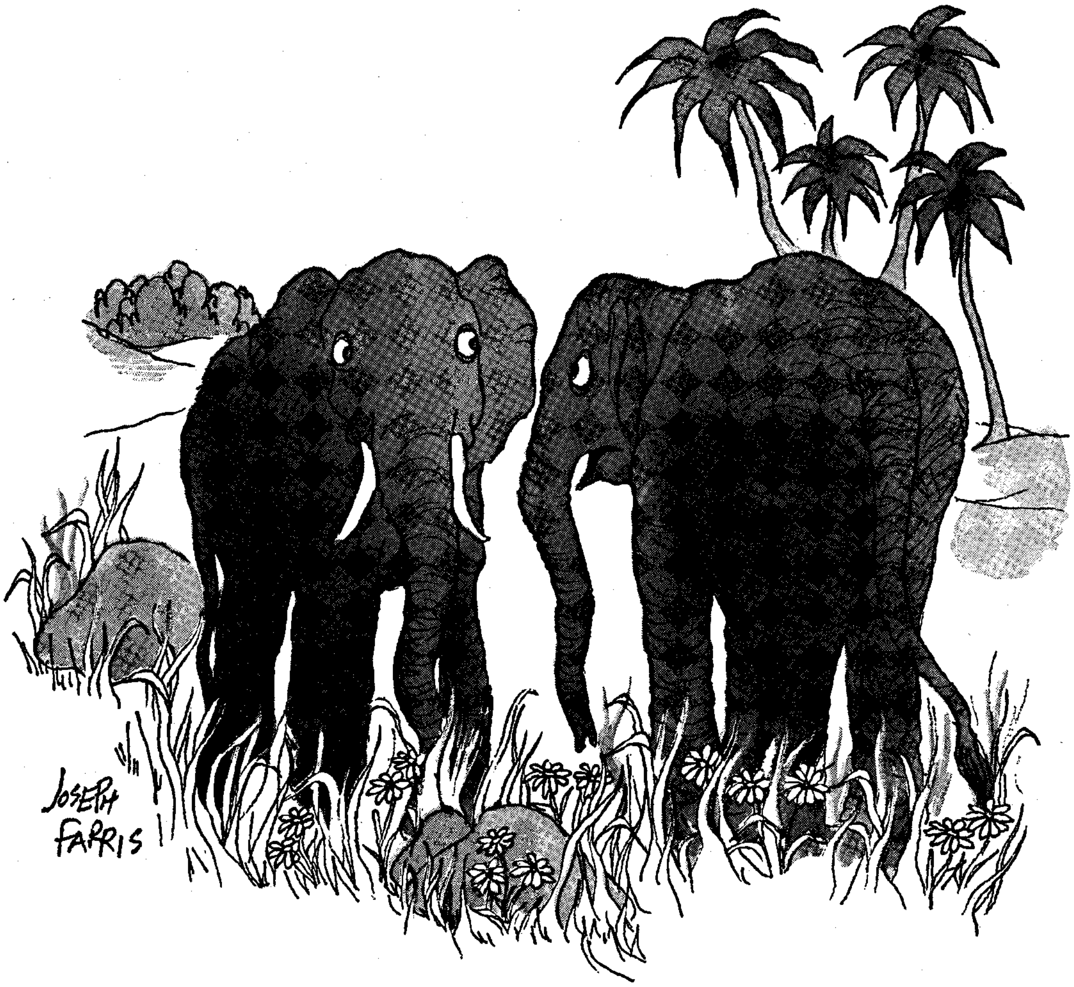
Later, I was at the table facing the kitchen window, shakily guilty about not being at the work I'd set for myself that day—the tightly bunched kind of guilt, as of a hangover (indeed, I was probably trying to quit drinking, again, with every day a hangover of sorts)—reading a piece in a magazine whose glossy pages pooled white headaches of light, about guerrilla warfare in Palestine, including accounts of bystanders being injured by bombs, which sharpened the guilt in bright obliquenesses I didn't wish to examine, when the first bolt hit.

I was underneath the table, and the impact of the report going back at the sky, a force I felt would pull me out the window, before I consciously heard it. Reflex of expecting the worst. The lights were out, and I could hear fizzing and a sound like a whip being cracked out by the barn-garage. The transformers were smoldering, and men arrived in slickers, in the rain that the lightning had released, to fix the lines.

It was a matter of months before the next one struck, tearing off the upper limbs of our oak and knocking the lines out into the street, which the police had to cordon off until the men in slickers again arrived, and a week or two later there was a cartoon in that same magazine which pictured a pair of angels on a cloud, looking over its edge, one of them with a bunch of jagged cartoon thunderbolts under an arm, and had a caption that went something like "Get him again!"

In the space between then and the present, my wife has given birth to a son, our first, here in this house, in the ground-floor apartment where we mostly live (when, before, I said "our house," I meant that we rent the entire ground floor and three rooms upstairs, and have been given by our absentee landlord a shoplike room in the basement, in acknowledgment of the maintenance and repairs that I do; sometime





"Who is this Elephant Man, anyway?"

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I hope to be able to talk about the other two tenants), and he's already rising from that indrawn center of internal listening—his eyes an unplumbable cobalt blue—that is every infant's retreat, on and off, until about three months, from the depths of which those around must seem incarnate aspects of gratification that he's at last getting under control, so that he's more free, finally, to be his own self. He's beginning to grasp and grab at objects held up; he's three and a half months.

Unplumbable cobalt blue. Which is their essential impact, as if opening onto quirky, inky regions of the brain, back to its primitive origins, the moment of being called into matter, a place too appalling to retreat to once common sense has invaded the breathing body around (mostly through its contact with our encircling hands), but for him, for now, basking easily within that state, at peace with his source, the only natural place to look up out at his frightened elders from.

This evening, I did "Rock-a-bye-baby" with him for the first time, and, pretending to drop him in a shaky way, brought out his laugh—three or four hearty, open-throated bleats that always seem to take him by surprise, with a gasping intake, at the end, of absolute delight.

He first laughed that way when I threw him to the ceiling at about two months—a daily game until my wife walked in on us and cried out in alarm. After that, he was dubious, and clasped his hands as if in prayer as he went up, not daring to look down on me in exhilaration as he once had, and one time started to cry. The end of that.

The next big bursts of laughter came in the bathroom, where all four of us got wedged once (a room, not counting the inset for the tub, that's three feet wide where fixtures don't protrude, and whose shredding ceiling I have yet to fix), as such things happen in a house with an infant, and especially one who's been waited and prayed for, at large. I was running a tub for his bath and my wife held him up to the medicine-chest mirror, drawing my daughter and me around, our heads close together; he wobbled his own from side to side, realizing he could see us on either hand, and then looked straight into the mirror, where our faces also were, looking out, and then our daughter, who was so far forward that the top of her head was just beneath his feet, lunged farther in and said "*Boo!*"

His response, several ringing tones from his belly, with that gasp at the end, was electric. I wouldn't have thought that a child of mine could laugh with such seizures of freedom if our daughter didn't. And then, immediately serious, he was staring into the mirror again, an then again she did it, wit the same response. W were at this until I felt h was tired of it, as I was, an couldn't take any more; i was time to stop, I said.

He's never cried very much, but he has a vociferous cry that lets you know it's time he was attended to, and he' fed on demand, no matter the inconvenience of place or mood or hour, a breasts no longer so accessible to me (matter that even Freud, rooter among sexual arcana, seems reluctant to bring up).

The expression on his face is dependent upon the position he's in—lying, propped, sitting, resting over shoulder—and in each position is a entirely different one, perhaps becaus of his face's fleshy mobility (thoug his lip and cheek muscles are strong) which widening awareness and the encounter with making choices wil temper and change. But it might als have to do with the rearrangement (in different bodily positions) of hi delicate but crowded internal organ and their interconnected systems o exchange—a correlative of this famil that he's held within and of how on or another of us expresses at differen times the tensions and the value of his presence among us.

His babbling is taking on more of the consonants, and he's trying harder to reproduce at least shades of what I say, watching my eyes and mouth with an open, sombre look as I talk, and then leaping in with a sudden smile, curling his upper lip as he goes on at length, still observing out of his own pleasure, but now with a look to determine how much pleasure he might be giving me. Though this isn't entirely so recent and has been going on, in shorter spells without so many convolutions, from the time he was six weeks, when, usually just before dinner, I'd get drawn down in front of where he was lying, or sitting, in one of those chairs that enable an infant to sit, and have what I called "one of our talks," the sight of which caused our daughter to shriek with embarrassed hilarity; she's at that age, talking and laughing with her whole body, as if to discover, at the least, the limits of its effects.

She's again in a phase of wearing my wife's and my clothes, which omes in regular cycles, at crises in her levelopment, as though, while in hem, she has to put on parts of us in ppropriate ways to help her through he time to her next plateau. Until, ventually, we'll be abandoned in the vay that the clothes are—seldom icked up, left lying where they've een discarded—or so I think when 'm able to hold down my anger at his habit of hers, and realize that the lay indeed will come when she'll be one.

For the first month after he was orn, she'd slump in a chair in a sulk if he couldn't change his diaper to begin er day (her waking for her long ride o school generally coinciding with is, at six), and had to be allotted a ertain amount of time besides that vith him, alone, to hold him and talk. he's closer to his state than we are, of ourse, and the only jealousy I've been ble to detect, if it is that, is a certain areful, detached, and wholly silent bserving of him at times, as though ach were in an isolated room, and specially after school; and lately she's aid, and not wistfully, either, "I wish could be his age again, Mom."

"Whatever for?"

"It's so much fun. There's nothing o do!"

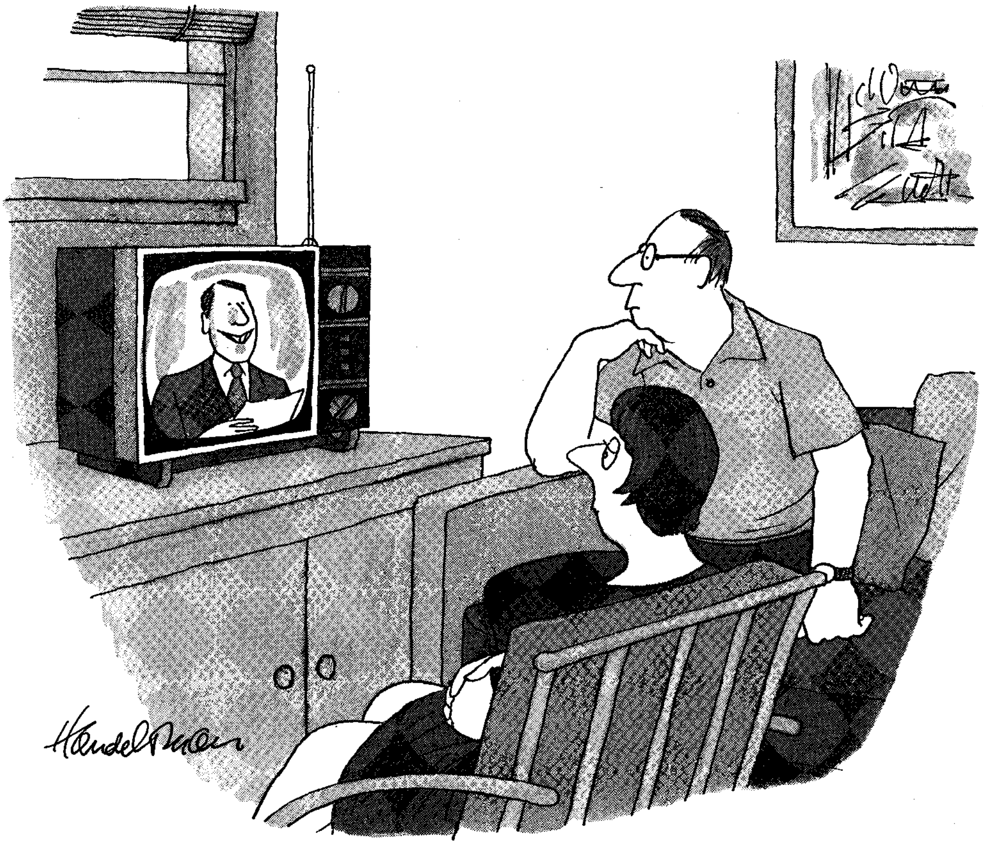
My wife reached up with one largeoned hand to her own yellow-brown air and caught it in a tail behind, in a way that glances against me as especially Scandinavian, and then threw it over her back as she laughed with the freedom our children have. She's the one whose feet are mostly down firm from these clouds I weave.

She drives our daughter to the early pickup for school, picks her up again at night, cooks so many of the meals there's no need to mention the few times I stir up some eggs, or whatever, and no longer has help in the house, as she did last year; she handles our accounts, shops, generally sees to taking care of the car, hauls home jugs of water from a well in a city park, so we can drink and cook from an untainted source, does our laundry and the diapers, and hangs them out, sometimes in frosty weather, on the lines I've strung across our back yard like a large antenna, but of rope. There's no use attracting trouble that appears attracted to you.

I can afford to read when I should be working to collate these pages from those thirteen years to advance my proof, I was wise enough to say aloud once, but we can't afford a clothes dryer. The excuse is energy, I said, in these days when everybody seems to be cutting down, and she said you sound like President Carter. She also keeps up on politics, does some of our correspondence and the correspondence for our church, and on the nights when we can persuade our pastor to stay after a Bible lesson, she sweeps placemats and plates and silverware and a couple of the pieces of pottery and silver that she's been able to preserve through our many moves (six geographical states within our daughter's first seven years) down on the shining grain of the oak table I've refinished, and a common meal takes on the contours, within candlelight, of a tasteful, Old World fête.

But I was talking about my daughter's jealousy, or lack of it, and trying to avoid *this:* just recently, coming from her morning bath before her terribly early-hour departure for school, she found me, usually asleep then, in my bathrobe, sprawled across her bed with him, the baby, the newly loved one—what thoughtlessness! or worse —and there was a pained and ferocious evasiveness in her look that reminded me of the boys next door.

SO here now I write this with night on and all of them asleep below. "The boys" was our usual, all-inclu-



"And now for the lighter side of the news. Arthur Burnap, an insurance salesman in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, slipped on a banana peel today."

sive name for them, these neighbors, three brothers ranging in age from about twelve to eight, who had their hair clipped close to their skulls in burr cuts, as we used to call them, an anomaly from the fifties here at the seventies' end. They threw eggs and tomatoes at our windows and across the windshields of cars in the parking lot (with a vehemence that remains so present it seems they're still at it), threw clods of dirt and rocks at our daughter and other neighborhood children, broke windows in our basement and their own garage, set fire to ants on the outside of their house with lighter fluid, set a wall of their garage on fire, tore down part of the rococo stonework of the Italian neighbor across the alley, and beat on one another with a round-the-clock vehemence that sometimes awakened us at 2 A.M. (their bedroom window was exactly across from ours, ten feet away, and all three slept in the same room), that drew blood and knocked the youngest one out, and that for a while kept me in a kind of constant fear for their lives, and, in a way, for mine and my family's, too. The unendingness of violence.

THE ROAR

That was the last time I would walk up those five
flights with a woman in tow, standing
in the hall patiently trying my keys,
listening to my heart pounding from the climb.

And the last time I would sit in front of the
refrigerator, drinking white wine and asking
questions, and lecturing, like a spider,
and rubbing my hand through my hair, like a priest.

Look at me touch the burning candle
with my bare palm and press a rusty knife
against my left eyelid while she undresses.

Look at me rise through the cool airshaft
and snore at the foot of the bed with one hand
on her knee and one hand touching the white floor,

the red-and-blue beacon of Empire
just beyond those little houses
as familiar now as my crippled birch

and the endless roar out there
as sweet as my own roar
in my other dream, on the cold and empty river.

—Gerald Stern

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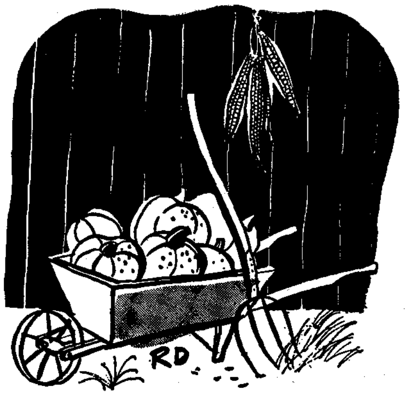
Their house is a rickety one-story affair, with a room and then another and then a closed-in porch scabbed on to its back at different transitional stages, each a bit more temporary than the one before, at least in looks, and all covered with that composition sheeting that simulates brick, but is gray-black. The tail end of it nearly rubbed the branches of the oak in our yard. It was owned, as it turned out, by the casket-vault company across the street that the boys' father works for; this was once the far edge of the city, the last stop of the trolley-car line, and cemeteries spread out in silence from us for blocks and blocks.

This father was a huge, unsmiling man, with a woman's wide hips and a truculent loser's look in his unsteady eyes, and an air of gloom that seemed to settle somehow around his G.I. flat-top, so that I wanted to ask him how Korea was: an impulse from the same source that causes me to wonder, whenever I walk the street, how many of these men I'm passing—when you consider the First and Second World Wars, Korea, Vietnam, and other holding and "police" actions—have been trained to kill.

He worked outside nearly every night, a can of beer close at hand, polishing again his brand-new van with bluely translucent windows, or adding a frill to it, or, with barking commands at the boys, wielding a variety of implements in the family's endless efforts to keep the lawn around their frailly deteriorating house in the meticulous condition of a golf green.

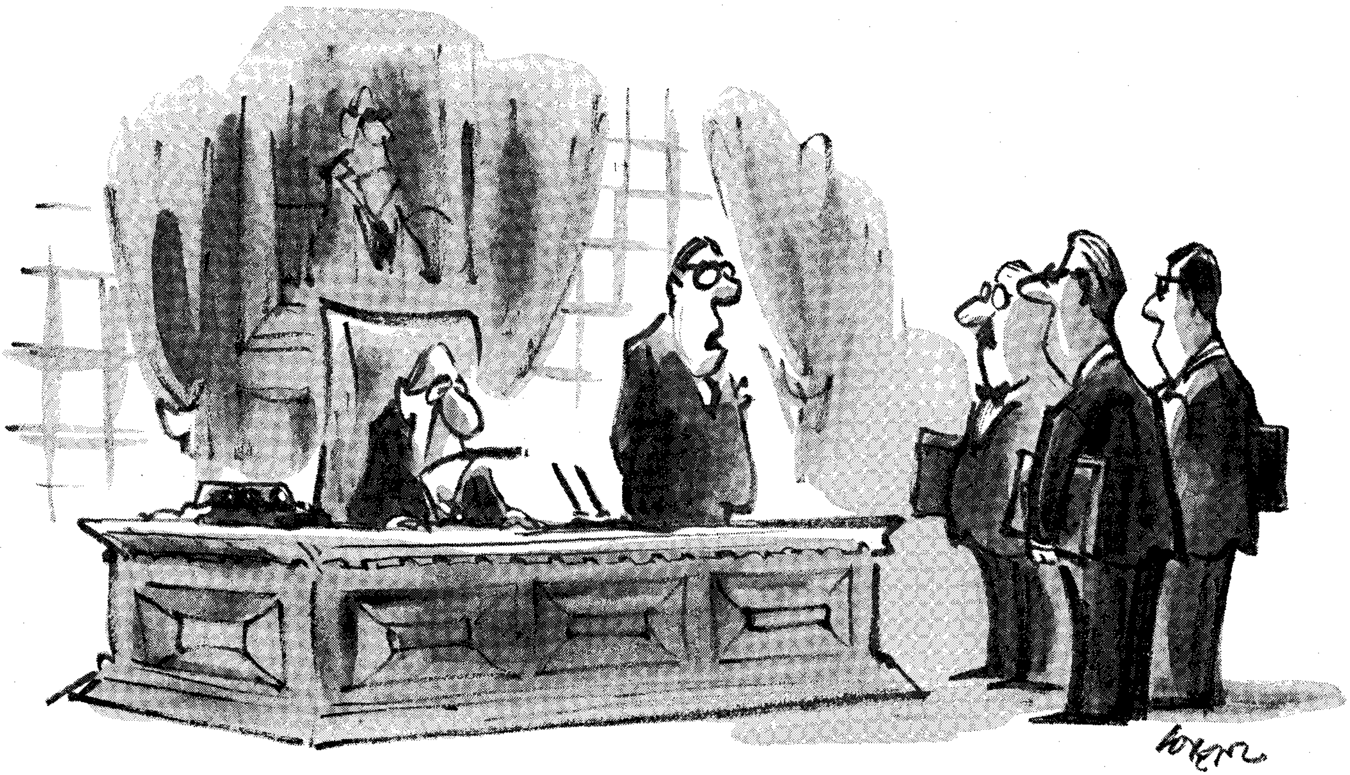
When he was confronted with something his sons had done, or might have had a hand in, he'd say, "Ah, come on, now, you got the wrong guy," with a measuring look off over your shoulder, and turn away. He didn't beat them, as I first thought, hearing the noise, but his wife, who was home all day, did, or tried to, and she also screamed. Seen through their side windows, most of which matched one or another of ours, she was magnificently overweight, usually treading around in a shaking bathrobe of an anonymous color, and I never noticed her out of the house more than once, and then at night, as though she went only by stealth.



You stop listening closely and then you stop listening at all, unless you're forced to, in order to live. Or so you say to yourself in the city; there seem enough troubles in your own attempts to cope with existence hour by hour. We seemed a cove facing away from the sea of chaos battering us at that side. We became close as a family in ways we'd never been before. We continued to study with the pastor, a former missionary to Ethiopia, who claims that Chicago is harder to crack than darkest Africa (always with a look at me, I feel), and attended a Reformed and Presbyterian chapel that he preached at; and with his firm grasp of the Bible informing my shaky one, and the birth of our son, and my work on the transcription continuing in force (every incident, once down clean, clustering and accreting around other ones that became increasingly linked and rooted as Scripture was revealed to me), my election and calling became sure.

We made public profession of our faith in Christ, were received into the pastor's church, and had our son baptized the same day.

We prayed for the boys, and their



"Mr. Trenteel wishes me to convey his approval of your proposal that his remarks to the stockholders be preceded by a musical selection. He is also in accord with your suggestion that it be the work of a distinguished American composer. It is his belief, however, that Aaron Copland's 'Fanfare for the Common Man' is not the most appropriate choice."

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family in general, and then began to ignore them more and more, not relishing any further confrontations, and suddenly the three of them became friendly; they talked to our daughter now and then across the fence in a way that made me bristle at their youthful innuendos, and would come up to me and say hello with such an open, searching look—spanning that generational superiority I often find myself caught in, even with my daughter—that I'd stop in my tracks and stand perplexed, considering what I could say.

We tried to be more "Christianly neighborly," as I put it, and took them cake and ice cream on our daughter's birthday, tried to talk with them when they came up as they did, retrieved for them the balls and toys of theirs that ended up in our yard, and I tried not to imagine what mischief they'd been up to when I saw them come tearing, breathless, from the alley up into their back porch, or when I saw the police, as I once did, at their front door.

Shortly after this, our phone rang one night at 1 A.M.

"Is this the guy next door?" It was a breathless, girlish, somehow teasing voice, perhaps involved in a prank, I thought, as I tried to place it.

"You there?"

"Yes, I— Who—?"

"Did you hear that window go?"

"Which window? Where?"

"Between our houses here."

"Who is this?"

"Your neighbor."

"Across the street?" There was a woman I'd talked with there about her cat.

"No, no. Right next door here." She gave the address, not her name, but I couldn't quite believe her, or connect this voice to the massive, moving presence that filled our window frames.

"You didn't hear it go?"

"I'm not sure I—"

"It's probably one of those kids in your house there."

"Not mine."

"No, no. Those that've been throwing crap on the windows and busting stuff in the neighborhood up." Did she laugh? Gasp? "I hear them down in that basement of yours a lot. A couple weeks ago, they were making such a racket down there at one in the morning I had to scream my lungs out at them out the window to get them to shut up, the creeps. The light's on down there now. Will you go see what they're up to?"

I was about to say that there were three tenants here but only two children, ours, and one an infant, and that the noise she'd shouted about that night was me down in the basement, in the workshop I've set up there, sanding a tabletop. Which I'd meant to apologize about at the time, and now, feeling the heat of a blush, prepared to, but then heard incoherent sounds, as if the call had become a prank again, or she was noisily crying.

"My husband can't sleep with all this noise! This racket going on! He works odd shifts and has to sleep when he can! You didn't hear a window crash?"

"I haven't heard a thing and I've been sitting right here." At the table; reading again.

"It sounded like it fell from high up. It woke me up. I'm alone."

"Maybe it was from across the street." There's a three-story glass-walled apartment building there.

"Will you go check, please. Check between the buildings here. I'm awful afraid. I can't sleep. And then check and see what those kids are up to down in that basement of yours. The light's still on."

She hung up.

I took a flashlight and went outside, shining it along both houses, and saw that the only broken window was the one to our furnace room, which the boys had broken out some time before and I'd put off replacing until the winter, when it would be needed, and less likely to be broken again, and then, beyond some shrubs, the glowing gold square, greasily dim in the flashlight beam, of the window to the part of the basement where I usually work.

I must have absent-mindedly left the light on. I sensed more than saw the gray shape of her move backward into darkness from the window behind me and felt physically silenced with the strangeness of this night, and the implications of it, closing around my guilt.

I went into the basement and turned off the light.

Anyone with the least bit of good sense, and especially one who'd presume to have the crushing sort of prescience that's permitted me to undertake the grandiose project I'm now working on, not to mention similar troubles I myself have had, would recognize that something other than confusion or simple night anxiety was up, and get at what it was.

I went to bed feeling drugged.

HER husband left soon after that, or had left by then, and a week or two later one of the boys, the middle one, was at our door; I couldn't remember any of them ringing our bell, and was taken aback to see him standing in our porch. "I'm David," he said. "From next door."

"Sure."

"Mom wants to know if you'll come help move this refrigerator from down our basement back upstairs. She'll pay you. She's got her own account now. See, our dad left and is getting a divorce, so all our things is being dispossessed. Except this refrigerator is paid for."

"Yeah, and it works just as good as a new one," another voice said, and I looked around and saw the oldest at the bottom of the steps to the outside door.

Another neighbor was already waiting there—one I'd noticed at times across the alley, with the build and comportment of a city policeman, smiling under his mustache. He pulled open the rickety side door. "You know Bob?" he asked.

"No."

"I've known him and Betty here for twelve years. I guess he's finally had it with her."

We started down to the basement to her fluttery cries above of paying us, down a crook in the stairs, through a hanging curtain, into what appeared to be the business end of a demolished bowling alley, possibly because the ceiling was so low, and I'd worked in one in another city when I was the age of the boys. There were benches and boxes of tools and parts and paint cans, plus piles of wood like shattered pins, lying and sitting around in a way that was like the back of one of the worst alleys I'd worked, where children and lofters were sent, but all in a dimness that seemed to call down damp, and without the shining, lighted lanes opening out onto the bowler's side of the world. It was the kind of clutter you don't want to observe too closely, for fear of becoming involved in it in a way that might carry over into your own life—that threatening and dense to my self-regarding eye.

One of the boys leaped up on the top of a rusting old refrigerator, scrambling below the web-woven joists close above, and, lying there on his stomach, reached down inside the refrigerator's swung-open door and pulled down the door of its freezing compartment.

"See, we defrosted it all," he said. "So it won't be so hard to carry up. We used to keep all our storage stuff in here. Well, mostly ice cream."

"Yeah, till you put that damn dead mouse in there," another said.

"He was live when I put him in!"

The other fellow was staring at a pile of dismantled bicycles. "Did your dad ever get any of these fixed?" he asked.

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"Just that one we got upstairs."

"Yeah, but that one ran before."

The man stood for a while and then shook his head.

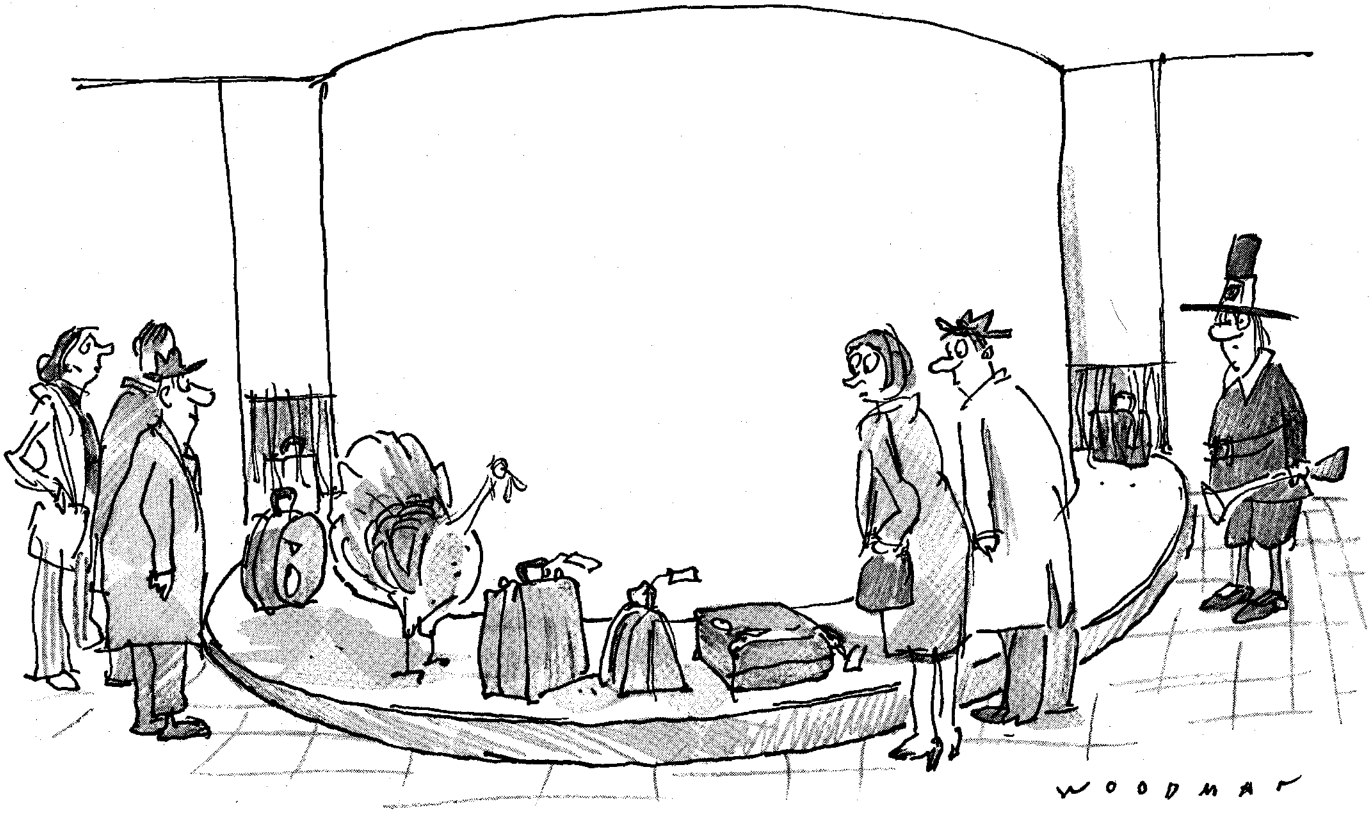
It took the two of us, with help from all of the boys, and a piece of pipe as a pry, about twenty minutes to get the refrigerator up the switchback stairs. She would call down encouragement, or cry "He's left me!" and cover her face with a heaving sound, and when we got it into the kitchen where she wanted it, beside a tall tin cupboard like one we once had, but with the door torn off, she said she'd give us checks because he'd taken all her cash. We kept backing away and insisting no, and in the movement, the floor creaking under us, I got a glimpse into the boys' bedroom and saw that the blue curtains that faced us, printed with Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, were tattered and discolored, trailing whitish threads along their frayed bottoms. A tangle of beds and covers I didn't care to take in.

And then she ran shaking into the living room and came out with a hand-carved leather purse and tried to give us that. Finally, the other man took it, for his wife, he said, and as we stepped out, my sweat lifting away in the bright air, a young woman in a suit as blond and impeccable as her hairdo came up: a social worker, he said, though in the afternoon light, after that, she seemed an angel.

"Am I too late?" she asked, looking dazed and troubled in the brightness that affected even her, it seemed, as if she expected the worst, and the policeman neighbor crushed the purse up under one arm. "No," he said. "Betty's still there."

A few nights later, her husband came home to visit, to settle some matters, it was said, urged by the social worker and also the police (or so we heard), whom she was calling nearly every night, and while he was there she shoved her hands through a window, or so we heard, and raked them downward, trying to cut her wrists, fulfilling her plea and warning to me.

THEY'RE gone now. When she was taken to the hospital, her husband came back to live with the boys. It seemed a more settled relationship than before, though his voice



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would sometimes come thundering down, and they all carried articles and boxes and cans and boards back to the alley by the garbage cans nearly every evening: cleaning house, we thought. And then one day a circular was stuffed into our mailbox about a village meeting in which a vote would be held to decide if the neighborhood would allow the casket-vault company to demolish the house and put in a parking lot. I couldn't attend the meeting, because of my work, but my wife did, and said that everybody was so vocal for the change, on account of the boys, and the blight of the house, as it was put, that she was embarrassed she'd been worried about a parking lot. Our son.

I tried to visit the woman in the hospital where she was taken, near this neighborhood, but was told I'd need special permission from her psychiatrist to see her, and couldn't, in my imaginary conversation with him, quite come up with the credentials for that. So I went to the boys instead, and gave them Mrs. E. Norton's paper edition of the Gospel of John I'd intended to give her, saying to them that I'd been in the same place once, and this had helped me out; and they said, Yes, they'd give it to her when they saw her, thanks, making me draw back in—unable to mention, as I'd intended, the gift of Christ and the grace of God—at the unplumbable look like my son's in them all, but not his basking one.

THE day before yesterday, I lay wide awake, with the bed shaking under me as one had shaken and given way only once before, during a California earthquake, and then a great crash of noise resounded off the house. A low-throated motor, with a diesel's flat assurance, throttled up, backing away from our place, it seemed, and with the clanking sound that came of metal treads, I knew the bulldozer had arrived.

I looked through the curtains and saw our daughter at the back of the yard with her box camera, taking pictures before her trip to school. I needn't have worried about how all of this would interfere with my work or our lives here; the house was levelled to the ground, and the scraps and timbers of it—along with that old refrigerator, which went tumbling back down into darkness—were mashed into the basement, and packed there, in less than an hour.

Some hauling was done by dump trucks yesterday, a bit more was done today, and now the lot, skinned of sod from sidewalk to alley, is covered with six inches (I almost wrote "feet") of packed, crushed rock. Only a great scattering of glass is left from it, lying over our strip of lawn—not from the window she broke, but where the wall of the boys' bedroom collapsed.

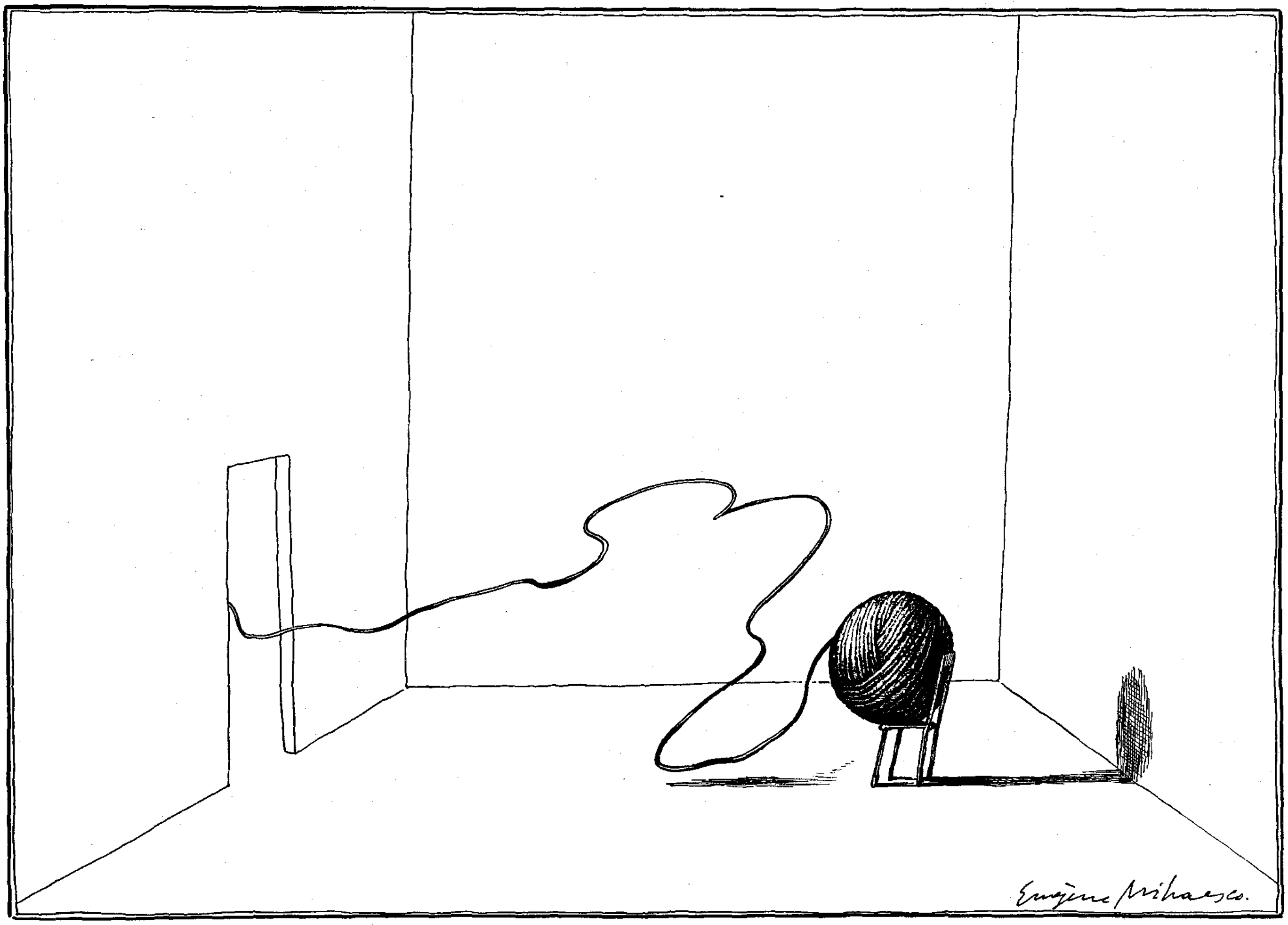
The chill of late night is on now, a cold that comes from both above and below this season, not just the ground, as in the spring, and since the last cold spell here came and then left, our thermostat has never been set back up, as it needs to be, at this hour—discounting, even, the feel of emptiness where their house once was, and that white array of packed, crushed rock at my back. But the thermostat is on the ground floor, where we mostly live, as I've said, and once I sit down here I feel I must not move until a certain amount of work is fixed in my files for good.

The doorknob above intrudes, pulses, and glows in its distracting watch, mirroring me, I see, as I look up—a meditative kingbolt: Which side do you open a door from if the door's never really closed, but more a wall that holds you more inward? From spring to fall. Six months.

The knob is clean even of any fingerprints. —LARRY WOIWODE

PROFILES

THE IMPOSSIBLE PROFESSION—II



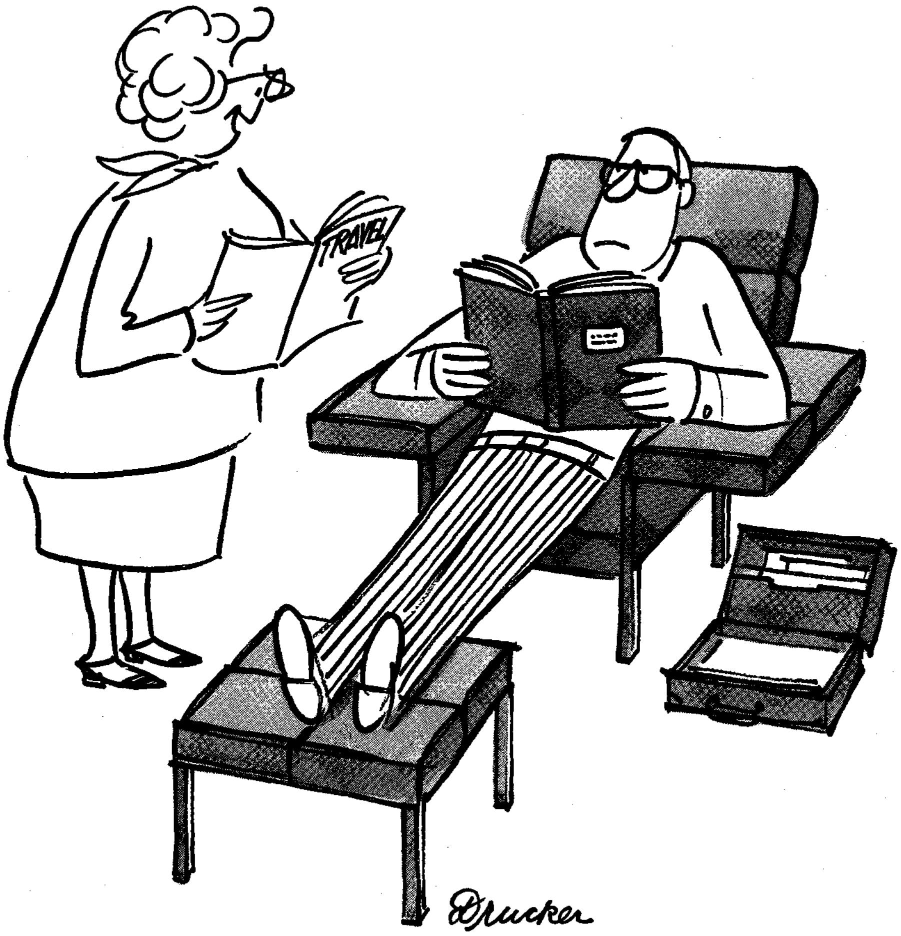
If two people are repeatedly alone together, some sort of emotional bond will develop between them.—*Phyllis Greenacre: Journal of the American Psychoanalytic Association (1954).*

THE New York Psychoanalytic Institute, founded in 1931, is the oldest school for analysts in this country. It is hard to get into (only twenty-five per cent of those who apply are admitted—an average of six new students a year) and hard to get out of (between five and eight years of study). Analytic education has three facets: the candidate, as a student is called, undergoes a personal analysis, he takes courses, and he does analysis under supervision. The New York Psychoanalytic provides its candidates with instructional cases through an agency called the Treatment Center. People looking for low-cost analytic treatment (referred there by Institute members or by psychiatrists, psychologists, or social workers) come to the New York Psychoanalytic building, at 247 East Eighty-second Street—a shabby four-story structure of timorous Art Deco aspect (the thirties nebbish style)—where they are interviewed and assessed and usually found wanting: eighty-nine per cent of the people who apply are turned away. Cases suitable for starting analysts are not easy to come by, the head of the Treatment Center, an analyst named George Gross, told me as I sat across from him in his gloomy, decrepit office on the fourth floor of the Institute, and as he struggled to open a drawer in his enormous desk. Gross is a dark, heavyset man in his early fifties, of a grudging, not easy courtesy, who has a way of investing commonplace facts with aliveness and interest. The right sort of case, he explained, has to be both suitable for analysis and not too hard for an inexperienced practitioner. Some narcissistic disorders, for example, are too hard for a student. "I have one such case here in my desk," Gross said, struggling again with the drawer. Giving up on the narcissistic disorder, he went on, "We look for patients whose object relations are not so insecure that they cannot form therapeutic alliances. In narcissistic and borderline patients, that capacity is impaired. We consider the classical psychoneuroses—obsessional cases, hysterics—very promising. We know more today about criteria for analyzability than we did in the past, and we have a high success rate. Our crude criterion for success is whether or not the patient stays in treatment. We divide applicants into two categories: acceptable—which includes high-risk-high-gain cases—and unacceptable. There are no surprises—we haven't had a surprise since 1974. When a case in the high-risk category fails, we are not surprised, and when a case in the acceptable category succeeds we are not surprised, and we screen out psychotics. To avoid self-fulfilling prophecy, the student analyst doesn't know whether his patient is high-risk or not. Nor does he get the interviewer's comments and impressions; he gets only neutral descriptive material. We don't take patients who can afford thirty dollars or more an hour. The fee is arranged according to income, and the average today is seven dollars and nine cents an hour. Patients have paid as little as ten cents an hour. Analyses are done in the candidate's office, not here, unless the candidate doesn't have an office, and then we let him use a room here. Most candidates are already practicing psychiatrists. Patients are seen five times a week. The candidate meets once a week with his supervisor to discuss the case, and every six months he is supposed to turn in a summary of his work to that point. Candidates sometimes have trouble turning in those summaries, and we have to remind them. Another problem a candidate sometimes has is with his patient's initial feeling that the candidate is inferior to the older, established analysts."

Gross gave the drawer one more futile tug, and then spoke with quiet pride of the Institute's refusal both of federal reimbursements and of money from private foundations. He said that the faculty is not paid (Gross's job as the administrator of the Treatment Center is the only paid position in the Institute), that supervisors are not paid, that most of the Institute's income is from members' dues (six hundred dollars a year, from about two hundred members), and that analysts can be found at the Institute on weekends fixing venetian blinds and painting chairs. All this is to avoid any trace of outside influence or interference. "We want to remain absolutely independent, we want no one to tell us what to do, and we are slowly, inexorably going bankrupt," Gross said.

I had already heard a good deal about the Institute from a practicing psychoanalyst named (by me, for this report) Aaron Green. He came to New York during the sixties to study at the Institute, and at the beginning of his second year of training he received his first case—a twenty-two-year-old woman—from the Treatment Center. It was a case he now regards with a mixture of horror, pleasure, amusement, puzzlement, self-criticism, and self-satisfaction. "For the first two years of this analysis, I was in agony over it," he recalled in one of our many conversations. "I cursed the people at the Treatment Center for giving me such a case. I felt totally incompetent and impotent. I dreaded the time of day when her hour came. The analysis lasted five years, and today I'm rather proud of it. The patient came into analysis a very unhappy young girl with some very troublesome hysterical symptoms, and she left with all the symptoms gone and married to a dentist. But it took me a long time to realize that I wasn't failing with her.

"I remember when she first came into my office—a short, plump, self-conscious girl, who giggled and gave vapid, inconsequential answers to the questions I asked her. We had a few sessions sitting up, and then one day I said, 'Why don't you lie down on the couch?' She giggled and walked over to the couch and arranged herself on it gingerly, with a lot of tugging at her skirt, and went on talking in her inane, girlish, monosyllabic way. This kept up for three or four sessions. Then one day she walked in and didn't *get* on the couch, she *threw* herself on it. She bounced up and down and began to *rail* at me. 'You don't *do* anything for me,' she said. 'You just sit there and don't *do* anything. You don't tell me anything. What kind of business is this? Why don't you *do* something for me? Why do you just sit there?' She went on and on, berating me for my coldness and passivity and indifference to her sufferings—and that was the true beginning of the analysis. But I didn't know it. I sat there cowering under her anger and irked with her for not knowing that what I was doing as I 'just sat there' was classical Freudian analysis. I found her in every way disappointing. I had expected a patient who would free-associate, and here they had sent me this banal girl who just blathered. I didn't understand—I was so naïve then—that her blathering *was* free association, that blathering is just what free association is. Worse than that, I thought I had to instruct her on the nature of her unconscious. I would laboriously point out to her the unconscious meaning of what she said



"How would you like to visit a pink little island?"

and did. Only after years of terrible and futile struggle did it dawn on me that if I just listened—if I just let her talk, let her blather—things would come out, and that this was what would help her, not my pedantic, didactic interpretations. If I could only have learned to shut up! When I finally did learn, I began to see things that Freud had described—to actually see for myself symptoms disappearing as the unconscious became conscious. That was an incredible thing. It was like looking through a telescope and realizing that you are seeing what Galileo saw.

"But for the first two years that case seemed like a personal misfortune. I wanted to throw her back at the Institute and say, 'What? You gave me *this* for a first case?' She was so nasty and unpleasant. She was so uncoöperative and unappreciative. If I heard her say it once, I heard her say it a thousand times: '*So what?*'—in a nasty, sneering voice. '*So what?*' I felt demeaned, put down, furious, frustrated, impotent. My fury often caused me to act in unanalytic ways toward her. I'm ashamed of that. I would do many things differently now. But the interesting thing—the incredible thing—is that what I did didn't matter. She sneered and scoffed at everything I said, but she came faithfully five times a week, month after month, year after year, and the analysis bubbled along in spite of her belligerence and mistrust and my innocence and ignorance."

"You say that just 'letting things come out' helped her," I said. "That sounds like the old cathartic method."

"Yes, yes," Aaron said. "That old stuff that Freud and Josef Breuer wrote about in 'Studies on Hysteria' hasn't really changed. Analysis is still cathartic. We're still trying to 'transform neurotic misery into common unhappiness' by setting in motion a process whereby motivation gets expressed directly, rather than going off sideways into symptoms. Freud and Breuer called this 'abreaction.' We no longer use that term, and we have a more refined knowledge of the kinds of obstruction that the mind puts up against the threat of change, but the process is essentially the same. In the case of this girl, when I finally learned to shut up, stuff began to spew out of her—stuff that was barely on the fringes of her consciousness but that caused her to change just by being brought out. In the popular imagination, the analyst is an authoritarian, dominating figure who has rigid control over a malleable, vulnerable patient. What this case forcibly impressed upon me is that the reverse is true—it is the patient who controls what is happening, and the analyst who is a puny, weak figure. Patients go where the hell *they* please. All the analyst can do is say, 'If you'll deign to listen to me for a moment—if you could just divert your attention to this particular place instead of that one—you may see that . . . et cetera, et cetera.' That's all he can do. In this case, all I could do was every now and then direct the patient's attention to what she was doing in her attempts to keep that stuff from spewing out—something she preferred not to watch. That's called 'the analysis of the resistance,' which doesn't mean that you shake your finger at the patient and say, '*You're resisting!*' That's the worst thing you can do, and I'm afraid I sometimes did do it in the first years of that case. The right way is just to point out to the patient how he keeps himself from thinking certain things and feeling certain things, so that he becomes self-conscious and the evasion doesn't

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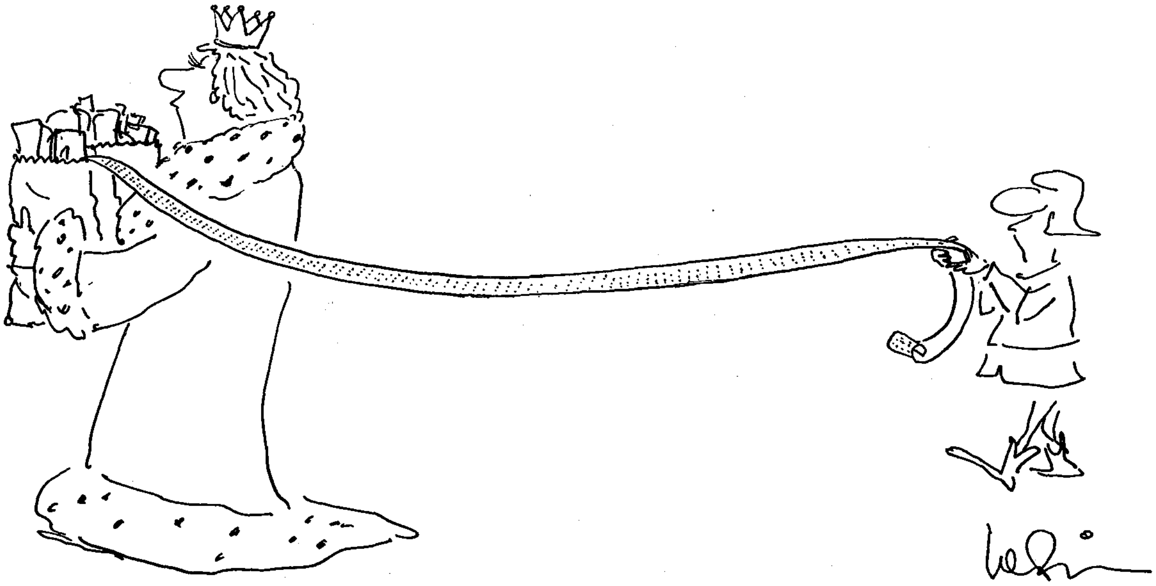

work so automatically. That's all. That's the analyst's scalpel. He can't open up his patient's mind and reach in and start tinkering. The only thing he can do is tell the patient, 'Look there,' and most of the time the patient doesn't look. But sometimes he does, and then his automatic behavior becomes less automatic."

I had read a writeup of the young woman's case which Aaron had prepared for the American Psychoanalytic Association as a prerequisite for certification and membership, and had found it baffling, irritating, boring, insulting to women, and self-damning. In its unrelenting pursuit of sexual matter and meaning, it brought to mind the Dora case, in which Freud often conducted himself more like a police inspector interrogating a suspect than like a doctor helping a patient. "Aha!" Freud would say to poor Dora, an attractive and intelligent eighteen-year-old girl suffering from a nervous cough, migraine, and a kind of general youthful malaise. "Aha! I know about you. I know your dirty little secrets. Admit that you were secretly attracted to Herr K. Admit that you masturbated when you were five. Look at what you're doing now as you lie there playing with your reticule—opening it, putting a finger into it, shutting it again!" I sensed some of the same badgering and needling quality in Aaron's case history. I asked him whether his own behavior might not have provoked some of the girl's belligerence and antagonism.

"My analytic behavior was not everything it should have been," he agreed. "I was very unschooled and very intent on getting analytic procedure down pat. I come out of that writeup looking pedantic and constricted, and there is some truth to that impression. There is some truth to Leo Stone's characterization of the beginning analyst as a rather ludicrously rigid and unyielding person. I take full responsibility for the excruciating and ill-advised things I did in that analysis. She was often 'right,' and I was often 'wrong.' And for all that, for all my oafishness and pompousness, her basic attitude toward me—the transference—was quite unaffected by what I said and did, had its own rhyme and reason, went its own way. My unanalytic behavior muddied the water, made the transference harder to discern and point out convincingly to the patient, but it didn't *create* the transference. If I had been St. Francis of Assisi, she would have said '*So what?*' no less frequently and sneeringly."

I mentioned a paper I had read by Ralph Greenson on "the non-transference relationship," in which the author relates a number of horrendous stories about rigid beginning analysts. In one of these cautionary tales, a beginning analyst comes to his supervisor and tells him about an oddly unsatisfying session he has had with a patient who came in with his head swathed in an enormous bandage. Following strict analytic technique, the young analyst made no comment on the bandage, and silently waited for the patient to start free-associating. No associations came: the patient was struck absolutely speechless by the analyst's unbelievable insensitivity and inhumanity. In another example (this one appears in Greenson's book "The Technique and Practice of Psychoanalysis"), an anxious young mother tells her candidate analyst how desperately worried she is about her ailing baby. The analyst says nothing. His silence and lack of compassion cause the patient to lapse into a miserable, tearful silence of her own. Finally, the analyst says, "You're resisting." The patient quits the analysis, saying to the analyst, "You're sicker than I am." Greenson, concurring with this opinion, advises the candidate to seek further analysis.

"Yeah," Aaron said. "I know those stories of Greenson's. They are very heartrending and affecting, and completely off the mark. If you look at them closely, they just don't hold up. In the case of the mother with the sick baby, it wasn't the analyst's lack of 'compassion' that caused the patient to break off treatment—it was his poor analytic technique. There are a hundred things he could have said to her other than 'You're resisting' which would have been helpful, which would have led somewhere, but which would have been neutral. The job of the analyst isn't to offer the patient sympathy; it's to lead him to insight. It was the same thing with my first case. The trouble wasn't my lack of compassion for the patient but my lapses from analytic neutrality. It isn't that I should have accepted the presents she brought me—though maybe I could have refused them less priggishly—but that I should have analyzed the motive that lay behind the gift-giving in a more rigorous and thoroughgoing manner."

"But what *about* that priggishness?" I asked. "Can you leave it out of account? Greenson says that it's important for the patient to distinguish between his transference reactions to the analyst and his realistic perceptions of him. He says of the woman with the baby that her reactions to the analyst were 'realistic.' "

Aaron shook his head. "That's tak-

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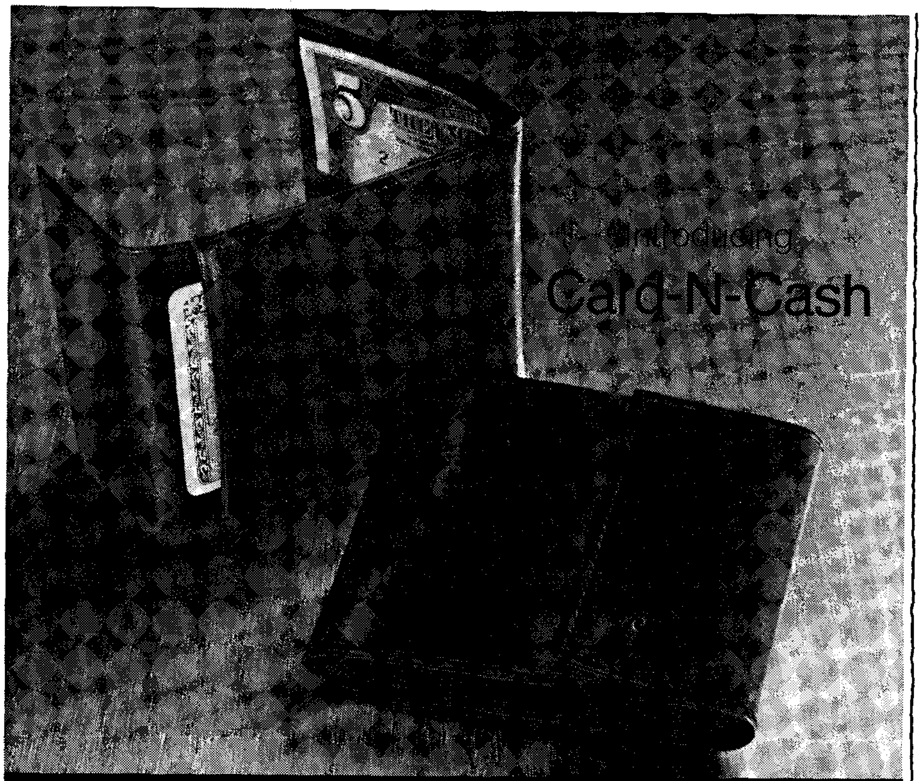

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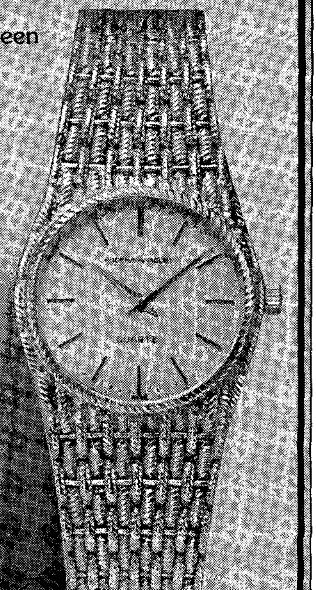

ing such a crude and simplistic view o analysis—and of life," he said. "I perpetuates the myth that what goe on in the analysis is different fro what goes on in real life. It give analysis an 'as if' quality. It says th transference isn't real. But the transference *is* real—as real as anything ou there. And, conversely, 'the real relationship'—whatever that is—is no exempt from analytic scrutiny. If th analyst comes into the session and insults the patient, and the patient say 'So it's true! You really hate me!' an the analyst says 'Yes! I really hat you!,' does this mean that all the patient's irrational and fantastic idea about the angry parent of childhoo are now *negated*? Are now not to b investigated? Now fall outside the pal of analytic scrutiny?

"I remember a seminar I once attended that was led by a brilliant an flamboyant Hungarian analyst name Robert Bak. The issue under debat was the nature of transference, and raised my hand and asked rhetoricall 'What would *you call an interperson* relationship where infantile wishe and defenses against those wishes, g expressed in such a way that the pe sons within that relationship don't s each other for what they objective are but, rather, view each other terms of their infantile needs and the infantile conflicts? What would yo call that?' And Bak looked over at m ironically and said, 'I'd call that life.

"In both analysis and life, we pe ceive reality through a veil of unco scious infantile fantasy. Nothing w say or do or think is ever purely 'r tional' or 'irrational,' purely 'real' 'transferential.' It is always a mixtu The difference between analysis a life is that in analysis—in this high artificial, extreme, bizarre, stressful, some ways awful situation—these i fantile fantasies come into higher r lief than they do in life, become acce sible to study, as they do not in li The purpose of analysis isn't to i struct the patient on the nature reality but to acquaint him with hi self, with the child within him, in its infantility and its impossible a unrepudiated and unrepudiatable lon ings and wishes. Terms like 'the r relationship' and 'therapeutic allian and 'working alliance' simply obscu and dilute and trivialize the radi nature of this task."

"So you share Charles Brenne dislike of those terms, and his unco promising view of analytic technique.

"I do. I think that Brenner's u

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compromising—you might even say fanatically pure—way of doing analysis permits you to find things out that you would not find out under a less rigorous procedure. It also, paradoxically, gives the patient more freedom than he has under the more relaxed analytic techniques. Ruthless and authoritarian though it seems, strict analytic neutrality is the more libertarian alternative. When you temper the rigors of analysis with judicious doses of kindliness and friendliness, you are taking away some of the patient's freedom, because *you* are deciding what is best for him. But doing analysis in Brenner's pure and undeviating way is very hard. It demands a great deal of the analyst, and puts him under a tremendous strain. No one likes to hurt people—to cause them pain, to stand silently by as they suffer, to withhold help from them when they plead for it. That's where the real wear and tear of analysis lies—in this chronic struggle to keep oneself from doing the things that decent people naturally and spontaneously do. One hears a lot about the abstinence that the analytic patient has to endure, but the abstinence of the analyst is more ruthless and corrosive. The 'working alliance' and the 'therapeutic alliance' and the 'non-transference relationship' are all what Brenner calls resistive myths—myths that analysts who are unable to tolerate analytic abstinence have invented to justify their lapses from neutrality. They say, 'Oh, I don't have to act analytically now. This is the therapeutic alliance, this is non-transference'—as if they were stepping into some no man's land where all bets were off and the analyst and the patient could assume a relationship different from the one of analysis proper. But there is no such neutral zone, there is no 'other' relationship, there is no honest way of escaping the pain and stress of doing analysis.

"Let me illustrate with an incident from my practice. I once arrived fifteen minutes late for an appointment with a patient. I was appalled by my oversight and apologized profusely to the patient. Now, the analysts of the lenient sort would say, 'You did the right thing. It's good to admit it when you've made a mistake; it's good to show the patient you're only human. It's an empathetic response. It strengthens the therapeutic alliance. It makes him feel you're on his side.' And so on. But I knew I should *not* have apologized. I knew I should have waited to learn what the patient's re-

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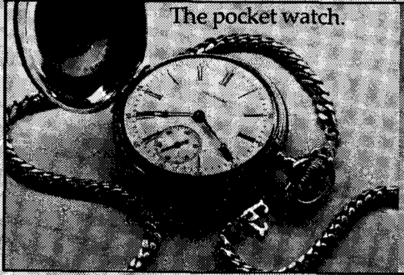

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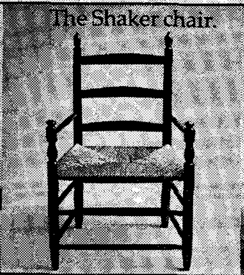

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sponse to my lateness was, instead of rushing in with my apology. In my self-analysis of the lapse, a rather vicious analyst joke came to mind, which goes like this: A new woman patient comes to a male analyst's office, and he says, 'Take off your clothes and get on the couch.' The woman gets undressed and lies down on the couch, and the analyst gets on top of her. Then he says, 'You can get dressed now and sit in that chair.' She does so, and the analyst says, 'O.K. We've taken care of my problem. What's yours?' It's a silly joke, and a vicious one, but it gets at something fundamental. In that situation of being late, I acted like the analyst in the joke. I put my own interests before those of the patient. I felt guilty about my lateness, and by apologizing I was seeking forgiveness from the patient. I was saying to him, 'Let's take care of my problem—never mind about yours.' "

THE second patient Aaron received from the Treatment Center was a refined, cultivated woman, eager to do the analytic work, appreciative of Aaron, extremely pleasant and interesting to be with, and very good-looking. As he had cursed his luck *with the first patient, he couldn't be*lieve his good fortune in having drawn the second. She was the most gratifying of patients. She made literary allusions, and understood the ones he made. She worked on a magazine and had an impressive-sounding circle of literary acquaintances. As he had dreaded the sessions with the first patient, he looked forward to the ones with the second. He was dazzled by her, a little in love with her. After two years, the analysis ground down to a horrible halt. It was a total failure. "I was blinded and lulled by her charm," Aaron recalled ruefully. "I fell down badly on the job. Instead of pointing out to her the nasty, harsh things I should have pointed out, I exchanged literary references with her. I didn't see the trap I had fallen into until it was too late. In the first case, where the patient gave me no pleasure whatever, to put it mildly, I was able to hew to my course and be of some help to her. In the second case, I failed the patient utterly."

"Are you suggesting that the more congenial a patient, the harder it is to analyze him or her?"

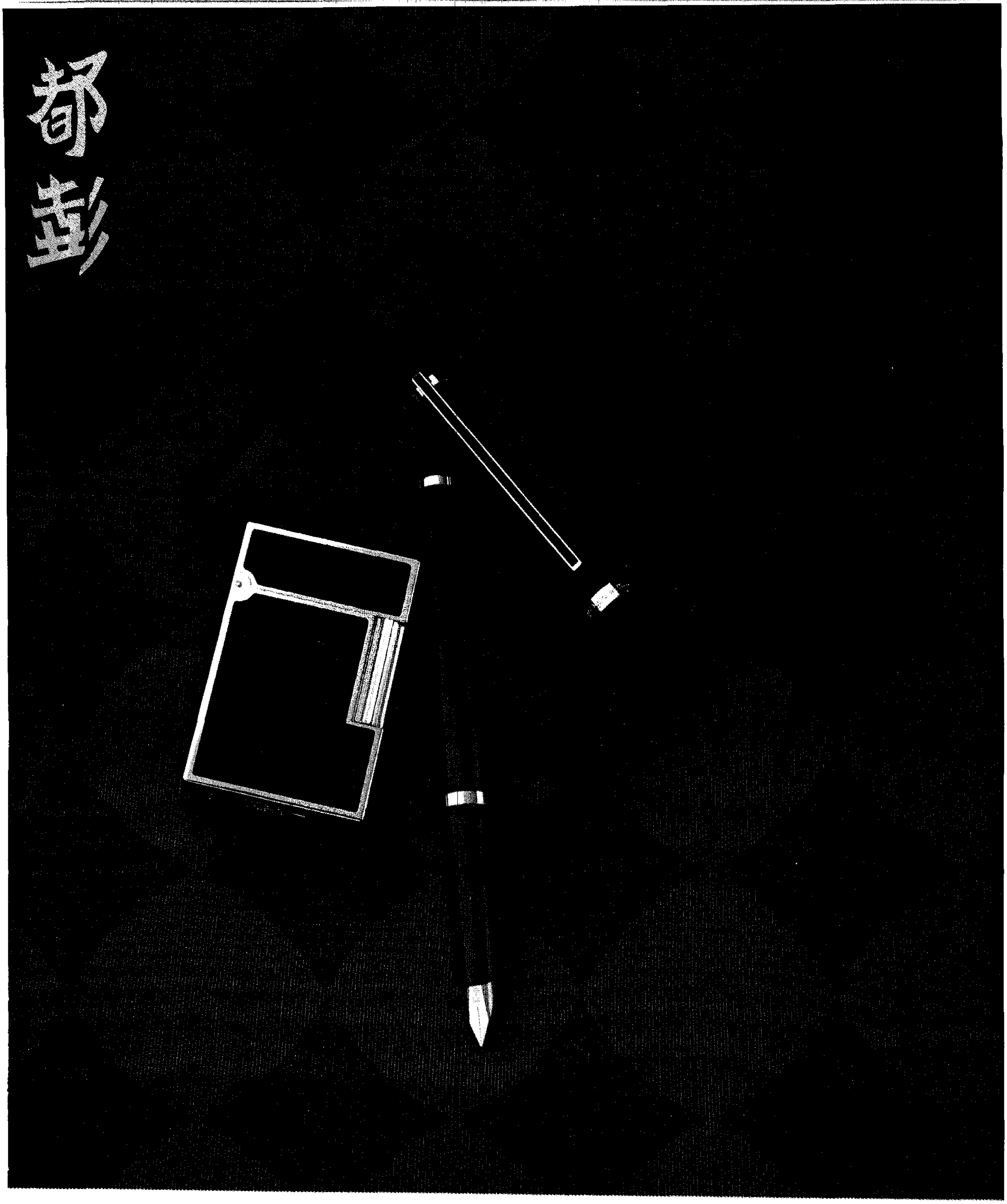
"In this case it was."

"So personal relations are an er cumbrance in analysis."

"Freud says they are, in sever: places in his writings. There is tl well-known passage in 'Recommend: tions to Physicians' where he compar the analyst to the surgeon, 'who pu aside all his feelings.' Then there the passage in a letter to the analy Oskar Pfister in which Freud chid him for being 'overdecent' and insufl ciently ruthless to his patient, ar counsels him to behave like the arti who steals his wife's household mon to buy paint and burns the furniture warm the room for his model. I like tell the residents I teach a story heard from one of my teachers at tl Institute—obviously apocryphal- about the artist Benvenuto Cellir which makes the same point. Celli was casting a statue, and he need some calcium for his bronze alloy. I couldn't find any around the studio, he picked up this little boy and thre him into the pot for the calcium in l bones. What was the life of a little b to the claim of art?"

I thought of George Orwell's "R flections on Gandhi," in which he o jected to the side of Gandhi's natu that permitted him to do the mo *equivalent of throwing the boy ir* the pot in the name of a higher ide. To Orwell, there was no higher ide than the humanistic one. "The essen of being human is that one does r seek perfection, that one *is* sometir willing to commit sins for the sake loyalty, that one does not push asce cism to the point where makes friendly intercou impossible, and that o is prepared in the end be defeated and broken by life, which is the inevi ble price of fastening on love upon other human i dividuals," Orwell wro with moving irascibility. ' the notion that the or nary man is a failed saint Orw retorted, "Many people genuinely not wish to be saints, and it is probal that some who achieve or aspire sainthood have never felt much ten tation to be human beings."

I remembered a talk I had had w an analyst I'll call Gregory Cross— man of saintlike dedication to his ca ing, whose eyes shone with zeal as spoke of his work and of his aspirati to give ever more precise interpre tions to his patients. We sat in consultation room one evening af the last patient had left. The room h



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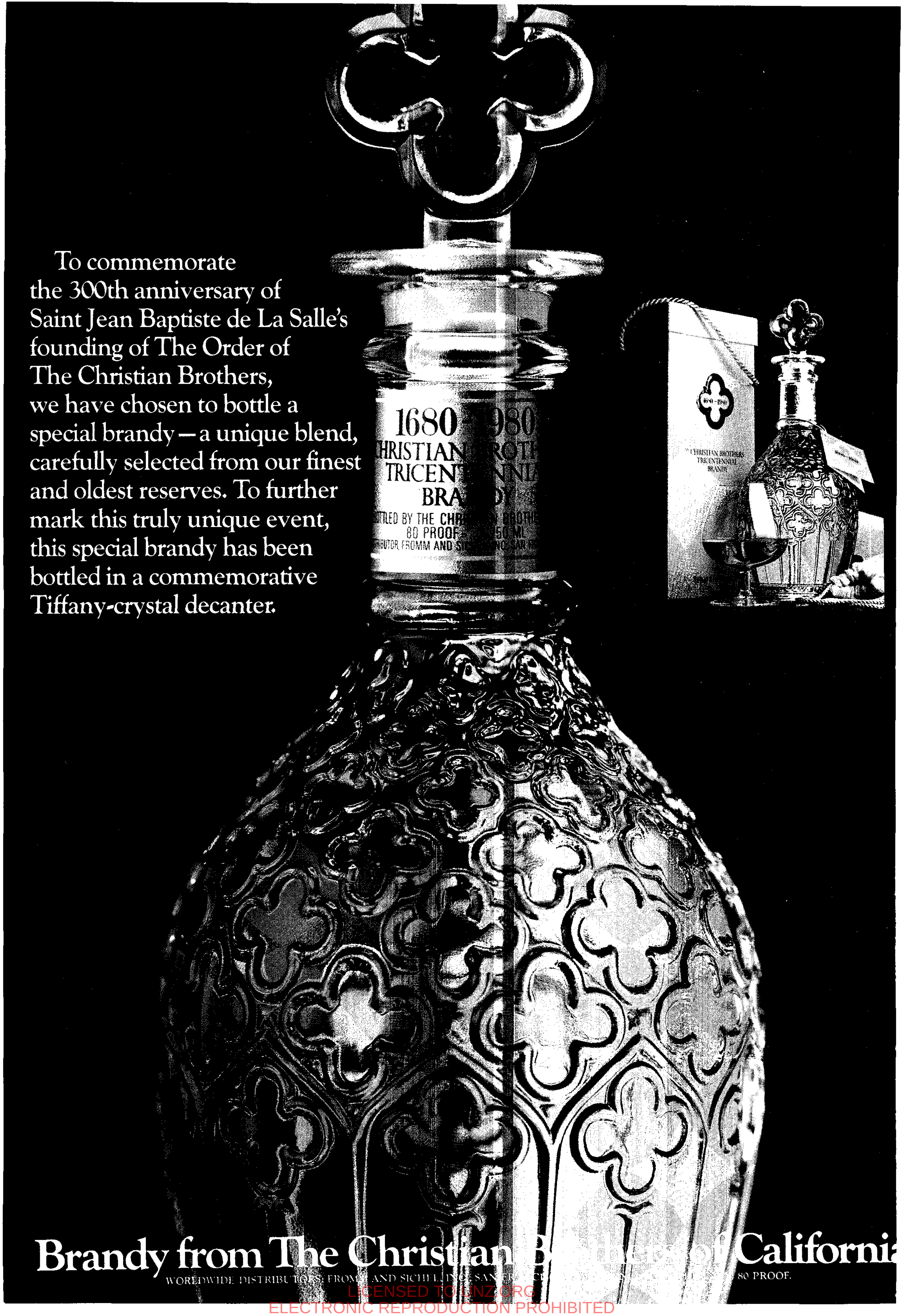
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the harsh and anguished modernity of the rooms in the paintings of Francis Bacon; in its motel-like detachment from the things of this world, it was like analytic abstinence itself. The couch was a narrow foam-rubber slab covered with an indifferently chosen gold fabric; over its foot, where the patients' shoes rested, a piece of ugly black plastic sheeting was stretched. The room was like an iconoclast's raised fist; this analyst's patients didn't come here to pass the time of day, it told you. Cross himself looked like the gnarled, tormented stubs of men that Bacon paints. You felt that he didn't sit down to meals but furtively gulped his food, like a stray animal; you fancied that his wife had left him years ago, and that for several days he hadn't noticed she was gone. He was a man without charm, without ease, without conceit or vanity, and with a kind of excruciating, prodding, twitching honesty that was like an intractable skin disorder. He told me of his love of Freud. He said that he read and reread the Standard Edition, finding constant inspiration and refreshment in the Master. But he confessed that when he had first encountered Freud's writings, as a psychiatric resident, he couldn't understand what they were all about. He just couldn't crack the surface. He had become interested in psychoanalysis through the simple social-revisionist writings of Karen Horney, and it wasn't until his training analysis that he was able to break through the resistance to true psychoanalysis which he felt that most people put up. He said that now he sat all day in his chair—from eight in the morning to seven at night—listening to patients, leaving the room only to go to his own analyst. To understand his patients better, he wanted to know himself better—to delve into himself more deeply—and so he had gone back into analysis, as Freud had counselled analysts to do in "Analysis Terminable and Interminable." Cross spoke in a soft, low, deliberate, somewhat monotonous manner. He was one of the most serious and sincere and austere men I have ever met. As we talked, I felt chastened by his thorny sincerity and gravity, and felt difficult things in me coming out to meet the difficulty of his nature. Everything he said was very simple (he used no jargon) and yet somehow veiled, as are the utterances of poets and holy men. I asked him to recommend books and papers. The other analysts I had talked to all told me to read this book, to read that

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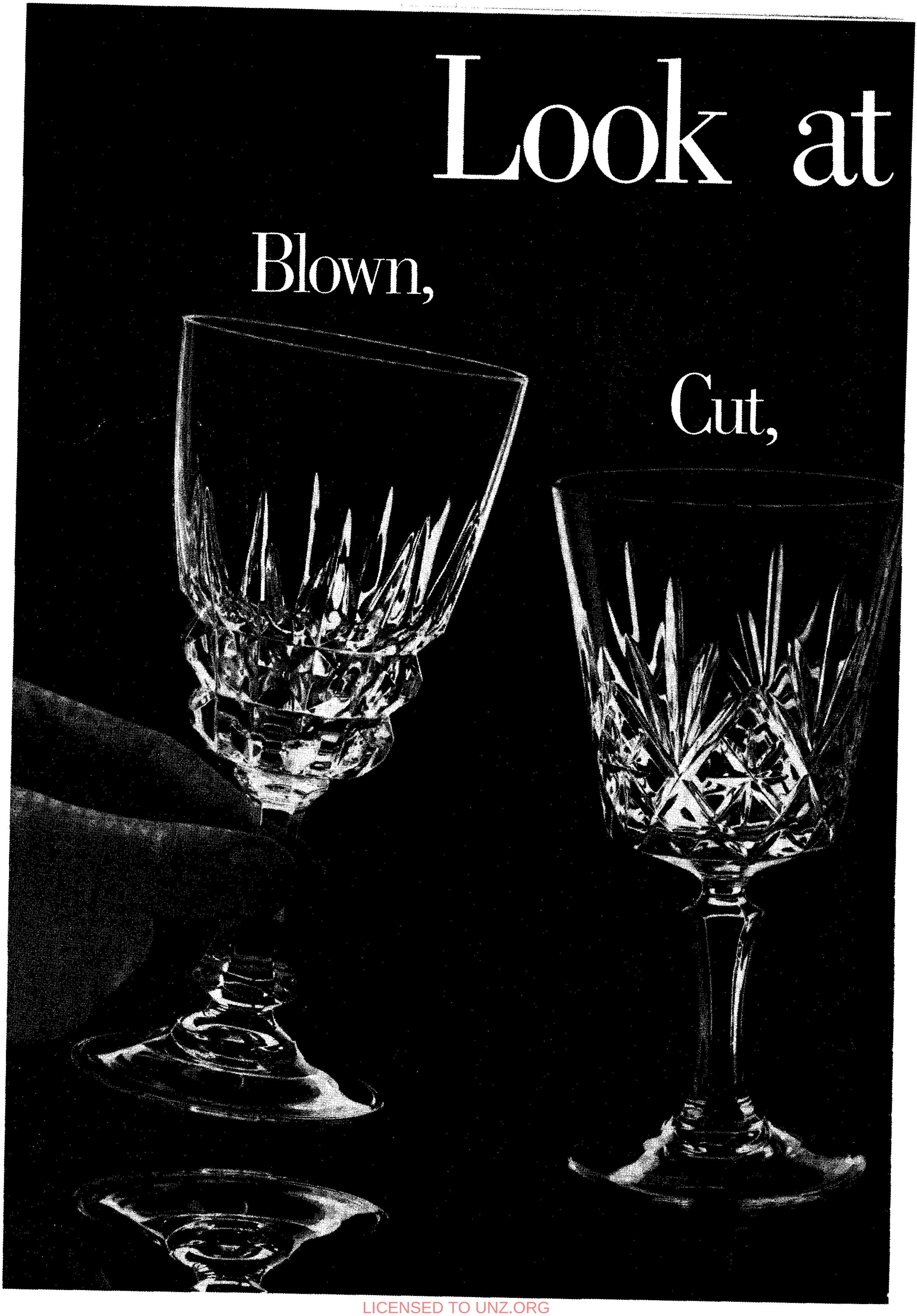
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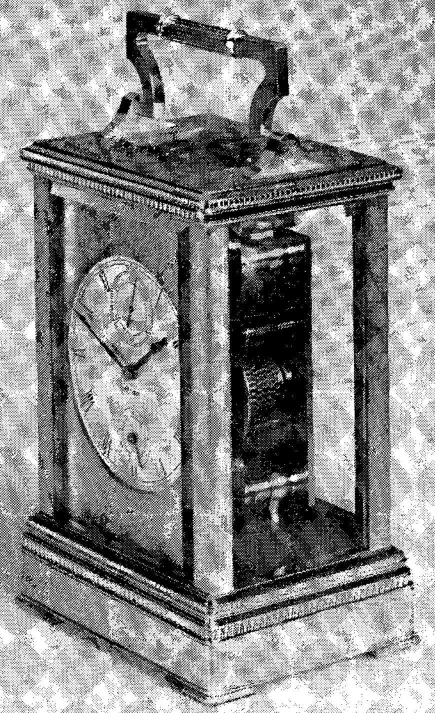

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paper. Gregory Cross dismissed my request. He looked at me kindly and seriously and said, "It will come out of yourself." When I got home and played the tape of the conversation, Cross's words were completely unintelligible. So I have invented him after all, I thought.

I remembered another evening talk, this one in the Fifth Avenue apartment of a woman analyst I'll call Greta Koenig—an older Middle European émigrée with a fresh, smiling face and a simple, gentle, earnest manner. We sat around a coffee table laden with pastries, little rolls, cheeses, fruit, chocolates, and bottles of liqueur, and as my hostess pressed delicacies on me she talked of female orgasm. She sliced *Dobos Torte* onto translucent old flowered porcelain and remarked thoughtfully that a clitoral orgasm may be accompanied by feelings in the vagina and thus, properly speaking, can be called a vaginal orgasm. I felt a strong urge to laugh. As if reading my thoughts, Greta Koenig smiled and said, "It used to be very difficult for me to talk about such things. I used to have to force myself to talk about them to patients. But the analyst must talk about the genitals. There is no way around it, and now there is nothing I can't talk about." She spoke of her unequivocal devotion to the Institute and to psychoanalysis. She and her husband (also an analyst) are in the inner circle of the Institute. Her entire life was taken up with psychoanalytic concerns: during the day she saw patients, at night she went to meetings at the Institute, and when she and her husband went out to dinner or entertained at home it was always with analysts. Other people fall away, she explained. There is less and less to talk about with people on the "outside," who don't look at things the way analysts do. "We never seem to tire of one another's company," she said with wondering satisfaction. She told me that she never lied to patients, never talked about herself, and never had physical contact with them. She showed me her consultation room, which led off the front hall of the apartment: a pleasant, orderly room, of a faintly European stamp, but without much character. It wasn't as insistently impersonal as Cross's room, but it calmly kept its owner's secrets, respectfully guarded the patient's right not to know.

A third soldier of Freud I had met, who now came to mind as another exemplar of psychoanalytic transcen-

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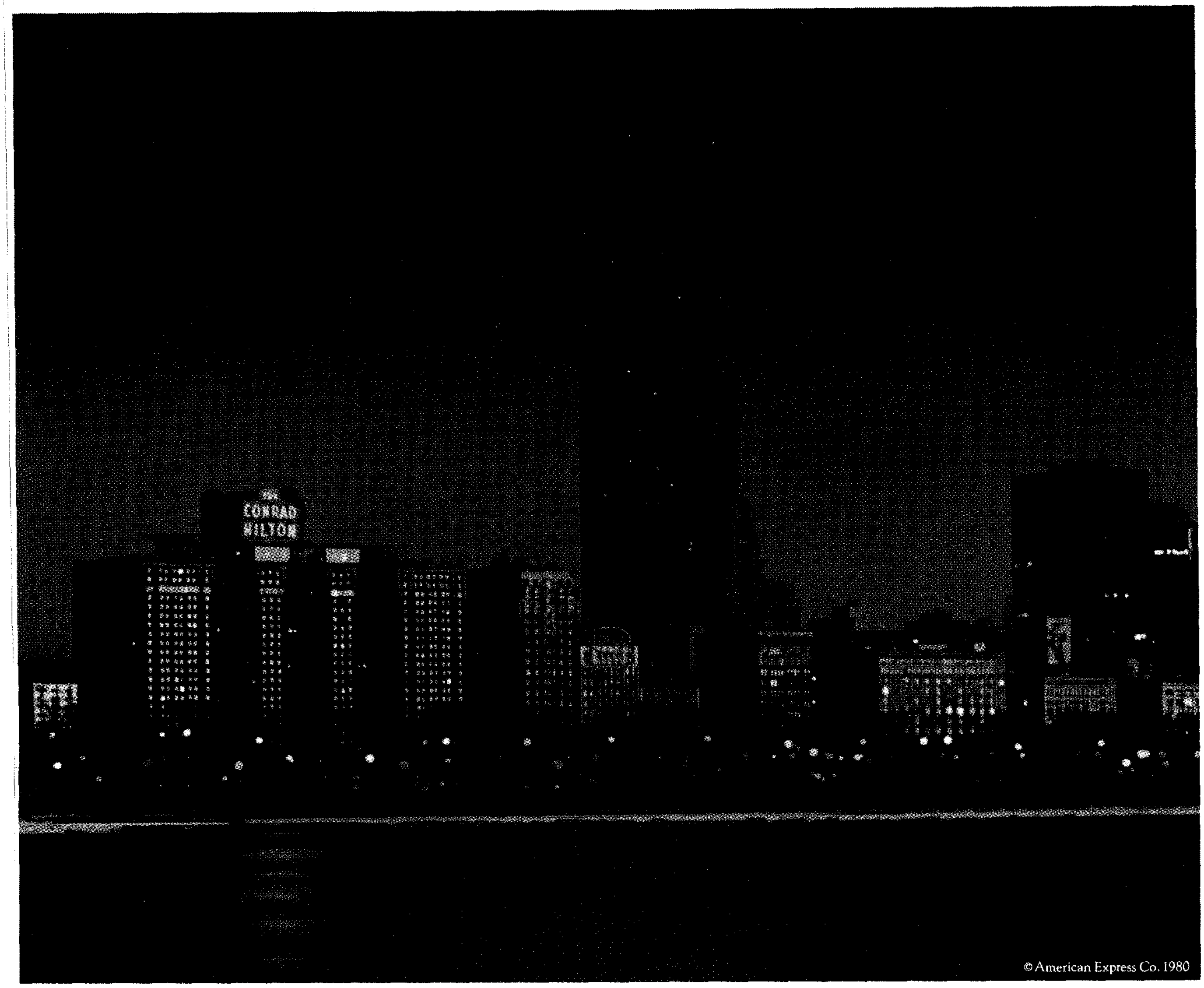

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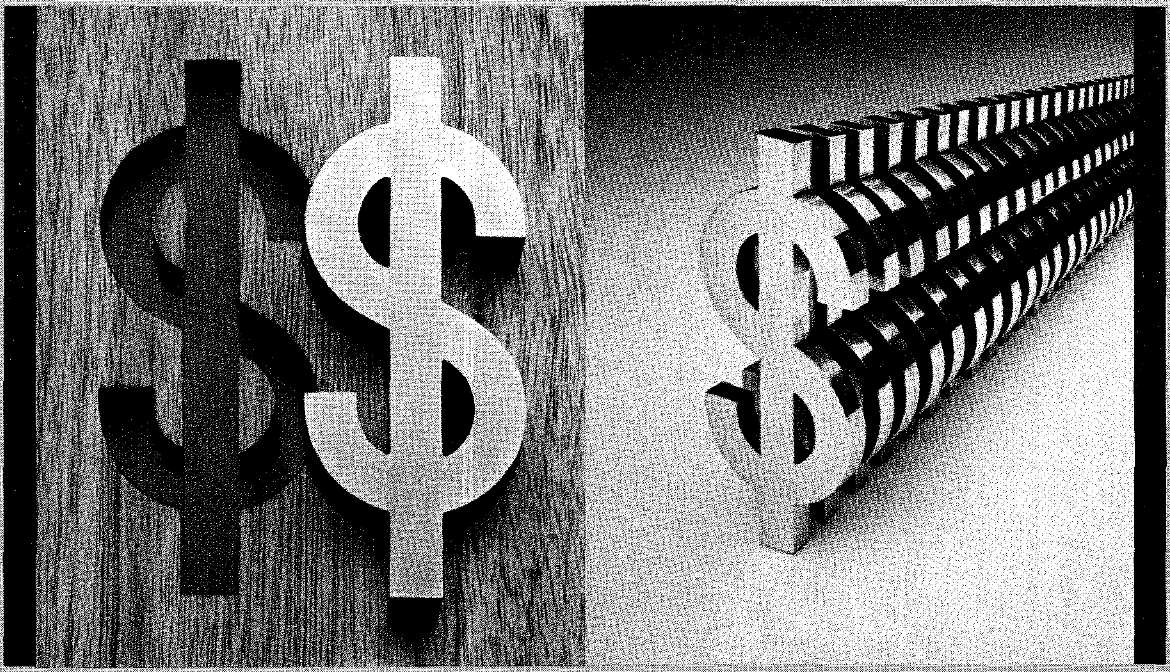

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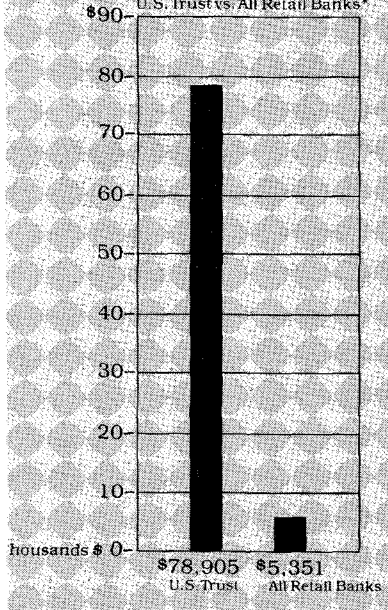

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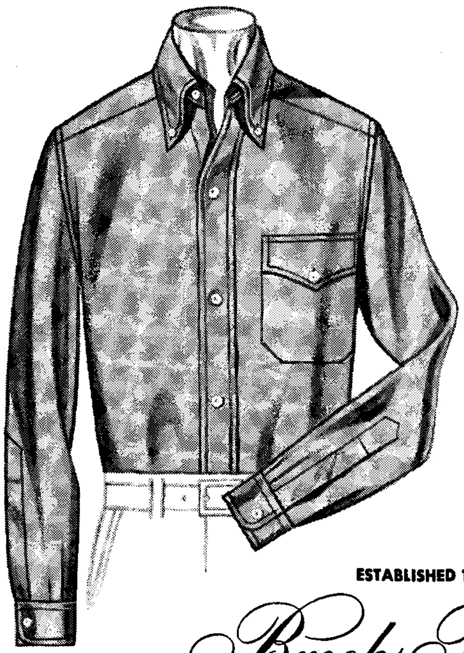
dence, was Hartvig Dahl. That is his real name. Most of the other analysts I talked to asked me not to use their real names, in order to preserve their analytic incognito with patients. But Dahl is an analyst without patients. He is a psychoanalytic researcher—a member of a small, scattered group of analysts who work mostly alone and mostly without the respect or interest of their patient-seeing colleagues. The reason for their lowly status derives from the nature (and history) of psychoanalysis itself. Its therapeutic and scientific functions have traditionally been viewed as inseparable; the therapeutic encounter is seen as the laboratory of the science of psychoanalysis. Accordingly, each practicing analyst is a scientific investigator, each case an experiment yielding corroboration or elaboration or interesting refutation of established theory, each patient a sort of unwitting laboratory animal. The non-practicing analytic researcher doesn't fit into this self-contained dual-purpose scheme of things, and is felt to be superfluous and a little déclassé.

Hartvig Dahl is the New York Psychoanalytic Institute's grudging concession to the claims of "pure research;" he is a sort of *shabbas goy* to the orthodox membership. (The once nastily anti-Semitic characterization of psychoanalysis as "the Jewish science" is today good-humoredly accepted by analysts as an accurate comment on the great predominance of Jews in the profession, and on the parallel between Talmudic and analytic hermeneutics.) Hartvig Dahl doesn't look like the other New York Psychoanalytic analysts. When I first met him, in his office at the Downstate Medical Center, in Brooklyn, he was wearing faded jeans and a work shirt, and at subsequent meetings (in warmer weather) he wore shorts and running shoes. He is an extraordinarily tall man, in his mid-fifties, who came here sixteen years ago from Seattle, where he had studied psychoanalysis at a training-center branch of the San Francisco Psychoanalytic Institute. He has the flavor of the American West about him, and there adheres to him something of the poignancy of the rough-hewn, morally fine Americans in Henry James's international novels who find themselves embroiled with outwardly soigné, morally piggish Europeans. But when I first met Dahl I was put off and bored. I couldn't understand what he was up to—much of it depended on a knowledge of



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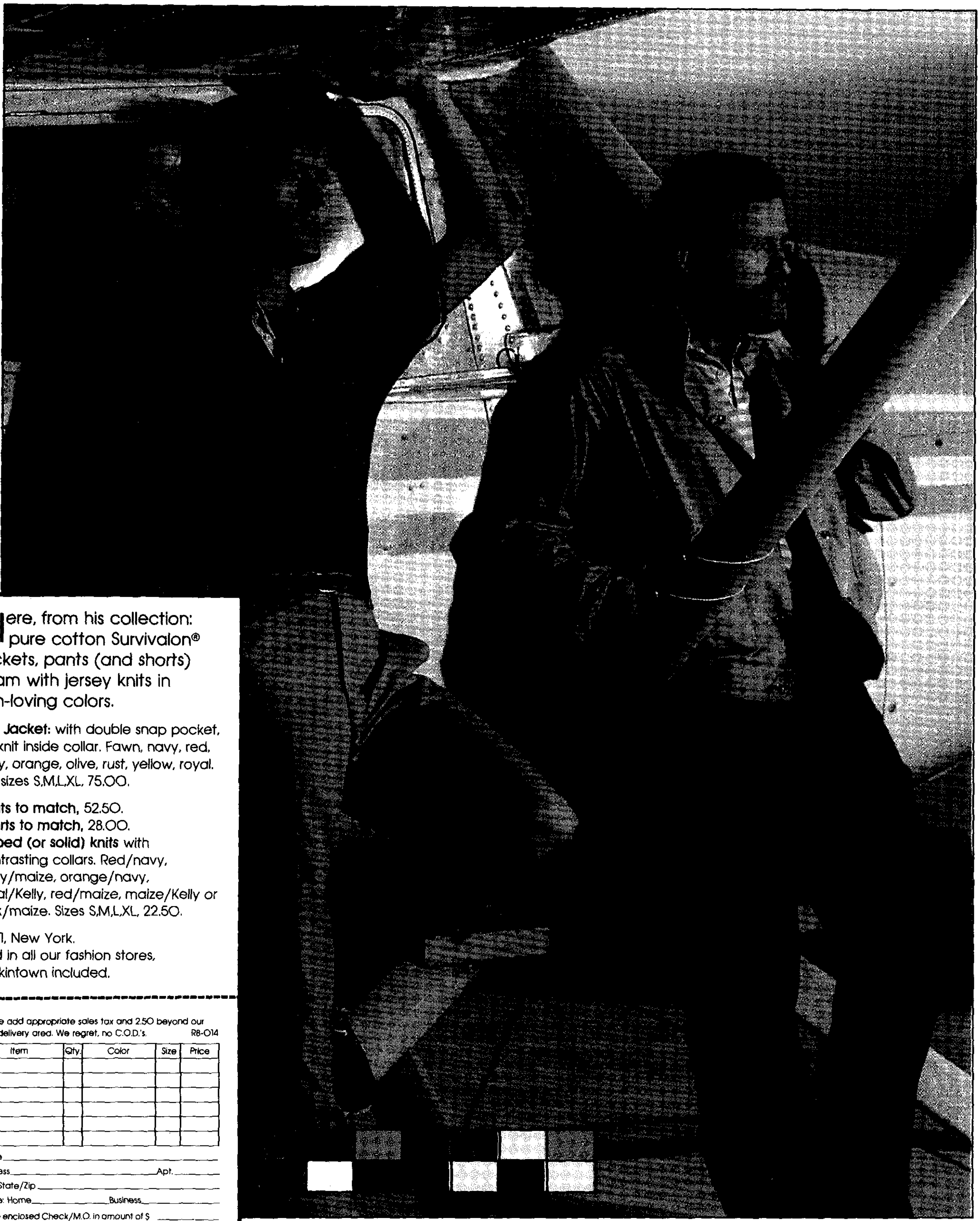

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higher mathematics, which I didn't possess—so I dismissed it out of hand. He gave me a batch of his published papers, and the first one I looked at, entitled "The Measurement of Meaning in Psychoanalysis by Computer Analysis of Verbal Contexts," so alarmed me with its charts and graphs that I fled the meeting as if pursued by a swarm of bees. In my own defense, I submit this extract from it:

TABLE 4

WORDS CORRELATED [p<.05, N=25 analytic hours] WITH EACH OF FOUR SELECTED WORDS

MOTHER	.73	MY
	.66	AFRAID
	.66	TENSE
	.65	PENIS
	.65	KISS
	.63	BREAST
	.62	INTERCOURSE
	.61	HOMOSEXUAL
	.58	MOUTH
	.58	NAKED
	.58	SEXUAL
	.57	SISTER
	.53	WOMAN
	.50	SLIGHTLY
	.46	ANXIOUS
	.42	SHE

YOU	.68	YOUR
	.66	WHAT
	.57	THAT
	.56	IT
	.55	ME
	.52	INSIST
	.64	I

SISTER	.70	SIDE
	.57	MOTHER
	.53	LOVE

FATHER	.83	ASHAMED
	.79	GUILTY
	.72	BABY
	.69	INTERCOURSE
	.62	INTO
	.59	MY
	.44	LOVE
	.43	SHE
	.41	NAKED

Each of four selected words and the words with which it significantly ($p \leq .05$, N=25 hours) correlated.

A few months later, I happened to come across the rest of the papers that Dahl had thrust into my unwilling hand, and idly leafed through one of the less horrible-looking ones. I found myself reading it with growing excitement; though dauntingly titled "Countertransference Examples of the Syntactic Expression of Warded-Off Contents," it was clear and fascinating. It told of a rather commonplace discovery that Dahl and his co-authors —Virginia Teller, a Ph.D. in linguistics, and the psychiatrists Donald Moss and Manuel Trujillo—had made while reading transcripts of a tape-recorded analysis, and of a most extraordinary inference that they had drawn from it. The discovery, familiar to all users of tape recorders, was the fact that people who sound all right when you are talking to them are actually speaking in a most peculiar fashion, as a verbatim transcript of their words will disclose. What the tape recorder has revealed about human speech is something like what the photographer Eadweard Muybridge's motion studies revealed about animal and human locomotion; no one had ever seen the strange positions that Muybridge's camera caught and froze, and no one had ever heard what the tape recorder pointed out about the weirdness and sloppiness of human speech. Dahl and his colleagues, instead of simply "allowing for" the difference between the spoken word and the transcript, as everyone before them had done, went on to take a closer look at the syntactical peculiarities that the transcript threw into relief, and it dawned on them that these peculiarities were no accident but had a hidden purpose: they were a devious way of expressing unacceptable wishes and feelings. The tool for the unmasking of these covert communications was Noam Chomsky's transformational-generative grammar, in which Virginia Teller was well versed. From the tape under study, a number of the analyst's interventions were extracted and scrutinized for "hostility or seductiveness, approval or disapproval of the patient's behavior, as well as excessive assertions of authority." The findings were devastating. Ten interventions were held up as illustrations of ten different "syn-*tactics*" (as Dahl called these covert communications), through which the analyst did the psychological equivalent of pinching, kicking, and twisting the arm of the hapless patient. Here is the first example and the authors' commentary:

> "YOU KNOW, THIS IS THE WAY IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN PRESENTED, IN TERMS OF NEGATIVES. YOU KNOW, IT WAS NOT BAD, IT WAS NOT THIS, IT WAS NOT THAT."

Consider the phrase ". . . it has always been presented. . . ." This is an instance of the agentless passive—a passive-voice sentence with no underlying subject. . . . The analyst could have said, "You have always presented it in terms of negatives," but instead said, "it has always been

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presented"—a form which makes it impossible to determine who has done the presenting. The analyst has effectively eliminated the patient in a manner which seems quite inappropriate to the dyadic situation. In short, we seem to have uncovered psychological murder by syntax.

At our next meeting, in Dahl's agreeably book- and paper-cluttered office, he stated his firm belief in the necessity of tape-recording analytic sessions for research purposes. "Otherwise, we have no data," he said. "Now we have only analysts' subjective accounts of what they *believe* went on—accounts that are simply restatements of the hypothesis about the patient that the analyst ended up accepting. Science doesn't consider that good enough. In other sciences, hearsay accounts are not admissible as data." Having a body of raw data and making it publicly available, Dahl feels, is the first step toward the validation of the claims of psychoanalysis to be a science. He believes that the analyst's inferences must be shown to derive from objective rules and laws rather than coming off the top of the analyst's head. He has dedicated his life to making a contribution to this most difficult demonstration, which he feels will not take place in his lifetime. His devotion to, and belief in, psychoanalysis derives from his own experience of analysis, which he credits with "giving me a second chance to grow up." "My analyst's analyst was Menninger, whose analyst was analyzed by Abraham, whose analyst was no one. Which makes me an orphan," he said, with a smile. After graduating from the San Francisco Institute, Dahl practiced analysis in Seattle for four more years and then came East to train in research. Analytic work hadn't suited him—it was an ordeal for him to sit all day, to be silent and passive. He said that he got restless, bored, and itchy. He told me of a turning point in his relations with the New York Psychoanalytic, to which he had been unenthusiastically admitted on his arrival here. The Institute had invited the celebrated Otto Kernberg to come and speak on his theory of object relations, and Dahl had been named one of the two discussants of the presentation. The other discussant was Charles Brenner. "Brenner did something very nice," Dahl recalled. "He let me talk first. Usually, the more important discussant speaks first, and then everyone leaves; by putting me first, Brenner assured me of an audience. That was very decent of him. I did a hatchet job

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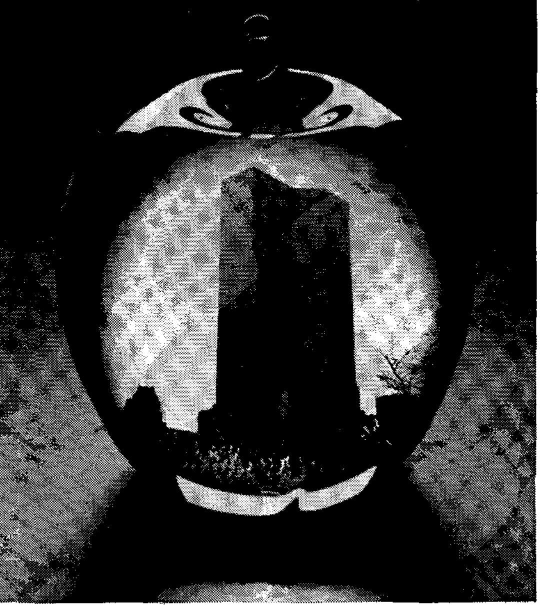

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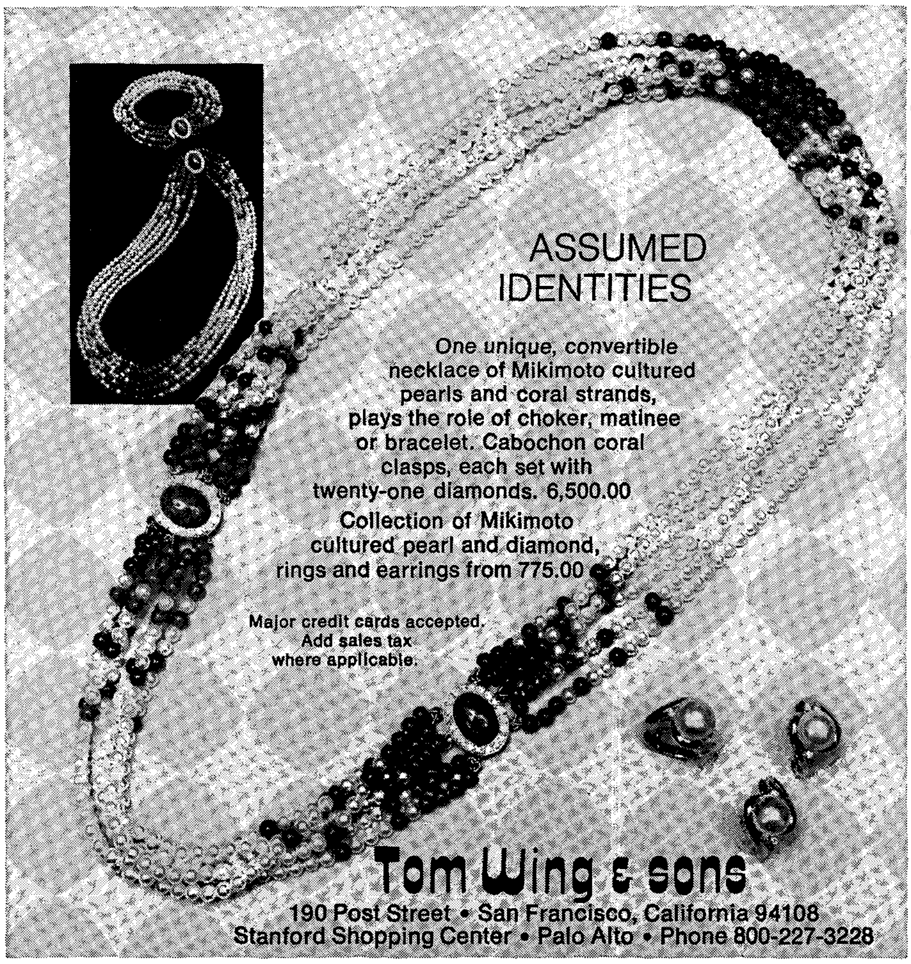

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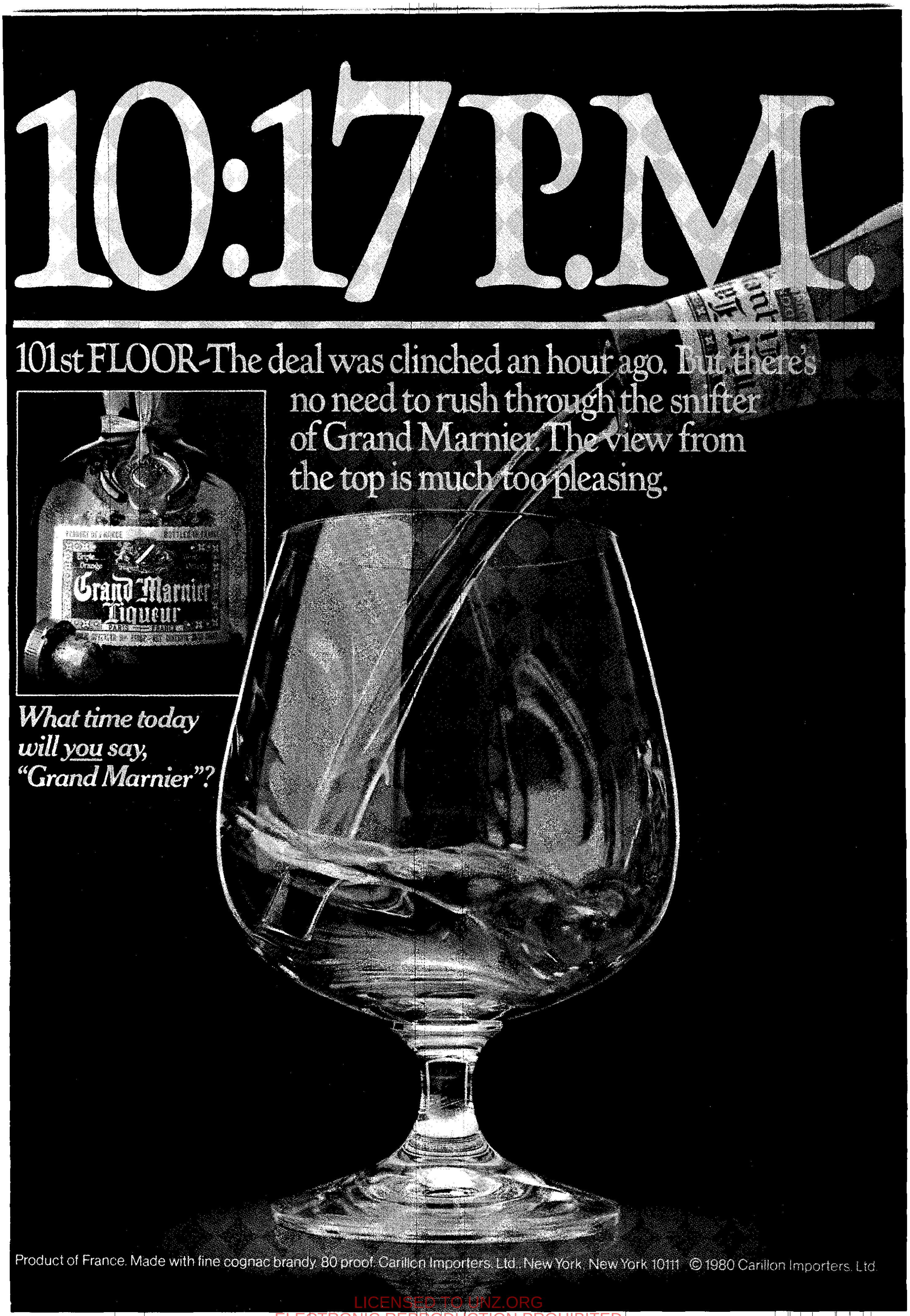

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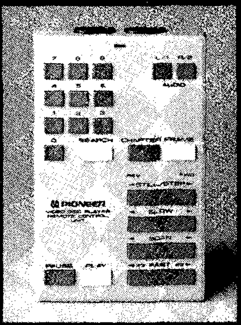

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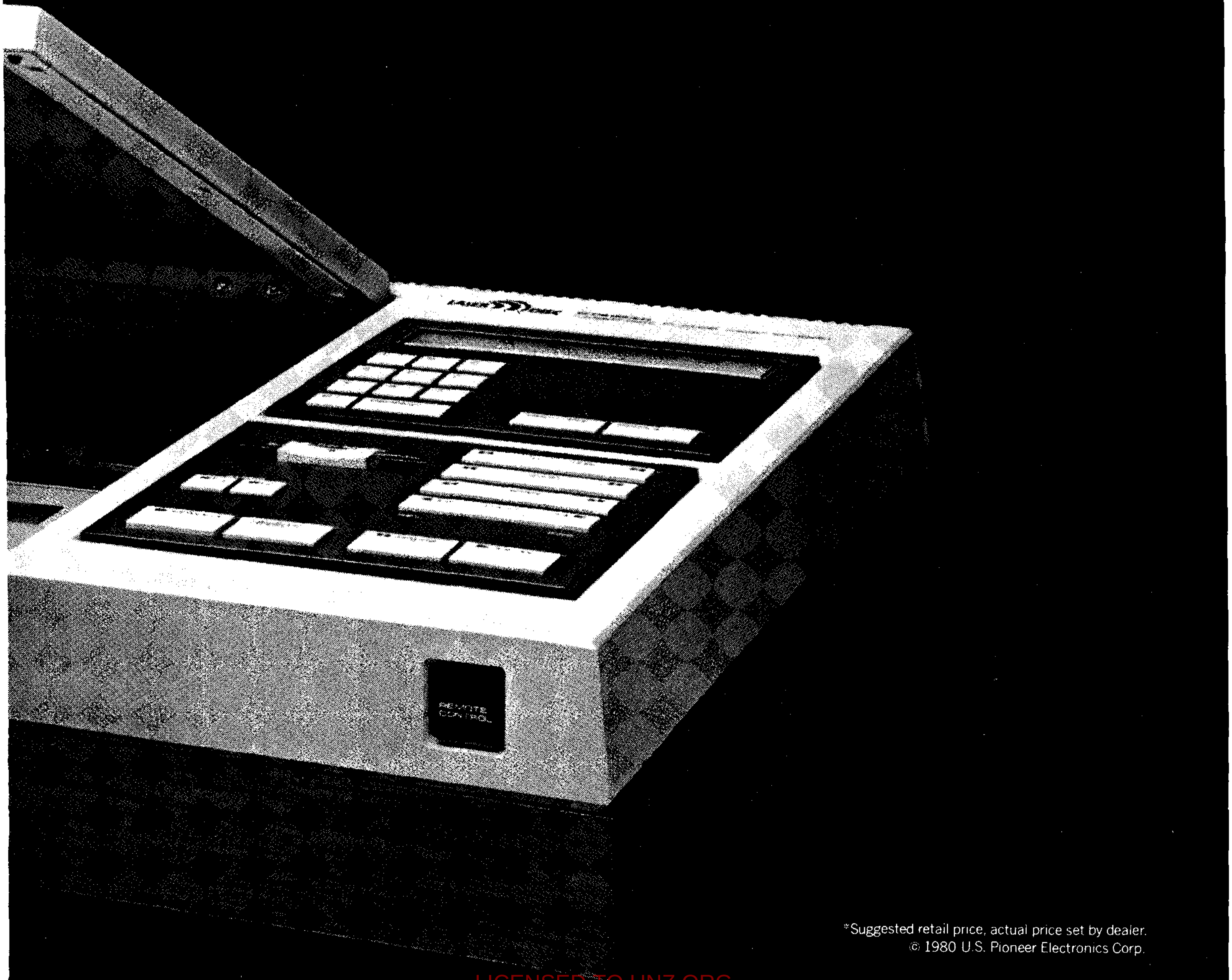

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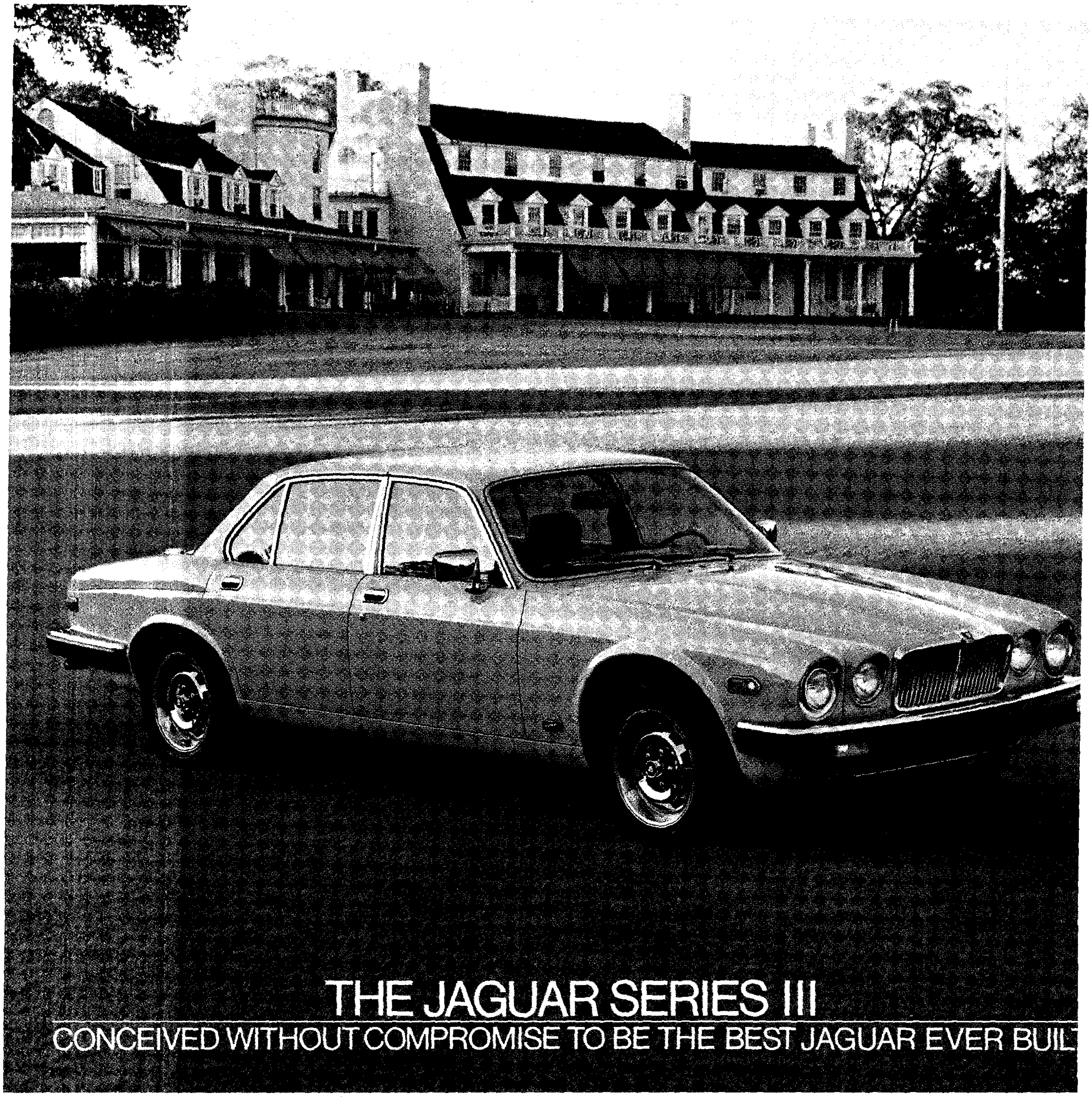
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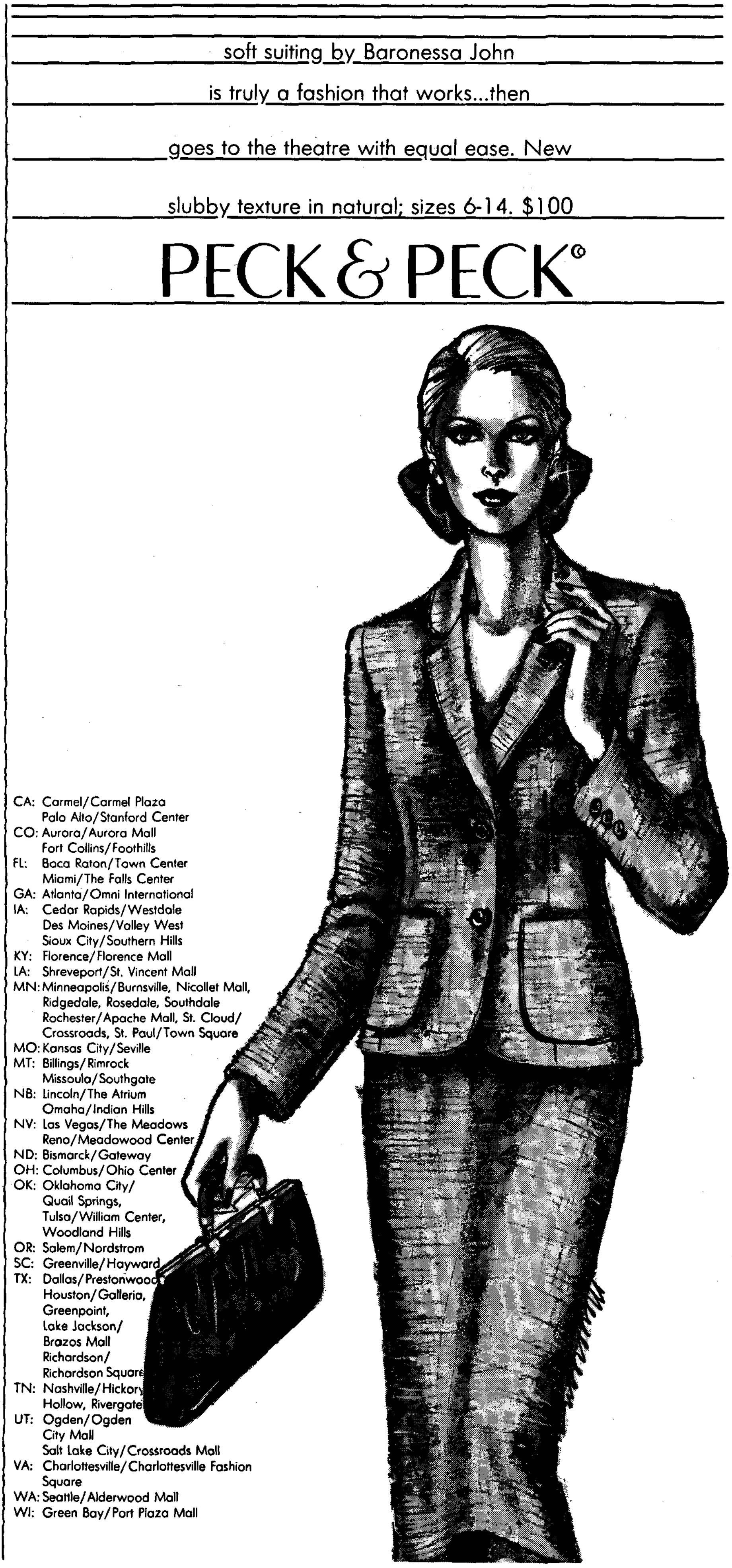
on Kernberg. I had done my homework, and I crushed him, and everyone knew I had. After that, I became socially acceptable. People who had dismissed me as a computer nut started being nice to me. All kinds of people started noticing me, inviting me to parties."

We left Dahl's office and went a few floors up, past the animal-experimentation section of the hospital, to a bleak little warren of rooms where a keypunch machine, recording equipment, and the tapes, transcripts, and notes of a six-year analysis that Dahl had conducted and tape-recorded a few years ago were kept. Dahl introduced me to Virginia Teller, a pretty young woman of reserved friendliness and calm and confident orderliness, who was sitting at an empty desk analyzing a sentence. Dahl has attacked his recorded analysis (1,204 sessions) on many fronts, and for the past three years has concentrated on a single session. The session was the fifth one of the analysis, and he proposed that I listen to it. He seated me in a small room borrowed from some vacationing sex researchers, threaded a tape into a large recording machine, showed me how to start and stop the tape, and left the room. I paused before turning on the machine, a little awed by what I was about to do: eavesdrop on a patient's confessions to his analyst. I remembered Freud's admonition in the first of his "Introductory Lectures": "You cannot be present as an audience at a psychoanalytic treatment. You can only be told about it; and, in the strictest sense of the word, it is only by hearsay that you will get to know psychoanalysis. . . . The talk of which psychoanalytic treatment consists brooks no listener." I turned on the machine, and listened for fifty minutes to a young man's halting, rambling soliloquy describing ordinary trivial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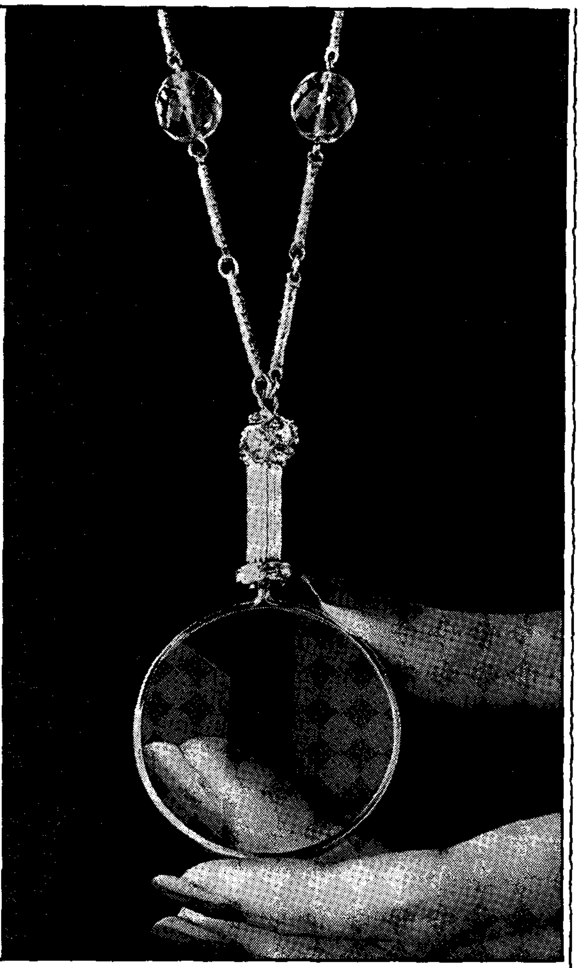

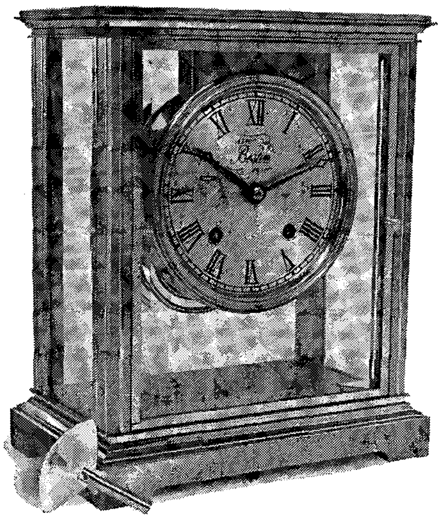

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events and expressing commonpla
thoughts and feelings. It was like li
tening to a boring, self-absorbed a
quaintance. I thought of somethi
that Aaron had once said about t
location of the unconscious: "Analy
takes place on the surface. Everythi
that goes on between analyst and p
tient has to do with what is conscio
Conscious. The popular notion of t
unconscious as something buried de
down within us, and of the analyst
someone who delves deep down in
his patients, is erroneous. The me
phor of depth is wrong. What the
public doesn't realize, and what
analysts have to keep reminding ou
selves of, is that the unconscious
a hypothesis. All we have to go
in our inferences about unconsci
conflict and motivation is what
conscious patients tell us." In S
sion Five, Dahl spoke only twice.
sounded impressive—like an old
wiser, more benign and authoritat
version of himself. When I told him
this impression later, he laughed
said, "I was pretty impressed with m
self, too." He said that he deliberat
spoke very little in the first years of
analysis, so that no one could say
had "suggested" anything to the
tient. However, the material that ca
out was so stereotyped that he is be
criticized anyway. Dahl is unp
turbed. He believes that the anal
was a good one, that the data w
honestly derived, and that his belie
science—his conviction that "
world is an orderly place"—will
him through the professional,
reaucratic, and emotional trials that
ahead of him.

WHEN I told Aaron of my
pressions of psychoanalysts
species of near-saint, he gave me
of the looks that he uses whene
someone or something he consi
"unscientific" comes under discuss
But presently, as if in unconsci
grudging acquiescence, he began
speak of two analysts who had sin
against the mores of the analytic c
munity, had traduced its ascetic id
and had been savagely punished
their transgression—a story
known among analysts. Their sin
to marry a patient. Or, rather,
Aaron caustically explained (since
lysts have been known to marry
tients before), their sin was to
prominent, powerful, renowned
lysts—leading lights of the anal
world—who married patients. If s
nonentity should marry a pati

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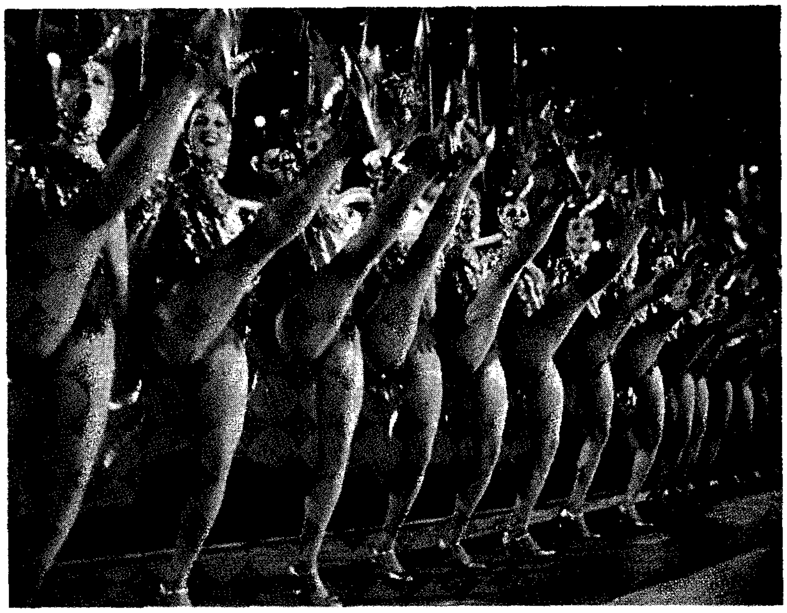

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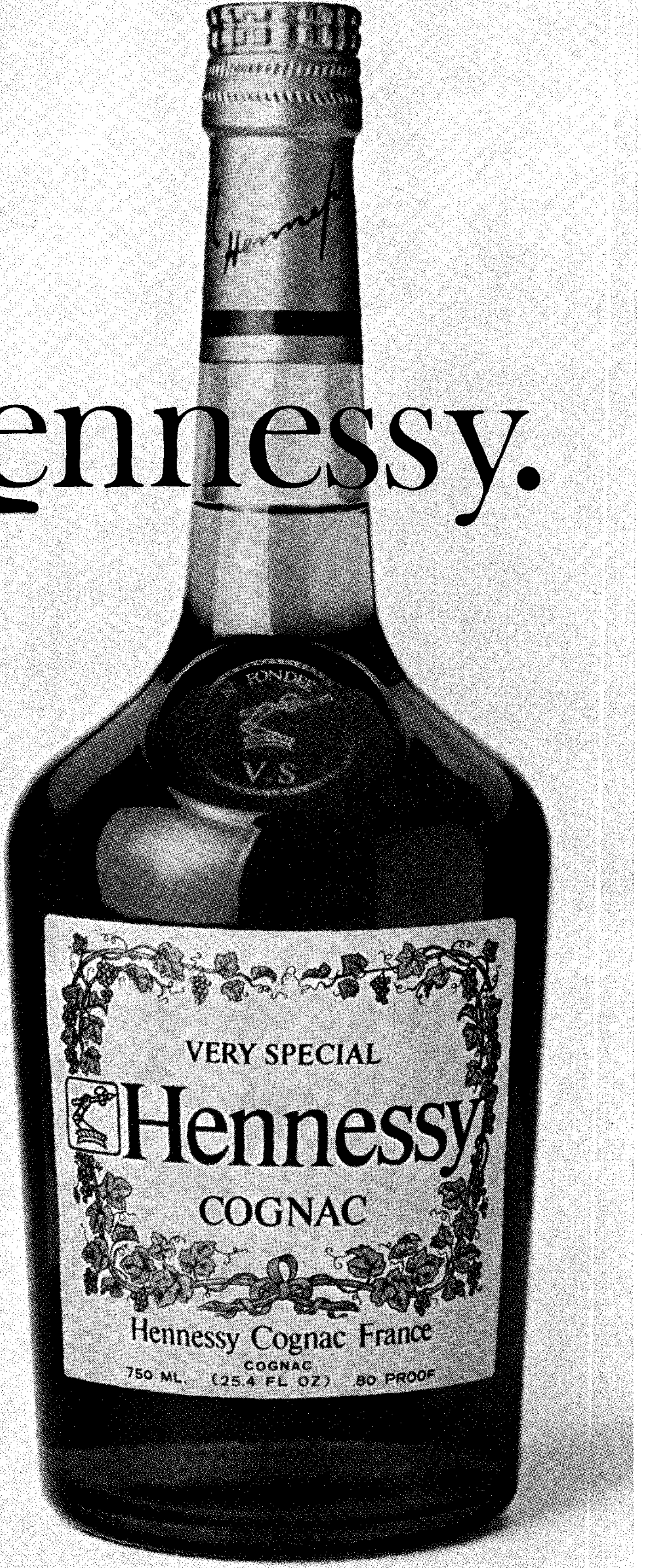
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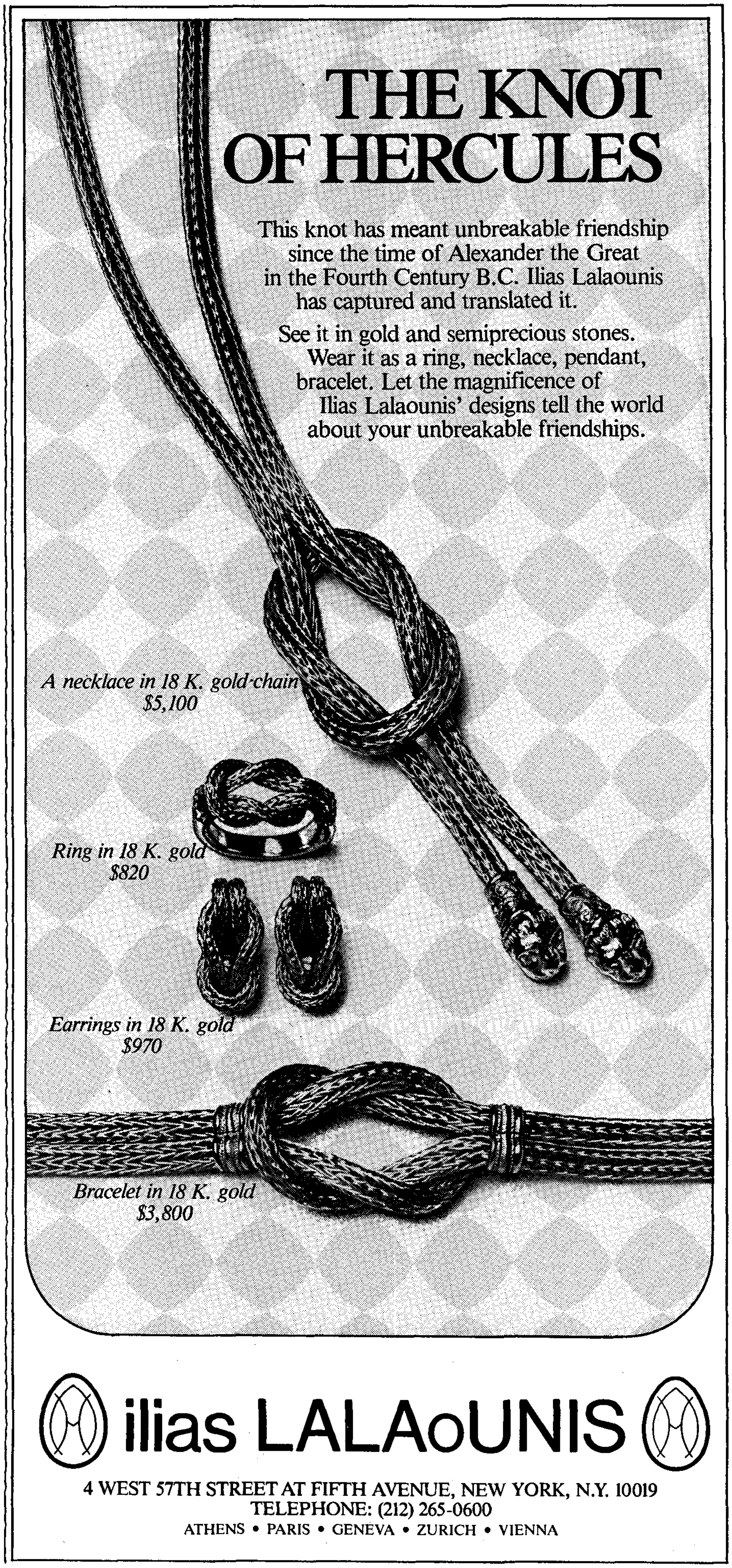
Aaron said, he would merely be frozen out of the referral network and allowed to sink into even greater obscurity in the institutional world. But if a former president of the American Psychoanalytic Association marries a patient, if a member of the Educational Committee of the New York Psychoanalytic Institute marries a patient, if a training analyst marries a patient, if a brilliant theoretician marries a patient—all of which is what happened here—then he must be ruthlessly dealt with, hurled from his high place, stripped of his honors, and have his head stuck on a pike as an example to others who might be tempted to forget their analytic vows.

These events occurred years ago, and Aaron had heard about them only at tenth hand. He wasn't sure that the stories he had heard were accurate in their details—in the version he told me, Analyst X had begun to go out with his patient shortly after her analysis had ended, while Analyst Y had got into a messy triangle during the analysis—but there was no question about what happened when the relationships became known to the leaders of the Institute. The transgressors were instantly disciplined: they were removed from the roster of training analysts, they were divested of their various functions in the ruling structure, they were dismissed from their teaching posts. Their careers in the higher reaches of establishment psychoanalysis were over. They eventually left the city; one of them died a few years ago. The scandal rocked the analytic community, and has become a part of its mythology. Like children watching in fascinated horror as a sibling is caned for something the watchers themselves have done many times in their imagination, analysts talk in hushed tones about the downfall of X and Y, some agreeing with the harsh implacability of the Institute's position, others feeling that justice should have been tempered with mercy.

I said, "The first analyst was punished for something he did *after* the analysis. Isn't that taking things very far?"

Aaron sighed and said, "From patients' second and third analyses we now know things about the 'aftereffects' of analysis which make the line between what is 'in' and what is 'outside' our work a good deal more tenuous than was previously supposed. In the early days of analysis, people were very casual about things that



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we're very careful and nervous about today. In fact, they did things we would consider crazy today. They didn't know what we know about the transference. They didn't know its dangers. They were like Marie Curie, who didn't know about the dangers of radium, and who got leukemia from handling it casually."

Freud's own well-known case of transference-burn was Dora, who did not kindle his affections so much as trash his therapeutic ambitions by walking out on the analysis after three months. "Her breaking off so unexpectedly, just when my hopes of a successful termination of the treatment were at their highest, and her thus bringing these hopes to nothing—this was an unmistakable act of vengeance on her part," Freud laments at the end of the case history, adding, "No one who, like me, conjures up the most evil of those half-tamed demons that inhabit the human breast, and seeks to wrestle with them, can expect to come through the struggle unscathed." Freud's characteristic propensity for turning crushing defeat to brilliant intellectual advantage is exemplified by the Dora case, for in ruminating about the causes of his failure he came up with his first full-blown formulation of the concept of transference. His brief allusion to transference in "Studies on Hysteria"—in regard to a patient who wanted to kiss him because of a "false connection" she had made between him and a man she had wanted to kiss years before—shows at what a murky and unformed stage his discovery then was. In a postscript to the Dora case history, Freud makes the leap from vague intuition to confident hypothesis, and to some historians of psychoanalysis this is where the chief significance of the paper lies. But there is a curious lacuna in the various accounts Freud gives of his discovery of transference—a strange silence concerning the circumstances under which he made his first rueful public acknowledgment of its powerful presence. In all these accounts, Freud conveys the idea that it was the erotic importunities of his women patients that caused him to postulate the presence of a universal phenomenon that would explain the behavior he was convinced he had not provoked. Yet from the evidence of the postscript one would gather that it was, rather, Freud's rage, frustration, and disappointment over Dora's defection that were the fulcrum of his momentous discovery. Léon Chertok and Ray-

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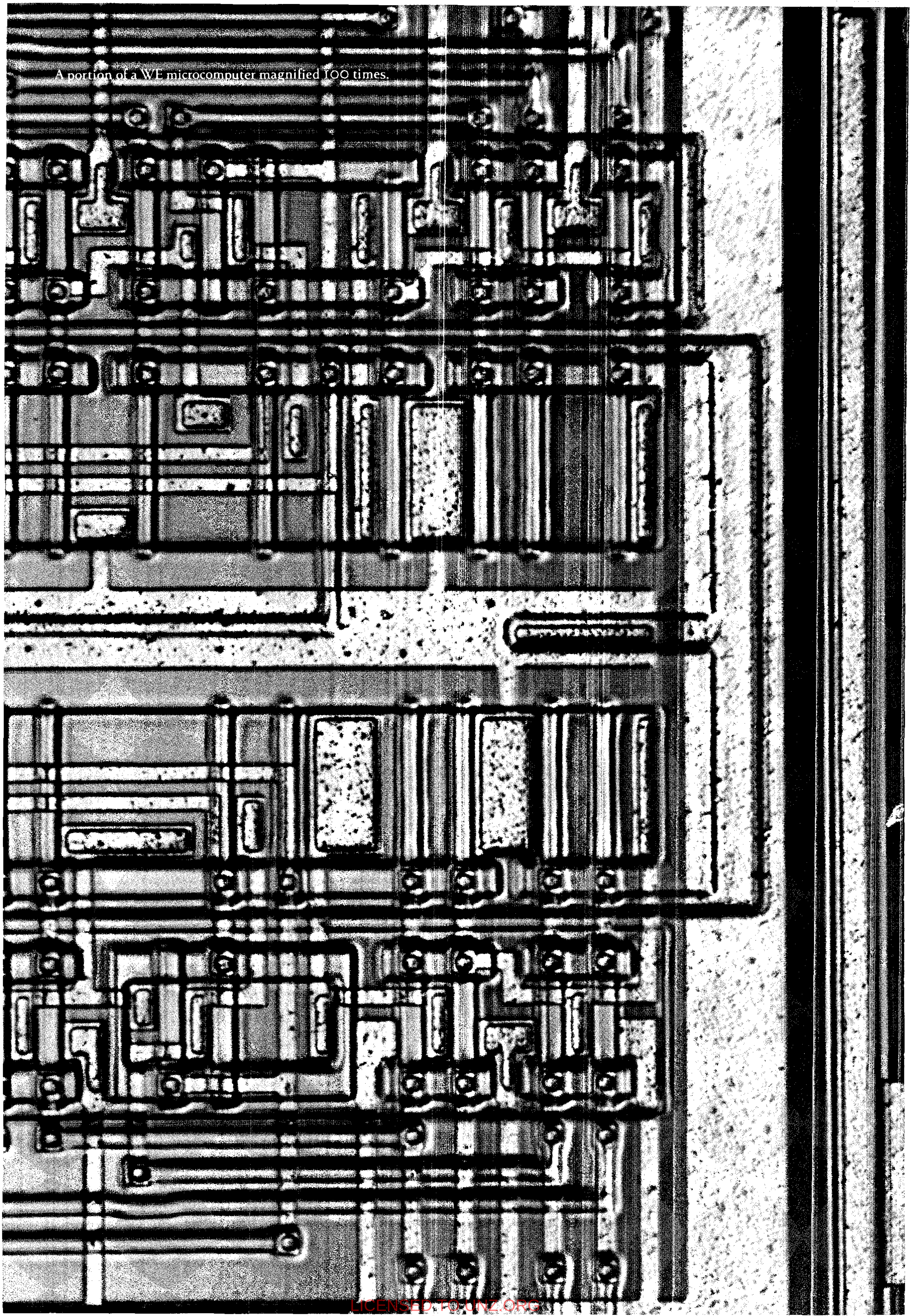

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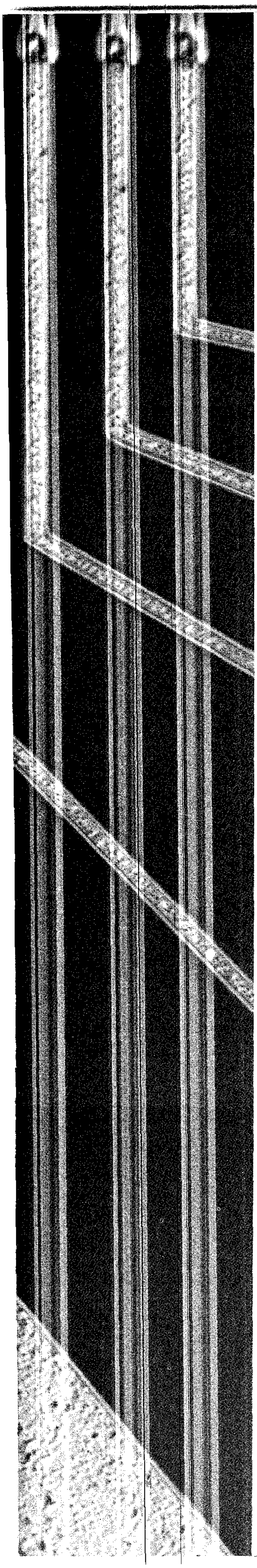

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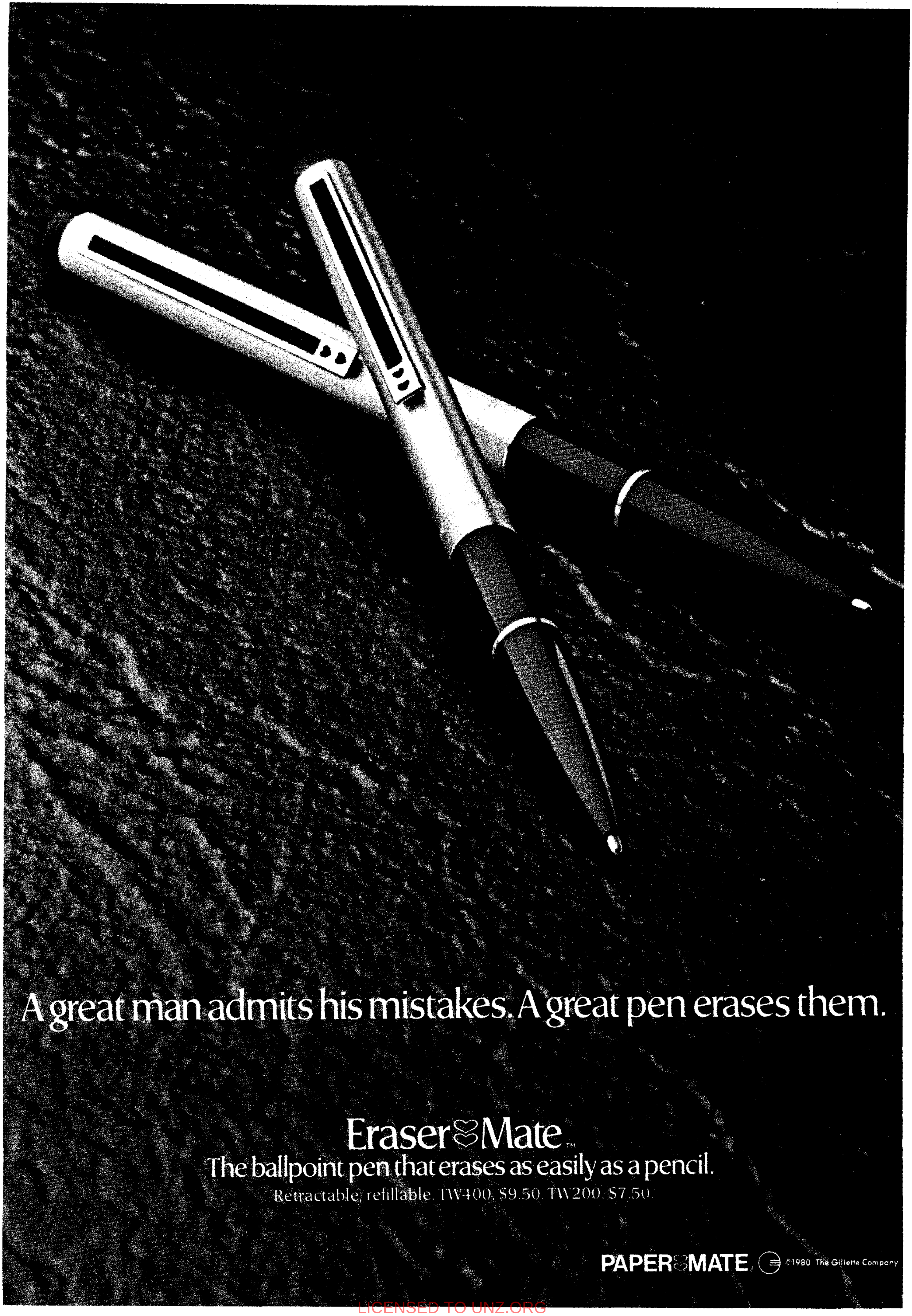

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mond de Saussure's notion of the "prophylactic" function of the concept of transference (as expressed in "The Therapeutic Revolution: From Mesmer to Freud") may apply to the negative example of Dora as well as to the positive one of the importuning woman: it offers protection against the mortification of therapeutic failure just as much as it does against the temptation of sexual involvement. In "forgetting" Dora's role in the discovery of transference, was Freud wreaking a vengeance of his own on the feckless girl who, as he saw it, had given him a servant's fortnight's warning of her intention to quit the analysis?

This is not the only mystery in the Dora case. There is something rum about the whole paper—something unsatisfactory and unsatisfying. You read it with a growing sense of irritation, confusion, disorientation, and ennui, alternating with excitement. Something nags at you as you read, like a forgotten word, and something seems familiar about your impatience and boredom: it is the impatience and boredom produced by other people's dreams. As Freud taught us, what one thinks of as a dream—i.e., what one remembers and reports—is nothing but a lying façade behind which an intimate truth is hidden. Through what Freud called "the dream-work," the true latent "dream-thought" is transformed into the false "manifest dream." This "work" is undone by analysis: the dreamer, by allowing his mind to wander freely in connection with various parts of the dream, is inexorably led to the meaning of the dream, to the *wish* at its heart.

If we regard the Dora paper—whose purported intention was to show how dream interpretation is used in analysis, and which revolves around

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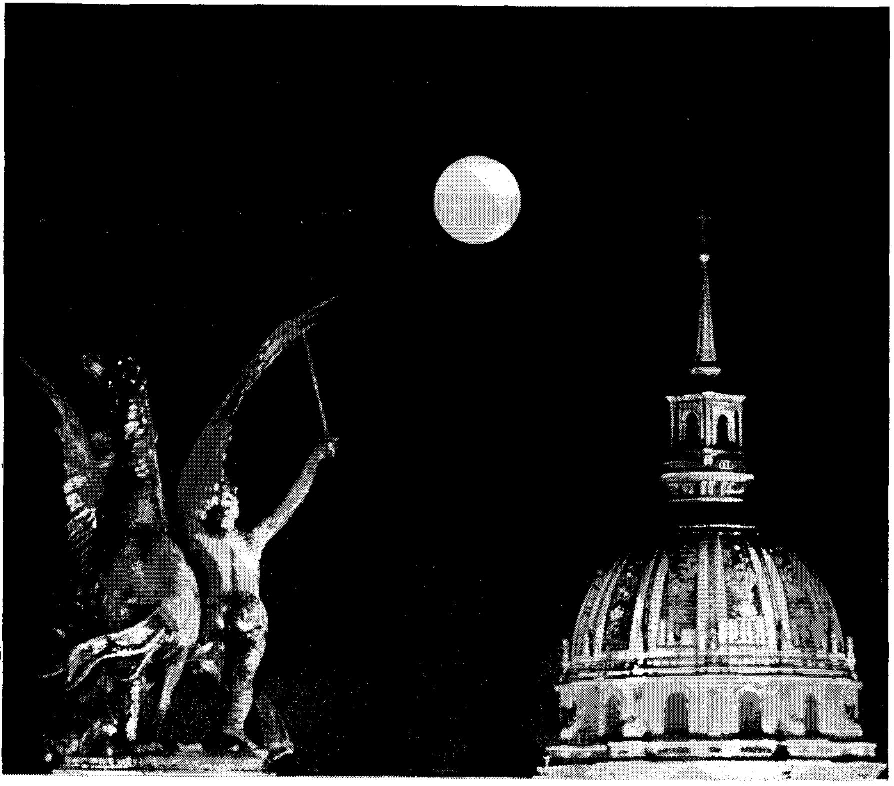

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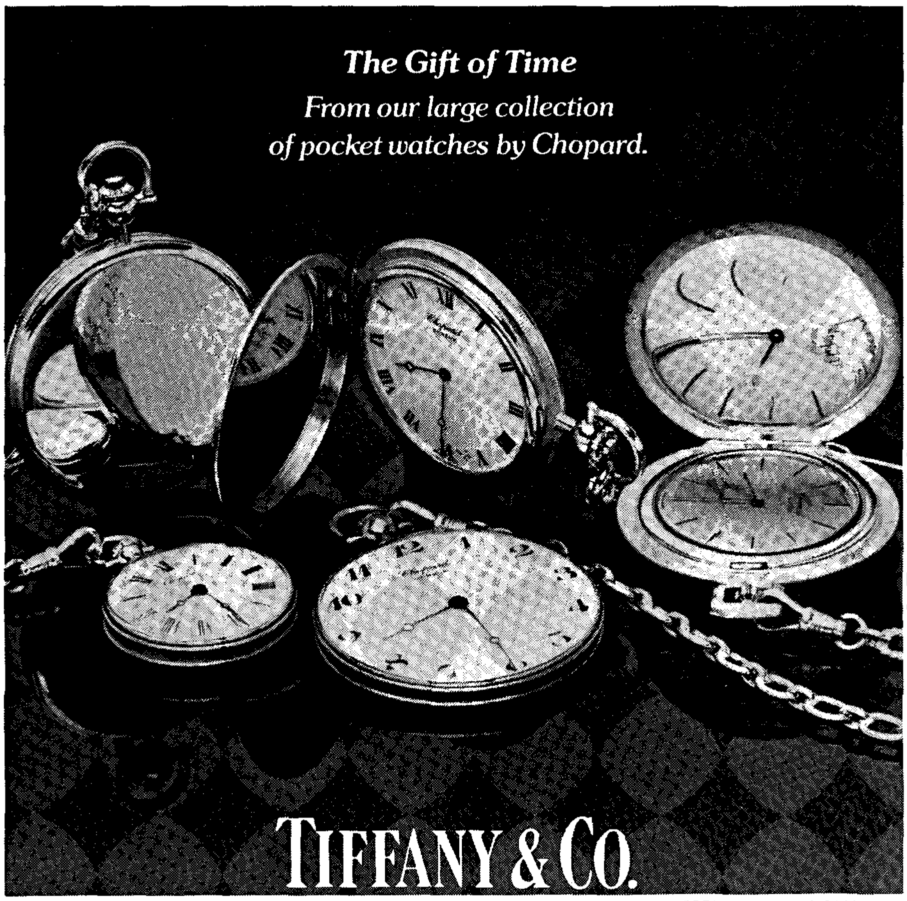

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two dreams of Dora's—as if it were itself a dream, and submit it to the special scrutiny that Freud devised for teasing the repressed out of the manifest, much of its mystery (and boredom) dissolves. That Freud all but openly (if unconsciously) invites us to do so—that the paper bristles with covert meanings and well-placed clues to them—seems more and more evident when one tries to crack its code rather than merely to read it. The first intimation that there is more here than meets the eye is Freud's choice of name for his patient. "But we *know* why Freud chose the name Dora," the well-versed reader of Freud will protest. And it's true that in "The Psychopathology of Everyday Life" Freud uses his choosing of the name Dora to illustrate the concept of psychic determinism—the notion that nothing is accidental. He writes that when he was considering what pseudonym to give the girl, to his surprise only one name out of the hundreds of possible names occurred to him: his associations led him to his sister Rosa's nursemaid, a girl whose name was also Rosa but who had taken the name Dora to avoid confusion with her mistress. Freud reports the "incredulity" with which he greeted this plebeian association, followed by his philosophical acceptance of the classless ways of the mind. But there is reason to think that Freud stopped associating too soon—that if he had followed his first instinct of recoil from the nursemaid, if he had not settled for her but had forged on past her, he would eventually have arrived at the name whose potent allusiveness and compelling symbolism were the cause of its insistent, all-effacing primacy in Freud's mind. Who could Dora be but Pandora? The case rattles with boxes; you practically trip over one wherever you turn. There is a jewelry box in the first dream (which Freud wastes no time in connecting with the female genitals); there are two boxes in the second dream, whose respective disguises (of key and railroad station) Freud quickly penetrates; and there is the above-mentioned reticule, which Dora pokes her finger in and out of. (In their delightful, erudite "Pandora's Box," of 1956, the art historians Erwin and Dora [!] Panofsky trace the metamorphosis of the original large earthenware jar [*πίθος*] that Pandora opened in the Greek account of the myth to the small box [pyxis] with which she has been conventionally equipped since the Renaissance,

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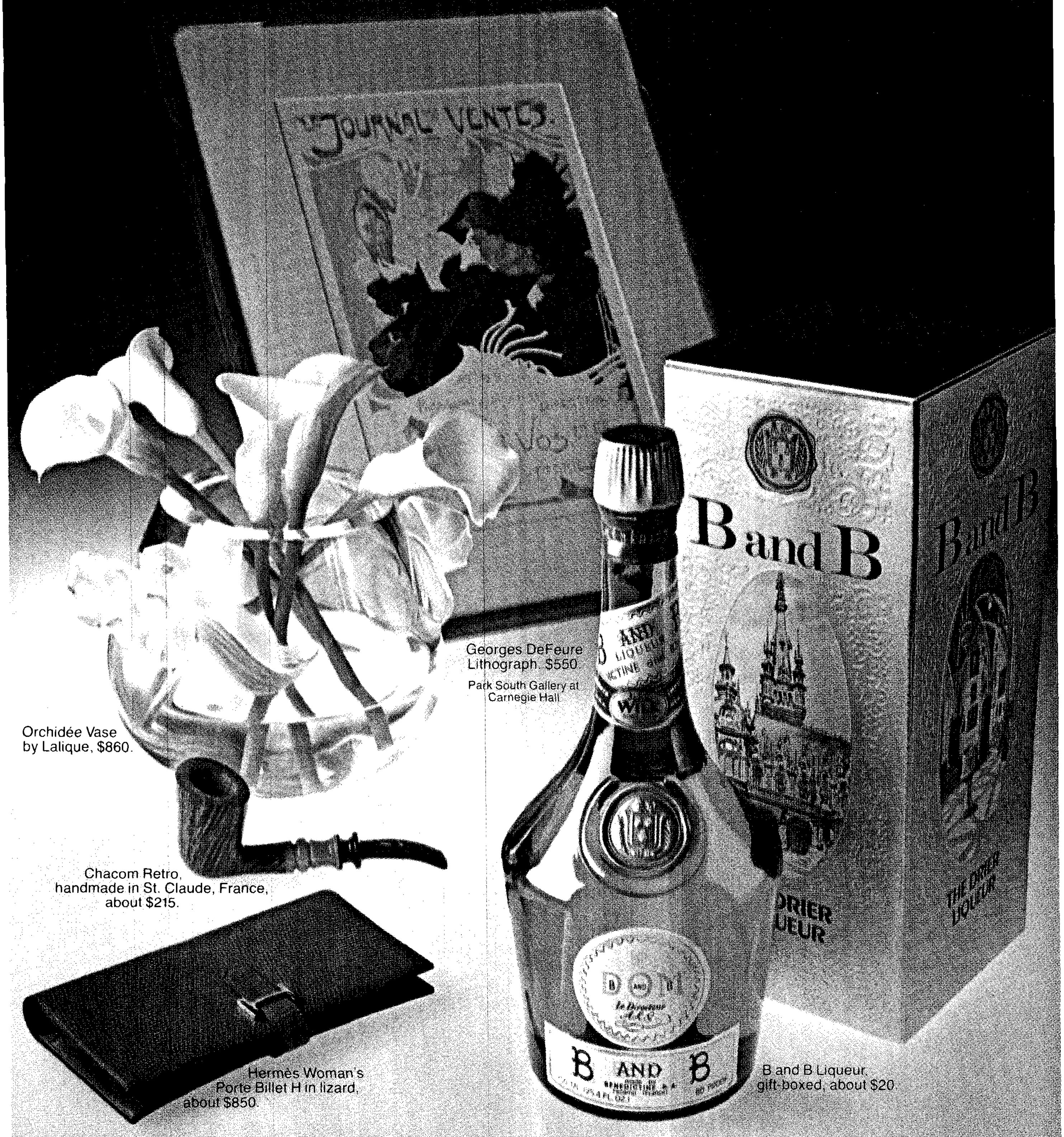

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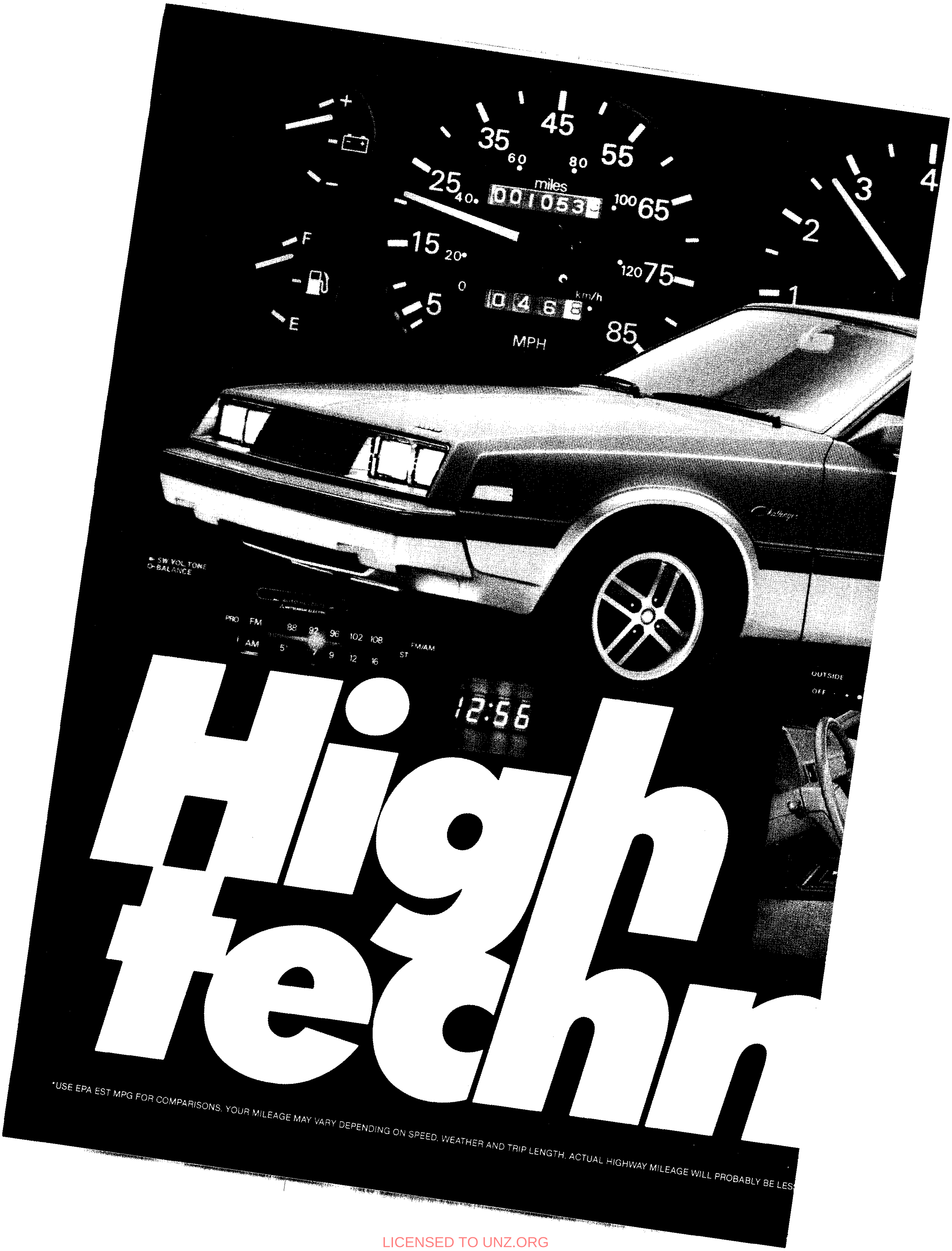
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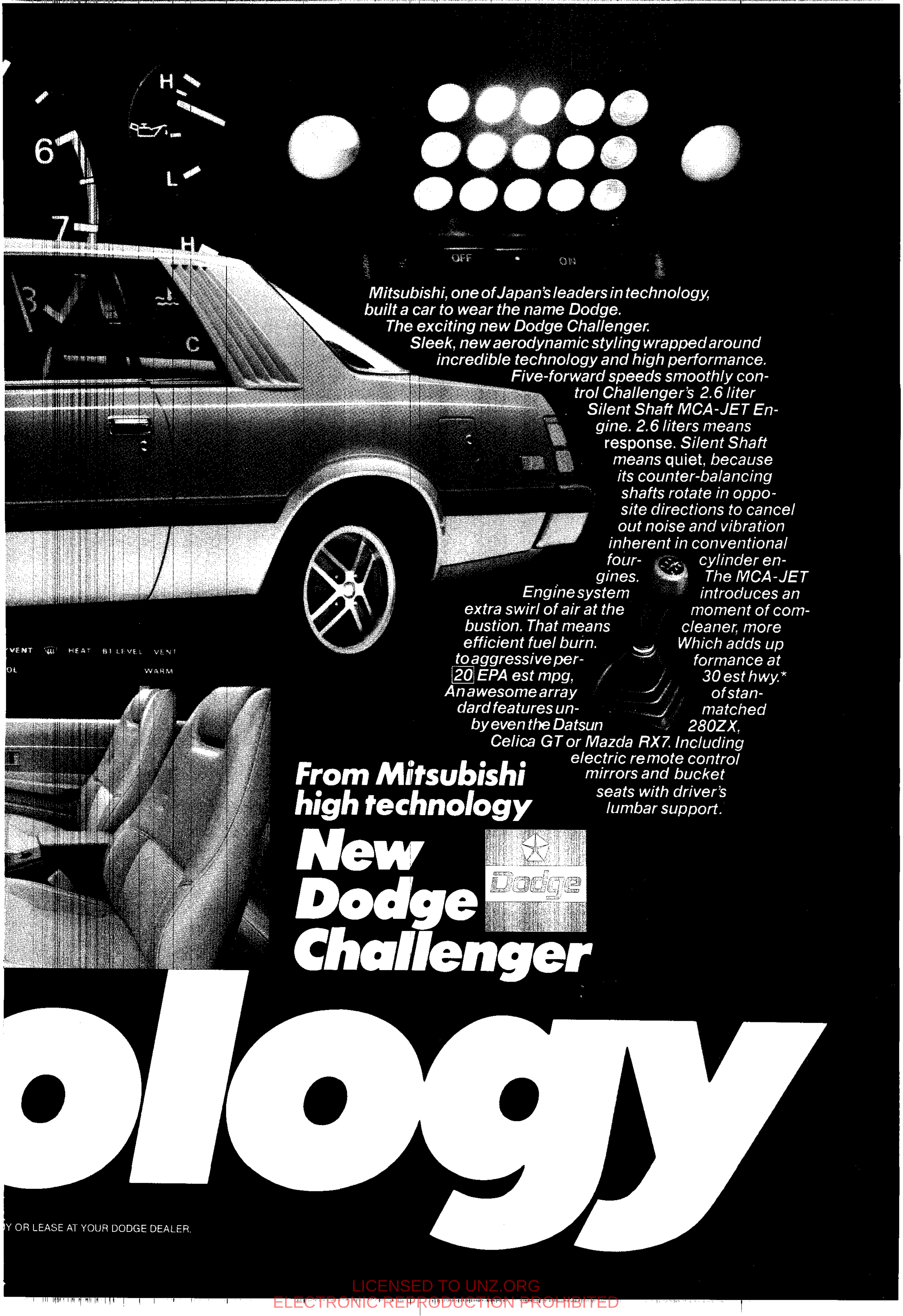

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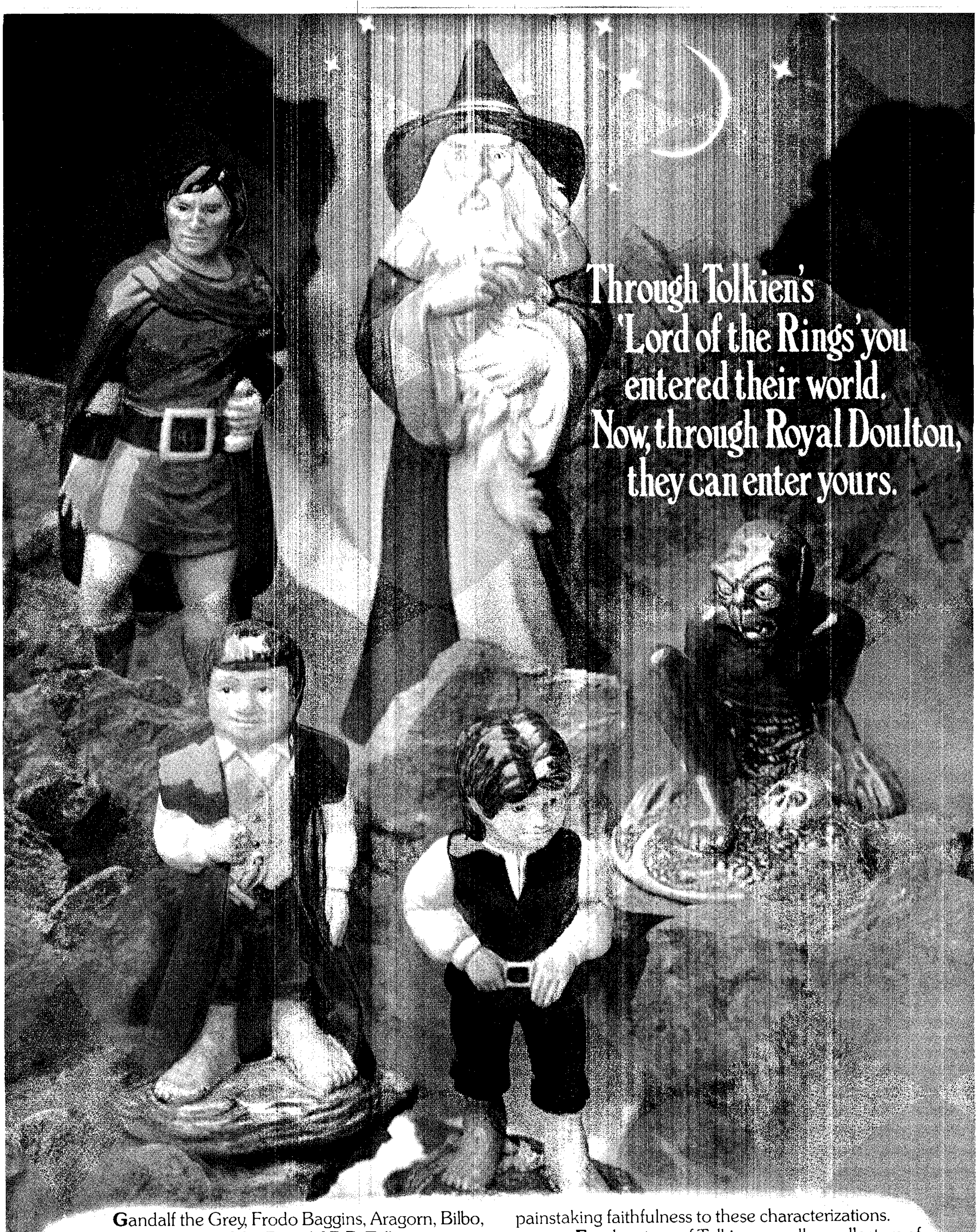
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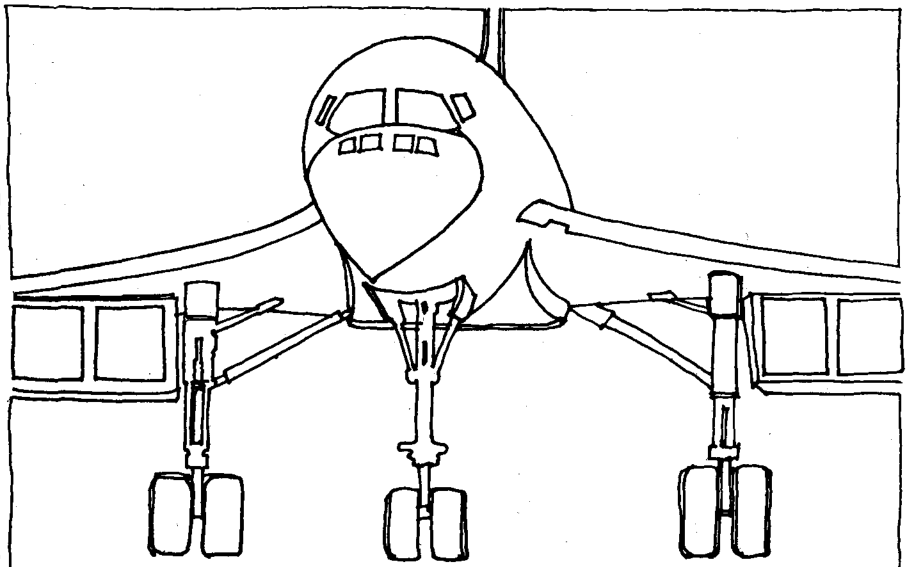
and locate the turning point in a text of Erasmus.) Another veiled allusion to the authoress of all our ills glimmers out of Freud's discussion of the primitive antithesis between fire and water, with which he inaugurates his interpretation of Dora's (as he believed) masturbation-induced enuresis. In a paper written some thirty years later, called "The Acquisition and Control of Fire" (1932), Freud elaborates his notion of the connection between fire and micturition in the primitive mind, and argues that this atavism is present in the Prometheus myth, signalled by the penis-like fennel stalk in which Prometheus carried his stolen gift to mankind. The point (for the present argument) is the connection between Prometheus and Pandora. She was created to punish man for Prometheus' theft. She was formed of clay and water and endowed with great beauty and a bad character ("a shameless mind and deceitful nature," according to Hesiod). Epimetheus, disregarding the warning of his brother Prometheus, took Pandora into his house as his wife, and it was there that she opened the fatal jar, or box, and let out all the evils and plagues that man had previously been free of, shutting the lid only in time to contain delusive hope. (Note the echo of Freud's complaint about the "half-tamed demons" released by the work of analysis.)

Numerous commentators on the Dora case have been unpleasantly struck by the tone that Freud adopted toward his patient—a good-looking, intelligent, but rather pathetic eighteen-year-old, who was brought in by her father to the forty-four-year-old neurologist and paterfamilias, and who confidingly related a sad story of exploitation, molestation, and betrayal by the grownups around her. But instead of giving her the fatherly concern and compassion that she expected—and that today's practitioners of adolescent psychiatry would naturally extend to someone so young and troubled—Freud treated Dora as a deadly adversary. He sparred with her, laid traps for her, pushed her into corners, bombarded her with interpretations, gave no quarter, was as unspeakable, in his way, as any of the people in her sinister family circle, went too far, and finally drove her away. The association of Dora with Pandora helps explain Freud's strange behavior. If Freud's countertransference invested Dora with all the seductiveness and dangerousness of Eve, if



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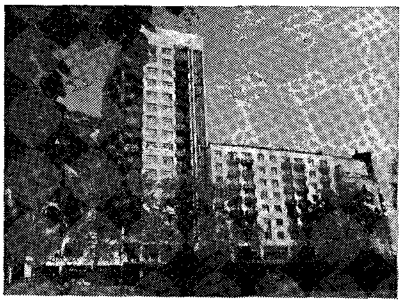

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he saw her not as the messed-up little Viennese teen-ager she was but as Original Woman, in all her beauty and evil mystery, it is no wonder that he treated her as he did. Freud was no freer of the capacity for overestimation than the rest of us are, and perhaps less so. His idealizing transference to his friend Wilhelm Fliess is regarded as crucial to the discoveries of the nineties. The scales eventually fell from Freud's eyes about Fliess—after he had made use of him in the way that a patient "uses" his analyst through the transference. His discoveries made, Freud dropped their unwitting catalyst as he had dropped Breuer and was to drop Jung. Dora served something of the same purpose. Her power over Freud's imagination spurred him to his feats of ratiocination about her unconscious and, more significantly, created the tense, irritating, subterranean drama that gleams out of the paper like a street light shining into an insomniac's eyes.

Freud describes a scene in the middle of the analysis where he comes upon Dora in the waiting room hastily concealing a letter she has been reading. He naturally insists that she tell him what was in the letter. After a great show of reluctance, she finally confesses that the letter is from her grandmother, who has written to urge her to write more frequently. Freud finds this uninteresting and irrelevant, and concludes that "Dora only wanted to play 'secrets' with me, and to hint that she was on the point of allowing her secret to be torn from her by the doctor." If that indeed was what Dora was doing—and another analyst might have been less incurious about the grandmother—she could not have found a more willing and eager play-

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Marketed by Becker and Becker, Inc., Westport, CT 06880 mate. Freud's eagerness to tear secrets from his patient (what is the Pandora myth at bottom but a parable of defloration?) is amusing to read in the light of the laborious protestations of innocence he makes throughout the Dora paper. In its opening pages, he declares:

> In this case history . . . sexual questions will be discussed with all possible frankness, the organs and functions of sexual life will be called by their proper names, and the pure-minded reader can convince himself from my description that I have not hesitated to converse upon such subjects in such language even with a young woman. [To defend myself] I will simply claim for myself the rights of the gynecologist—or, rather, much more modest ones—and add that it would be the mark of a singular and perverse prurience to suppose that conversations of this kind are a good means of exciting or of gratifying sexual desires.

Later in the case, after dragging a fellatio fantasy out of the girl, Freud assures the reader—who, he feels, must be astonished and horrified by "my daring to talk about such delicate and unpleasant subjects to a young girl"—that "it is possible for a man to talk to girls and women upon sexual matters of every kind without doing them harm and without bringing suspicion upon himself, so long as, in the first place, he adopts a particular way of doing it, and, in the second place, can make them feel convinced that it is unavoidable," and that "the best way of speaking about such things is to be dry and direct." Today's more sophisticated analysts have no compunction about admitting the stimulation they feel when a patient talks about sex; it is regarded as one of the ordinary occupational hazards of the work. In his innocence (and given his time), Freud was probably more stimulated by his conversations with Dora than today's more wary and (given our time) jaded practitioners would be. Indeed, Freud's unconscious personal motives invest the Dora paper with the powerful and irritating hold on the imagination of analysts which it has held since its publication, as "Fragment of an Analysis of a Case of Hysteria," in 1905, five years after Dora slammed the door. (Freud kept delaying publication, fretting over something.) Behind its surface lesson of how to do dream analysis lies a more fundamental preoccupation. Behind the (manifest) scientific report on a doctor's search for the causes of a patient's hysterical symptoms lies a (latent) primitive drama of a man's struggle with himself—a struggle that everyone and anyone who does analy-

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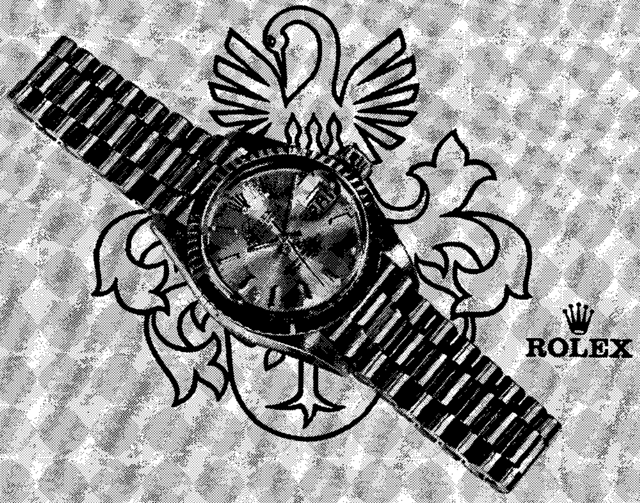
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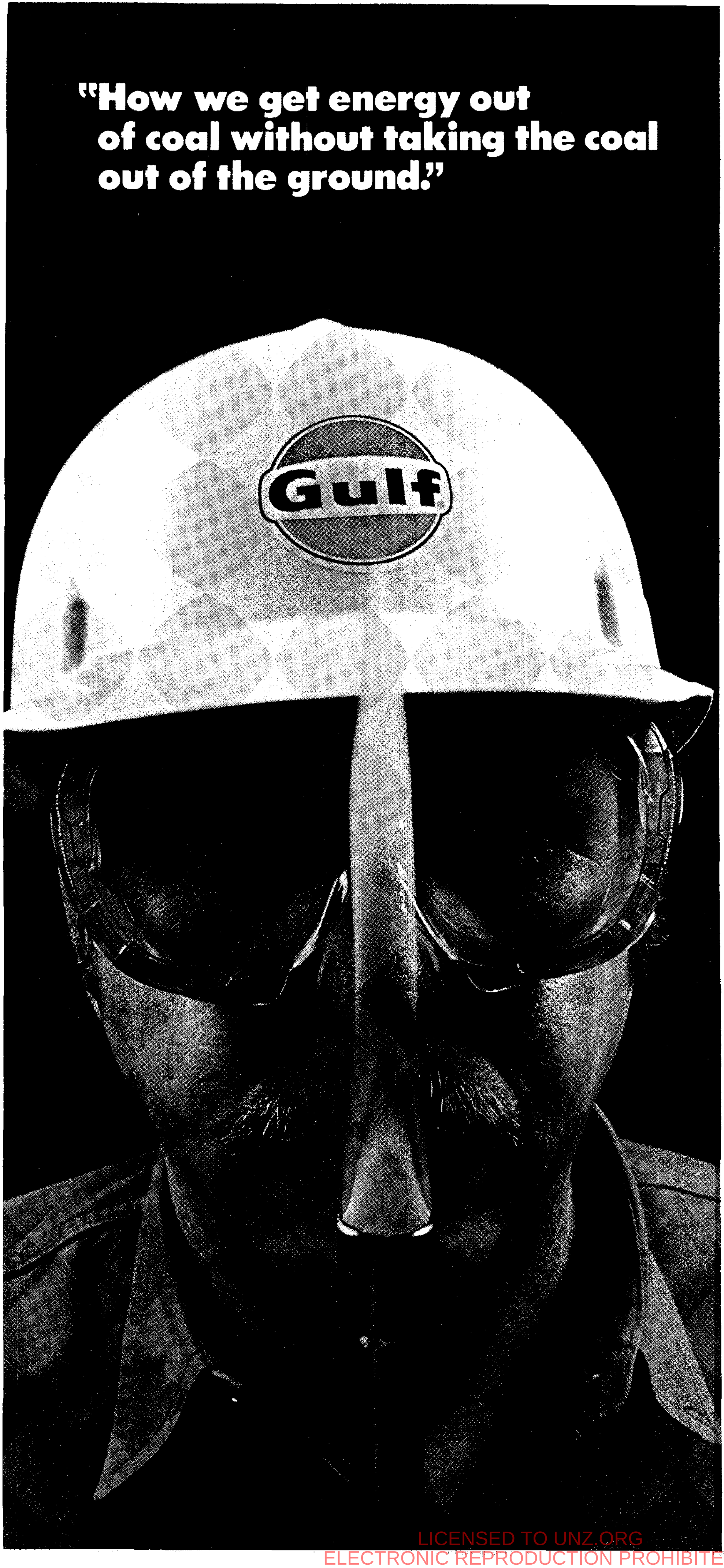

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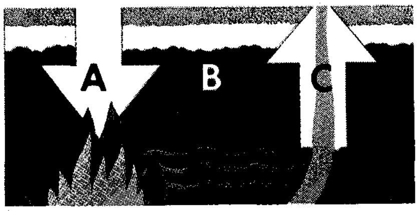

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sis experiences in relation to each and every one of his patients. "Might I perhaps have kept the girl under my treatment if I myself had acted a part, if I had exaggerated the importance to me of her staying on, and had shown a warm personal interest in her—a course which, even after allowing for my position as her physician, would have been tantamount to providing her with a substitute for the affection she longed for?" Freud asks after Dora's defection. He answers his rhetorical question by primly asserting, "I have always avoided acting a part, and have contented myself with practicing the humbler arts of psychology." But in his postscript Freud ruefully acknowledges that his slowness to take in and interpret Dora's transference from Herr K.—the friend of the family whose sexual attentions at once frightened and excited her—to himself was the cause of her abrupt leave-taking. But surely Freud's association of himself with Herr K. was not all on Dora's side; he himself wanted to do the things with Dora that Herr K. had tried to do. The part that Freud was anxious at all costs to avoid acting was that of the lecher, the—horror of horrors!—father who seduces his own daughter. The prurient interest that Freud attributes to others was his own. His harshness and coldness to Dora was his way of throwing cold water on his own far from cold feelings toward her. Ernest Jones, in his biography of Freud, marvels at how "quite peculiarly monogamous" Freud was, and writes, "Of few men can it be said that they go through the whole of life without being erotically moved in any serious fashion by any woman beyond the one and only one. Yet this really seems to have been true of Freud." But was it? The man who taught us to look into our hearts to find that we are interested in little else *but* sex was surely not exempt from his own discovery. Jones fails to distinguish between the desire and the deed. One might say that Freud's remarkable monogamy was, on the contrary, a direct consequence of the erotic arousal he experienced in his daily work. As the first analyst, he was the first to have to grapple with the passions that the unique analytic relationship unleashes in *both* participants, and on his days off he was not apt to chase girls. The Pandora's Box that Breuer opened with Anna O. and fled Freud steadfastly remained to face. In the Dora paper, Freud sets down—with what Leo Stone has called his

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"inspiring frankness"—the dialectic of fantasy and reality, passion and reason, freedom of feeling and constraint of behavior by which the analytic situation is ruled. Behind the apparent "innocence" of Freud's sexual wishes toward Dora lies a profound and skeptical knowledge of himself and of his motives and of the danger of his creation. He knew he was playing with fire, but he had the Promethean audacity to persist in his dangerous game of therapy. In the Dora paper, Freud illustrates the double vision of the patient which the analyst must maintain in order to do his work: he must invent the patient as well as investigate him; he must invest him with the magic of myth and romance as well as reduce him to the pitiful bits and pieces of science and psychopathology. Only thus can the analyst sustain his obsessive interest in another—the fixation of a lover or a criminal investigator—and keep in sight the benign raison d'être of its relentlessness.

And, finally, he must let the patient go. Dora's abrupt leave-taking was an extreme but standard version of the ending of analysis. All analyses end badly. Each "termination" leaves the participants with the taste of ashes in their mouths; each is absurd; each is a small, pointless death. Psychoanalysis cannot tolerate happy endings; it casts them off the way the body's immunological system casts off transplanted organs. Throughout its history, attempts have been made to change the tragic character of psychoanalysis, and all have failed. In the forties, for a notable instance, the Chicago-based émigré analyst Franz Alexander, following the lead of Sandor Ferenczi, proposed a happy ending for analysis in the form of a "corrective emotional experience," which enjoyed an enormous vogue. What this "experience" came down to was nothing much—some sort of guarded and antiseptic kindliness and reassurance from the analyst, a form of what is called "supportive" therapy today. Instead of reliving the same old sorry Oedipal drama on the couch, the patient would get a new deal, would find things to be not so bad this time around. The hard-line Freudians savagely fought the soft-hearted Alexandrians, and by the late fifties had defeated them; the "corrective emotional experience" has become one of those terms, like "the final solution," that are never uttered without their attendant shudder. Today, another Chicago analyst, Heinz Kohut, has come up with another re-

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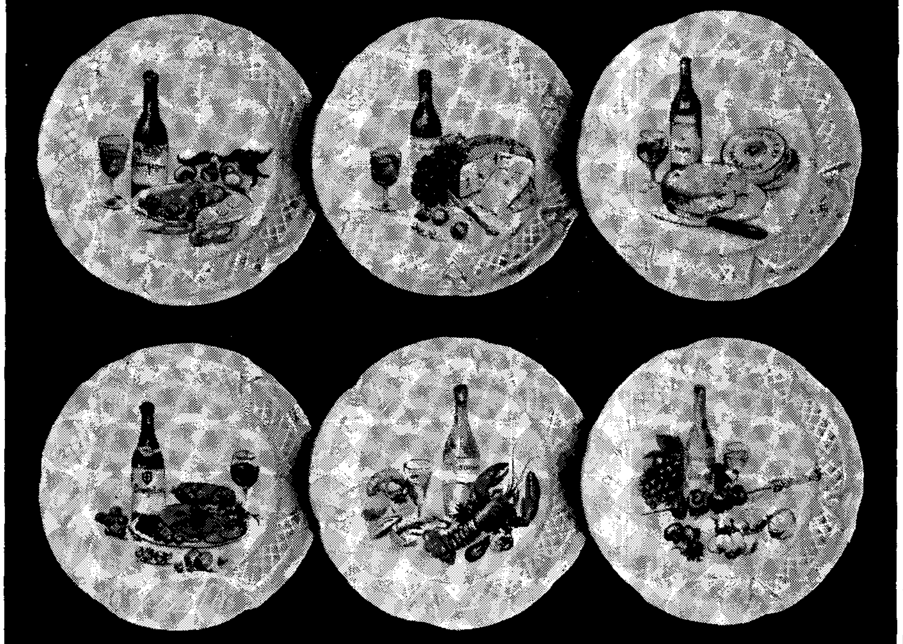

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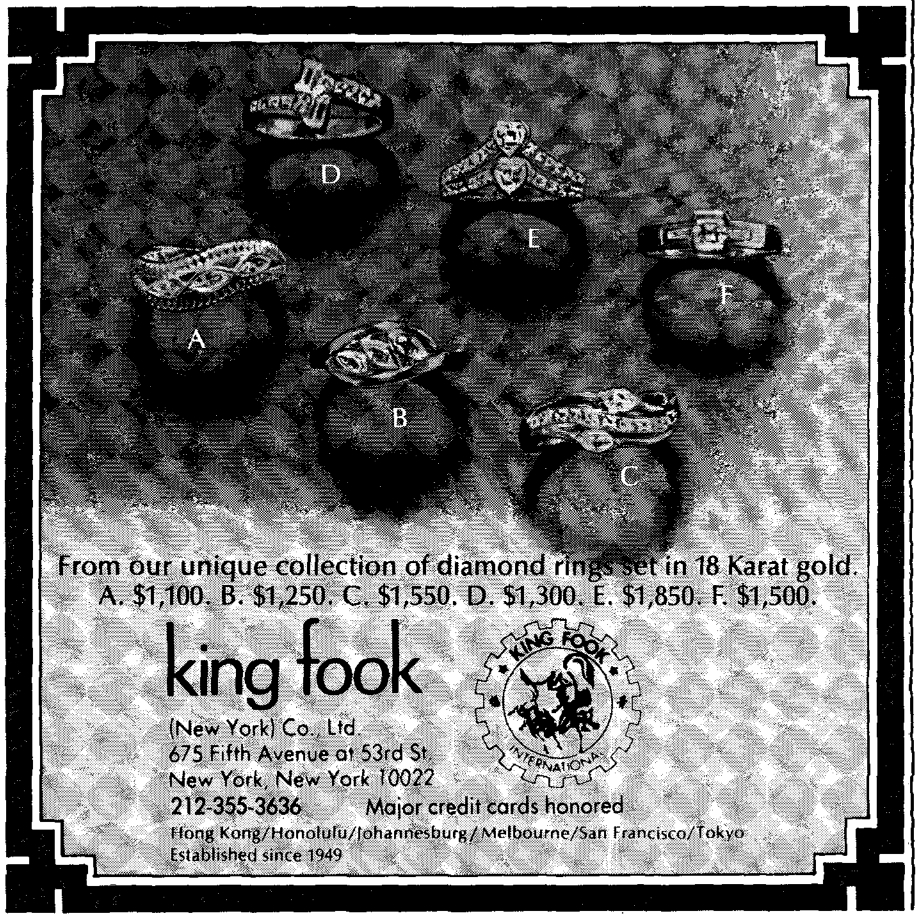

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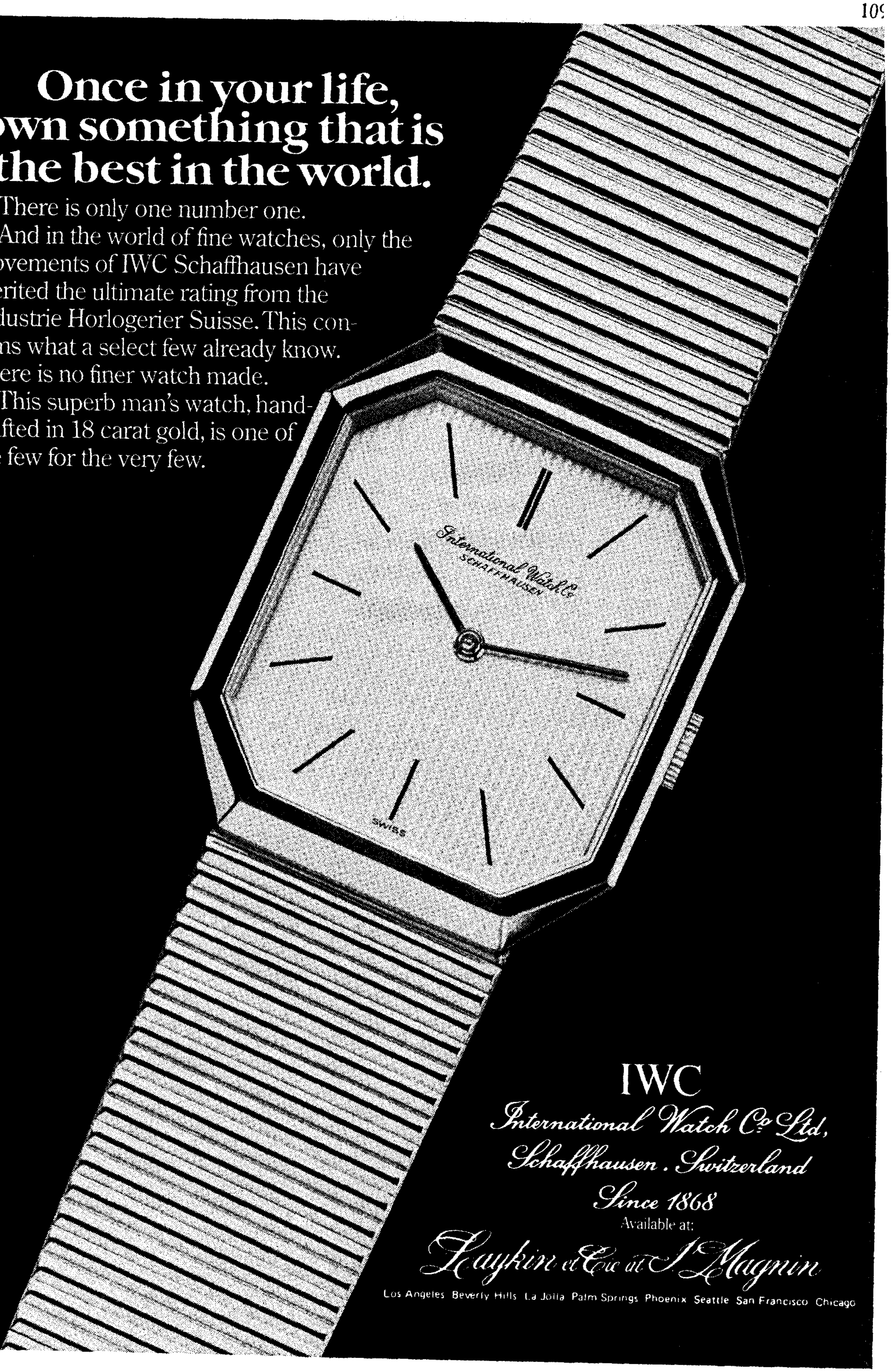

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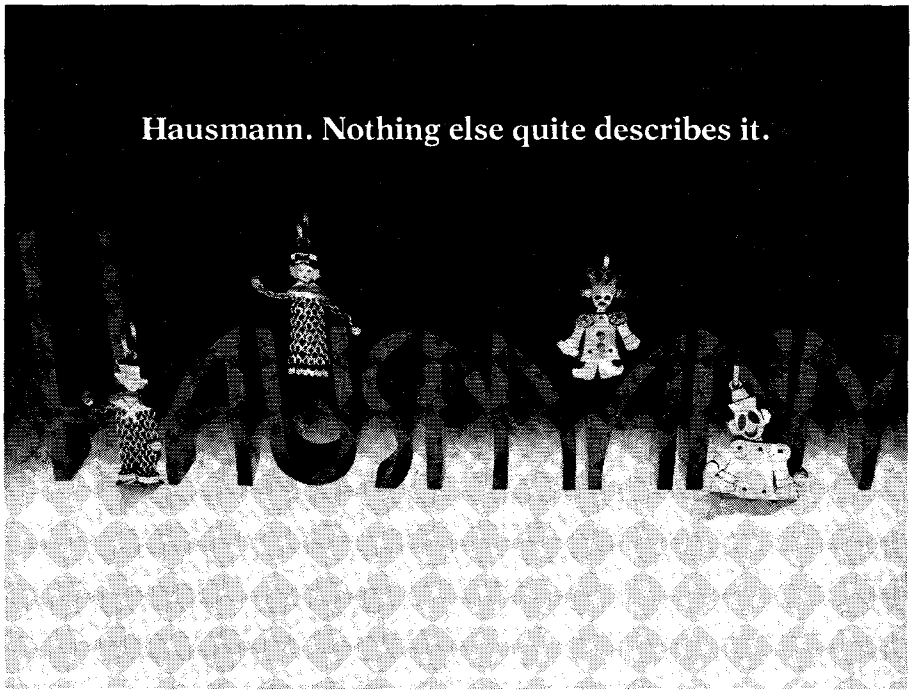

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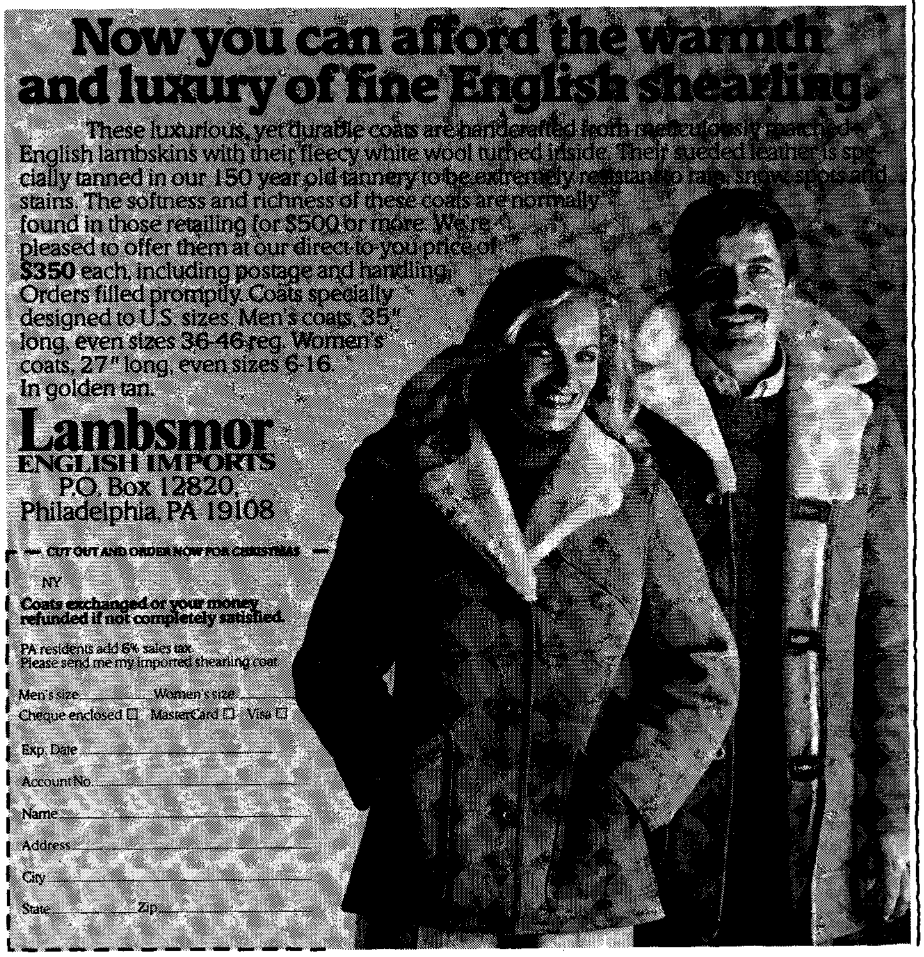

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vision of psychoanalysis which seeks to blunt its hardness and coldness, and again the profession has been polarized. In the context of this history, the punishment of the two New York Psychoanalytic Institute analysts takes on a larger meaning. It represents a theoretical posture as well as a moralistic one; it concerns the dogma of the psychoanalytical movement as well as the mores of the profession.

I asked Aaron if he could imagine himself doing what the two analysts had done.

"What do you mean 'imagine'?" Aaron said. "I've had such thoughts many times."

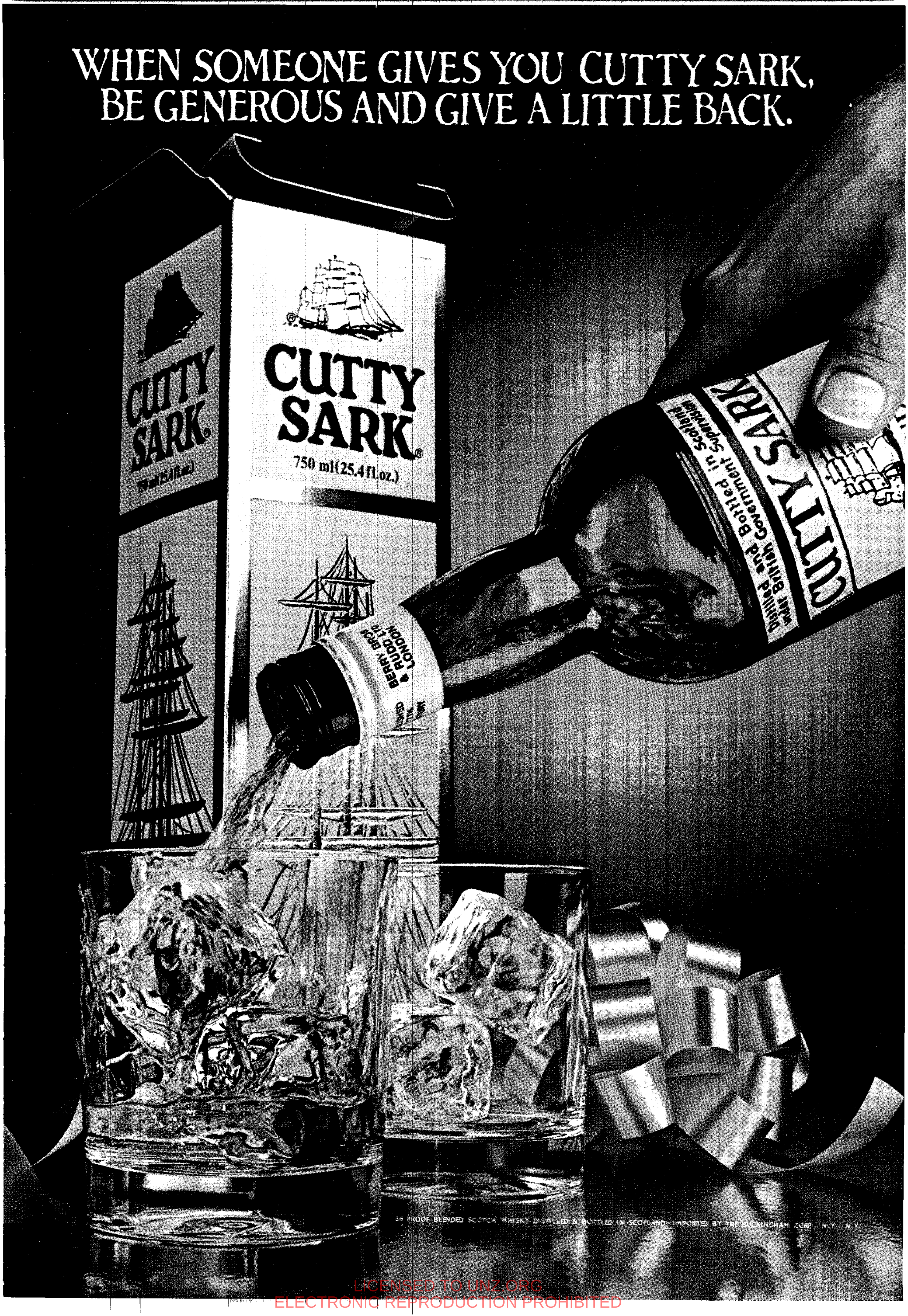
"So the temptation is there, but it must be resisted."

"I don't know about resisted. No. Analyzed."

"But you wouldn't do what they did."

"Analyzed," Aaron repeated. "Analysis says nothing about what one ultimately does. Analysis provides one with the greatest possible freedom regarding what one does. There have been many times when I've entertained fantasies not only of dating and marrying patients but of having sexual intercourse with them. These are common countertransference reactions. Yes, I have had these fantasies. Every other analyst has had them, too, and they're not the issue. The issue is whether the analyst is in an emotionally desperate situation that prevents him from analyzing his reactions and causes him to do something dire. These two men—as far as I can understand the rumors and the myths—were men whose marriages were breaking up in middle age. They were men in desperate straits. Analysts who sleep with their patients are usually people in desperate psychological straits. It isn't the attractiveness and seductiveness of the patient; rather, it's that the analyst is in horrible shape in his own life and turns to the patient for help. People who seduce their own children are people in dire emotional circumstances who turn to their children to feel better about themselves—with tragic consequences."

"So when you analyze your feelings about a patient before choosing not to sleep with her, you already know you won't, the way a father knows he won't sleep with his daughter," I said. "Aren't you being disingenuous when you say you just analyze yourself and your fantasies, not knowing where the analysis will lead? Since you already know it won't lead anywhere? Why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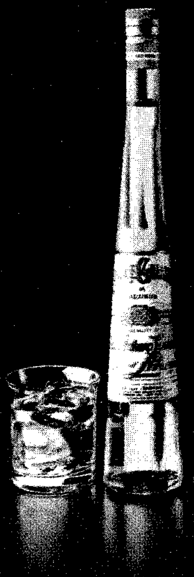

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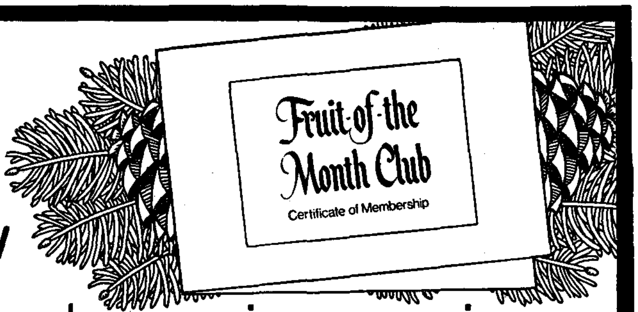
not just accept that limitation on your behavior? Those two analysts evidently broke the incest taboo."

Aaron nodded a sort of reluctant agreement and said, "I feel lucky that I've never been in such a situation. There have been beautiful young patients who have fallen in love with me in an erotic transference—one feels the instinctual tug of this kind of thing—but that's par for the course, that's not what the issue is. The issue is that one of those men had been president of the American Psychoanalytic Association and the other was almost as important. There are several ways one can look at their act. One can regard it as an instance of human frailty—the act of men in middle age tempted to grab at an opportunity for more joy from life, aware of what the consequences will be if they go against the mores of their tribe but deciding to do it anyway. Seen in these terms, a certain heroic and tragic quality adheres to their choice. But let me give you another scenario, a less sympathetic one but just as probable. Here are two men who are idealized and idolized. Wherever they go in psychoanalytic circles, people say, 'Look, there goes So-and-So.' They are figures of the most enormous renown and prestige; they generate dazzle and glamour. And they figure, as they say in Yiddish, '*Der Reb meg*'—'The Rabbi is allowed.' That's less sympathetic, but it corresponds to their positions. There is certainly the possibility that they were intoxicated by their own renown and by the idolatry directed at them. You can carry it a step further. Take a person who has an underlying sense of guilt, an abiding feeling of moral deficiency, whose guilt is so strong that he has to do something self-destructive—what about his reaction to being idolized, idealized, lionized, worshipped? Carry it one transformation further. What about the surgeon who doesn't wash his hands before doing an operation? What about the surgeon who doesn't sew the patient up properly? That's malpractice. What these men did may be considered malpractice."

"How so?"

Aaron got up and said, "Phyllis Greenacre has written very trenchantly on this subject. I'll read you what she wrote." He took a bound volume from his bookcase and leafed through it until he found his place. "This is from a paper called 'The Role of Transference' that appeared in the *Journal of the American Psycho-*

YES,



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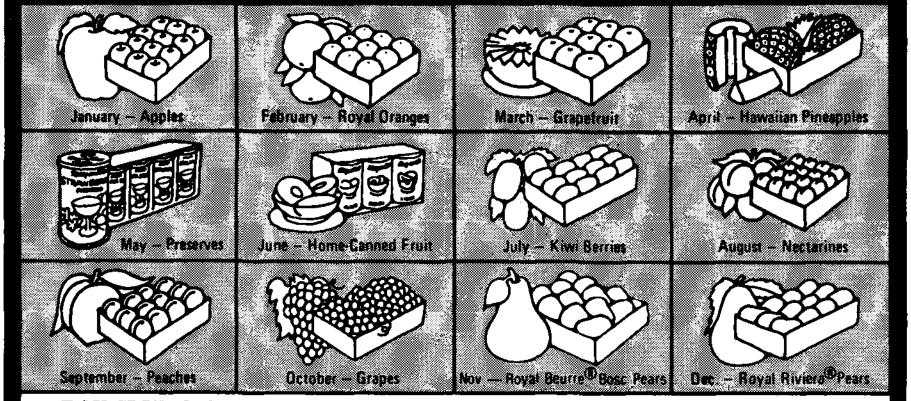

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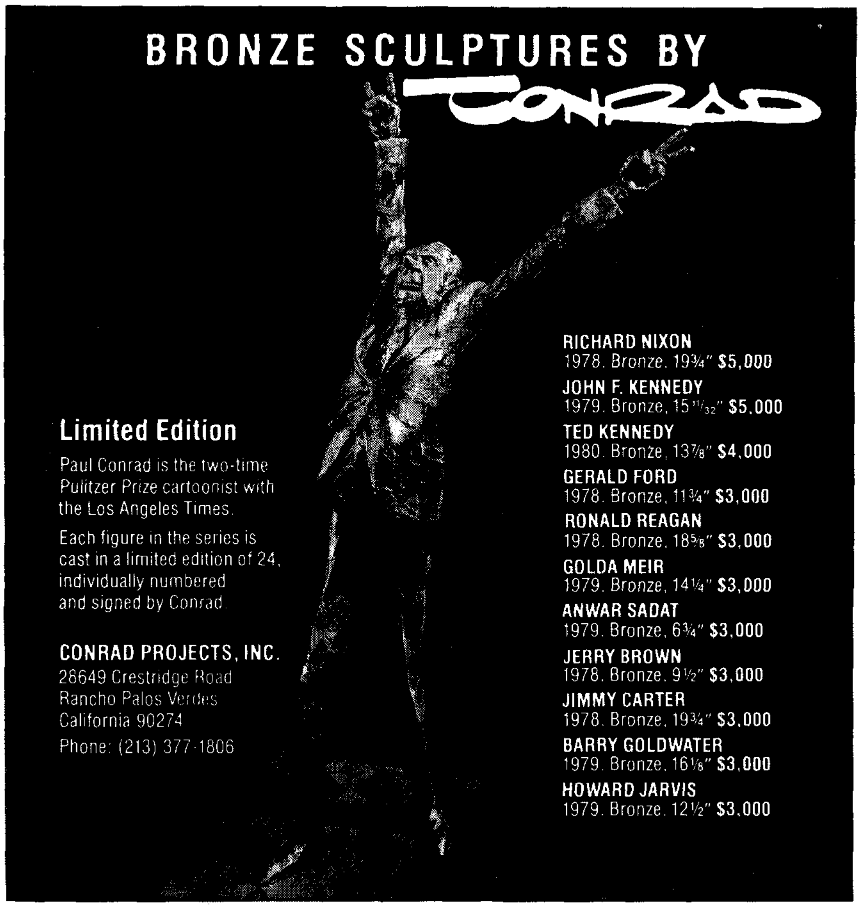
analytic Association in 1954," he said, and read:

> I cannot in the least agree with the remark of a quite eminent analyst, repeated to me several times, that so many analysts overstep the boundaries of the transference—even in grossly sexual ways—that therefore the best thing to do is to say nothing about these incidents. It is only by discussing these possibilities (rather than by punishing the offenders) and by emphasizing their dangers to students and among ourselves that we can really develop our science to the research precision which must be aimed at in each clinical case. . . . The carrying through into a relationship in life of the incestuous fantasy of the patient may be more grave in its subsequent distortion of the patient's life than any actual incestuous seduction in childhood has been. . . . The power of the unconscious is such that it "gets back" at those who work with it and treat it too lightly.

AARON was appointed to the minor administrative office at the Institute for which he had been proposed. He told me of his feeling of anxiety on the day he got a telephone call from the president of the Institute. He had affected not to care, but the thought of being passed over was afflicting, and when the president told him he had been appointed he was enormously relieved. Though he considers the office unimportant, he says he would have felt terrible if he had lost out. "It took on a transferential meaning for me," he said. "The minute I heard the president's voice on the phone, I started to tremble. My heart was beating too fast. I was in a bad state of anxiety. All this for a menial administrative job!"

The problem of unresolved transference in professional analytic societies is freely and frequently discussed in the analytic journals. In my leafings through the journals, I had come across numerous papers on the subject, and been struck by the extraordinary tension and bad feeling that pervade analytic organizations. "Envy, rivalry, power conflicts, the formation of small groups, resulting in discord and intrigues, are a matter of course," the Dutch analyst P. J. van der Leeuw wrote in 1968 in the *International Journal of Psycho-Analysis*, adding wistfully, "We expect fulfillment from the relationships between ourselves, and are so often disappointed. I have the impression that there are few true friendships among our members. Only now and then do our interrelationships develop into real friendship." Jacob Arlow ruefully observed in 1972 in the *Journal of the American Psychoanalytic Association*, "The tensions ema-



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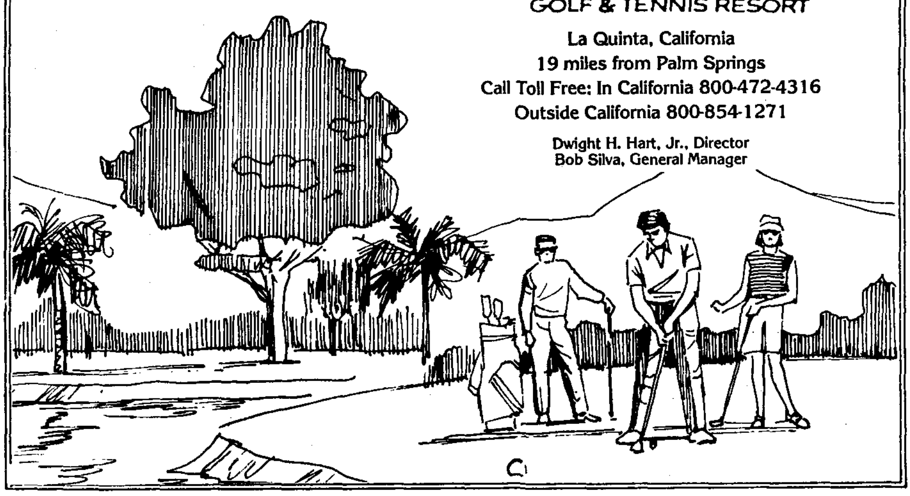

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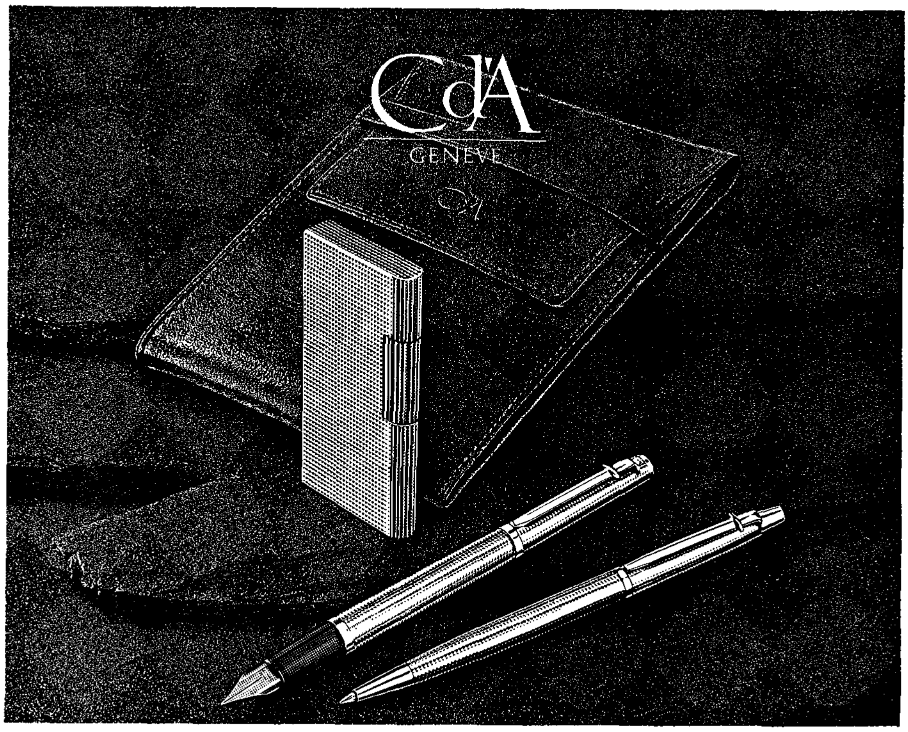

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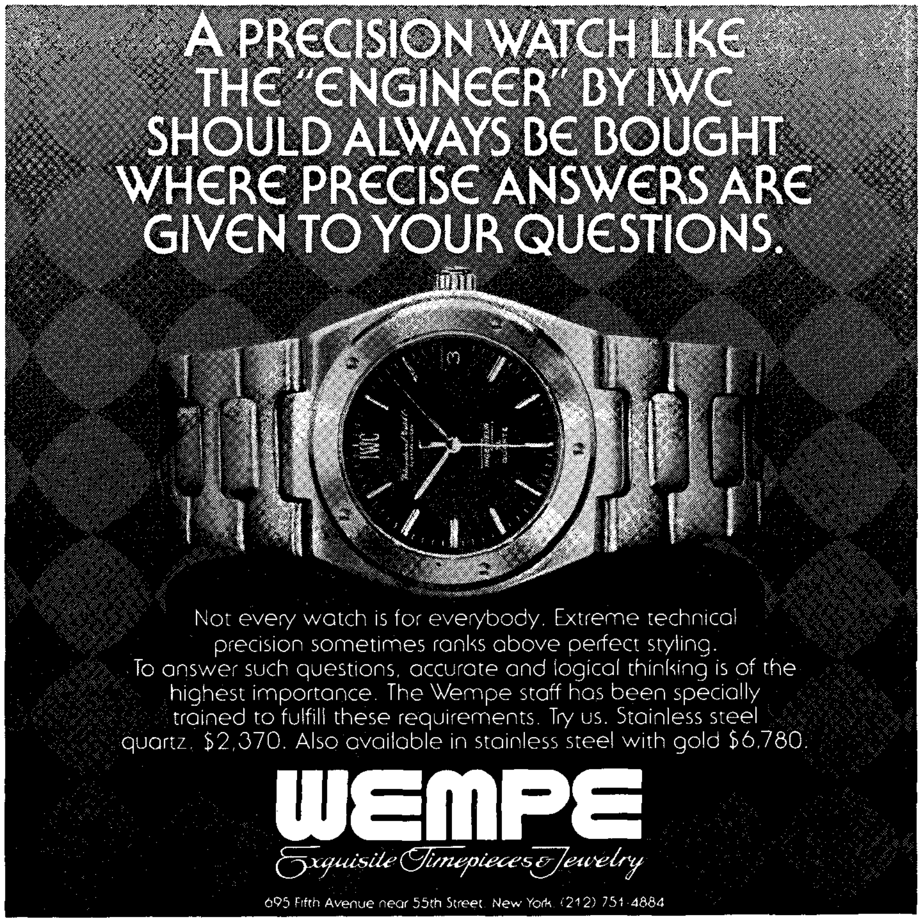
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nating from the division of colleagues into two categories of analysts—training analysts and just plain analysts—intrude themselves into the organizational and scientific life of the institutes." Arlow went on to attribute "the nagging feeling of discontent which pervades many colleagues who are not appointed training analysts" to the shared fantasy of the analytic community that the training analysis is a "prolonged initiation rite" whose natural culmination is admission to the ranks of the elect.

When I expressed some of my surprise to Aaron that analysts, who are supposed to be wiser and more reflective than the rest of us, conduct their organizational life in such a demented manner, he shook his head in vigorous disagreement.

"Analysts aren't wiser and more reflective than other people," he said. "They're no different from other people."

"But they've been analyzed. Doesn't that give a person some edge, a little extra power over his emotions and impulses?"

"Very little," Aaron said. "And such small edge as analysts have they exercise in only one situation in life—namely, the analytic situation. In that most unnatural, highly artificial, stressful situation, the analyst's small advantage of self-knowledge and self-control comes into play. But when you take him out of his consultation room, his advantage recedes and he becomes just like everyone else—he begins to act just like other people."

"This is ironic," I said. "The analyst works with his patients to get them to behave more rationally and reflectively, and remains irrational and unreflective himself."

"But that *isn't* what the analyst works to achieve with his patients. This is a popular myth about analysis—that it makes the patient a clearer thinker, that it makes him wise and good, that people who have been analyzed know more than other people do. Analysis isn't intellectual. It isn't moral. It isn't educational. It's an operation. It rearranges things inside the *mind the way surgery rearranges* things inside the body—even the way an automobile mechanic rearranges things under the hood of the car. It's that impersonal and that radical. And the changes achieved are very small. We live our lives according to the repetition compulsion, and analysis can go only so far in freeing us from it. Analysis leaves the patient with

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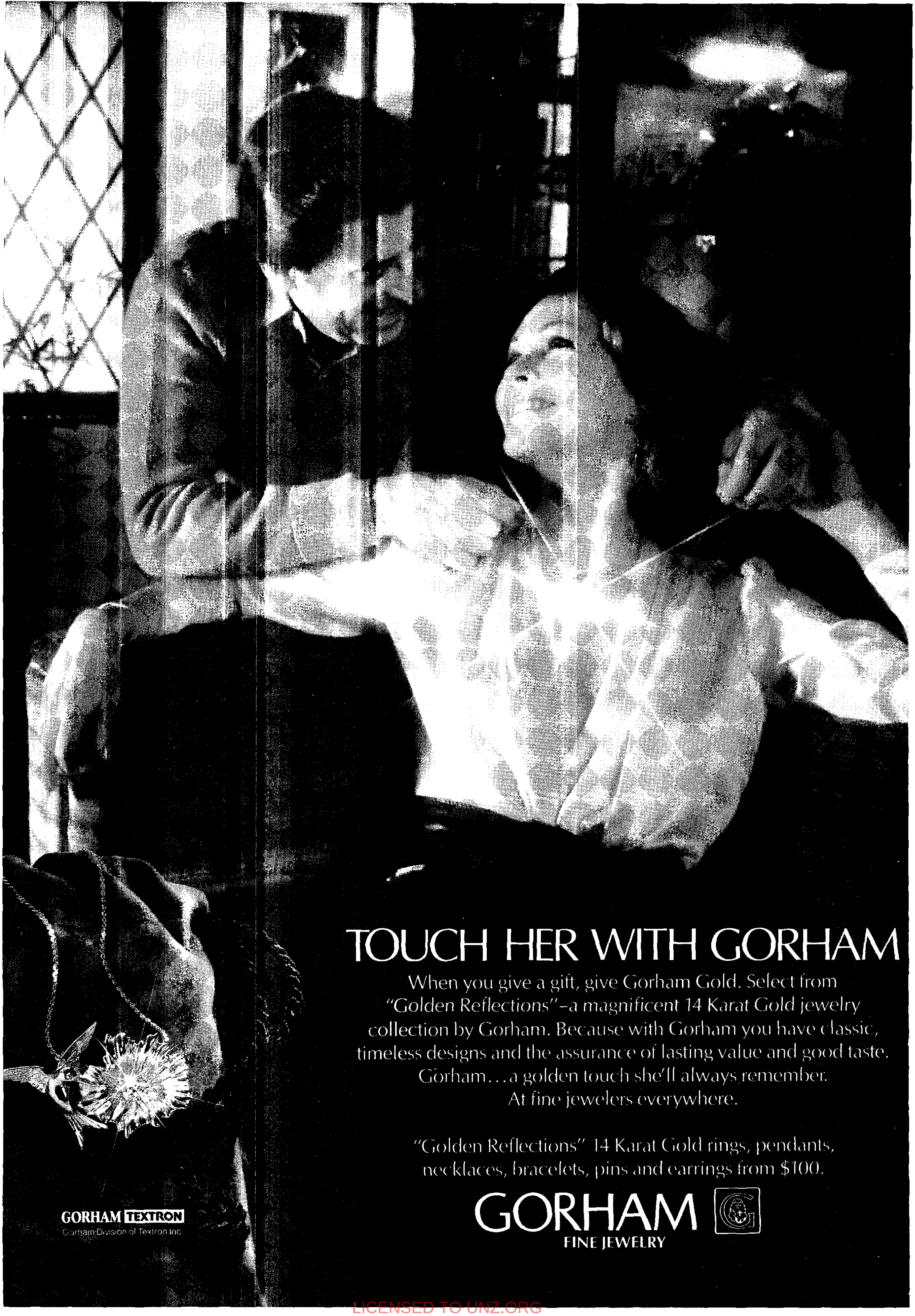

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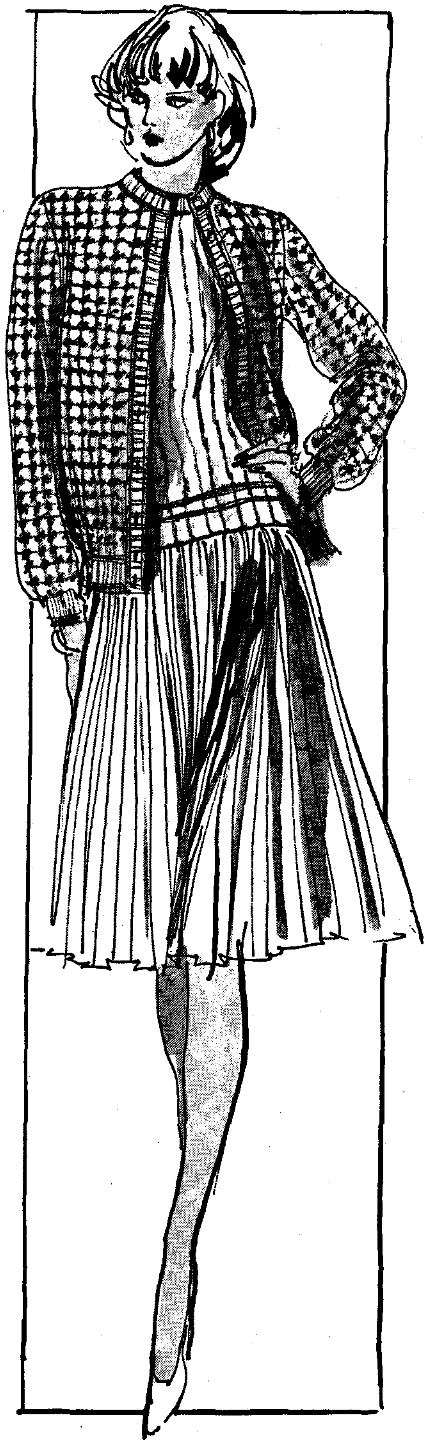

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more freedom of choice than he had before—but how much more? This much: instead of going straight down the meridian, he will go five degrees, ten degrees—maybe fifteen degrees if you push very hard—to the left or to the right, but no more than that. I myself have changed less than some patients I've analyzed. Sometimes I get discouraged about myself. Sometimes I worry about myself. A few weeks ago, I did something that still bothers me and worries me. My wife and I were having dinner with some friends in SoHo. We were lingering at the table, drinking wine and laughing a lot, and the conversation turned to analytic fees. Someone—these friends weren't analysts—started making jokes about them. Now, fees are a subject that I'm very sensitive about, for a number of reasons. First of all, because the whole subject of money is a charged one for me. I frankly want more money than I have, and I'm envious of analysts who are rich, yet I can't bring myself to do what's necessary to increase my income—that is, to beg for referrals. That, at any rate, is how it looks to me—the whole business of younger analysts sidling up to older colleagues at parties and meetings, like mendicants clutching at the robes of the nobility, and saying with apparent nonchalance, 'Oh, I have some free hours.' That's how it's done, and it seems degrading to me, and I can't do it. So I have unfilled hours, and am bitter. But there's something else that makes me sensitive to jokes about analytic fees. I have a patient whose analysis has all but revolved around the paying of the fee. At one point, this apparently simple practical matter took on such acute significance for him that he simply didn't pay me for a year. Yes, a *year!* And I allowed it to happen: he didn't pay, and I continued to see him week after week, month after month, following the thing out strictly analytically. I consider it one of the most heroic things I have ever done as an analyst, and it was tremendously successful. One day, he came in and handed me a check for fifty-seven hundred and eighty dollars. But lately he's stopped paying me again. We're going through it all once more, and I'm tense and worried about it, so when they started making jokes about fees at the dinner party I wasn't disposed to laugh, and I began very earnestly and seriously to explain to them how very important these things are. But they went on making their jokes—it was a lively party; we had drunk a

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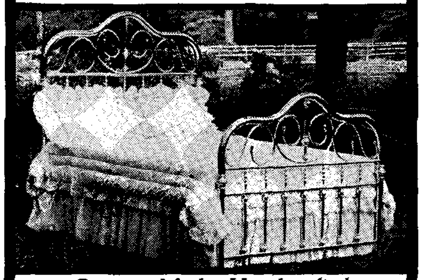

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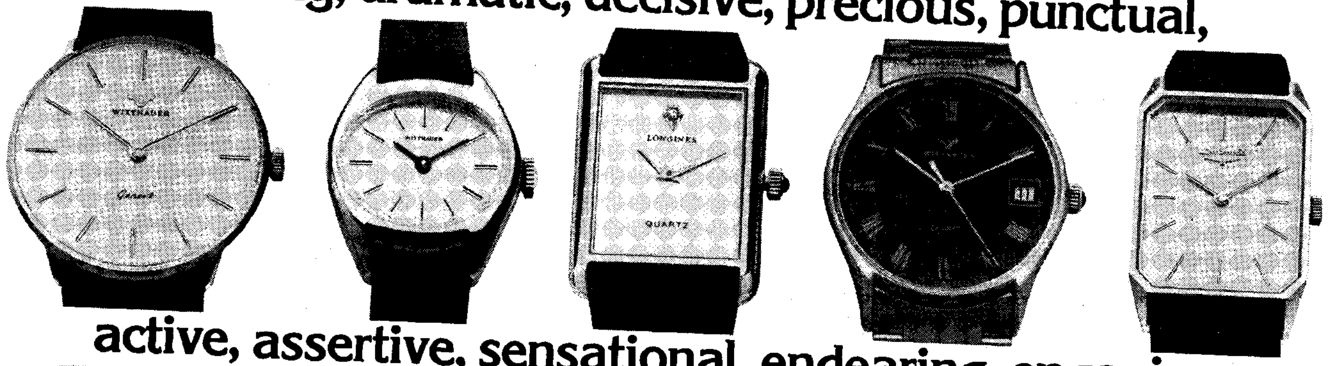

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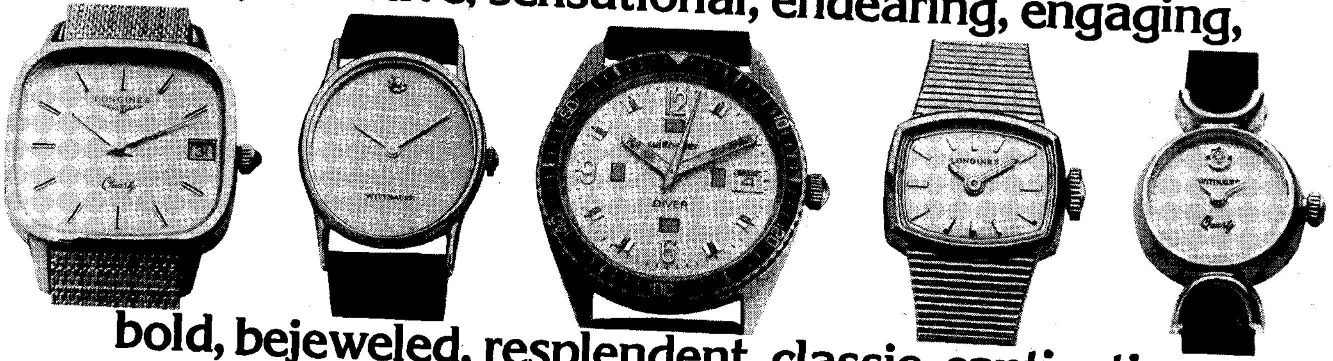

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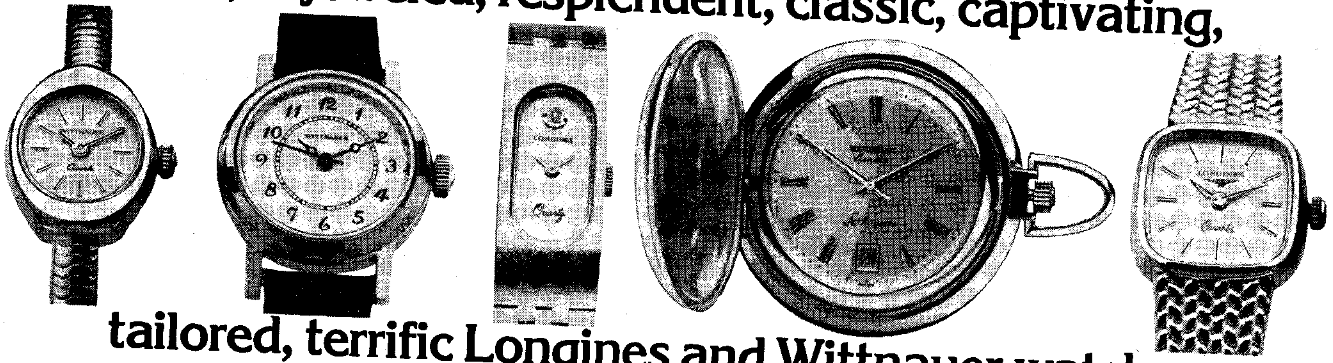

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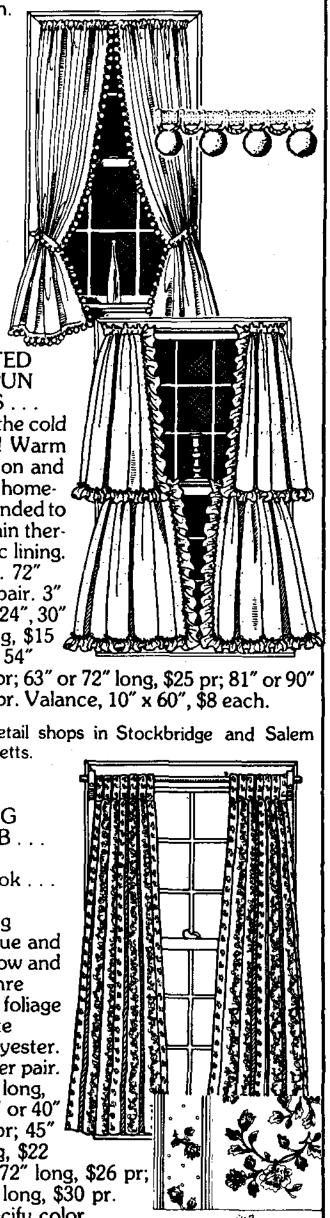

lot of wine—and finally I committed the grossest social faux pas. I lashed out with the most boorish, pontificating, morally outraged tirade—embarrassing to everyone there, and most of all to me. There I was: an analyst—mature, reflective, well analyzed (more or less)—acting just like a person. Worse." He laughed bitterly.

Aaron's self-flagellating mood continued during our meeting, weaving itself into our conversation whenever an opening offered itself. The subject of treating psychotics came up, and Aaron said he didn't like to work with them. "It bothers me sometimes," he said. "The reason is that I'm not very generous. I'm self-absorbed. I'm interested in my own ideas, my own worries, my own pains, my own pleasures. It's hard for me to give very much. The people who work well with schizophrenics are people whose center of gravity is a bit displaced, who can make another person the center of their lives, who are endowed with an unusual measure of intuitiveness and sensitivity and kindliness. Ferenczi was such a person—his empathy reached the magnitude of genius, and he was a man of great personal kindness. My first analyst was such a person, and Leo Stone is another. These qualities enable them to withstand the strain of working with very sick patients, and—when they are treating neurotics—allow them to dispense with the rigor of analytic technique a little more easily. *They can afford to do it.* Whereas others, like me, who are not so kind, not so sensitive, not so intuitive, require more graphic demonstrations of data in order to be sure about what they're doing and where the patient is. As for schizophrenics, it takes a special kind of person to work with patients who demand so much, and most analysts don't treat them, for all kinds of reasons. My own reasons—of selfishness and self-absorption and incapacity for immersion in another person—are probably the very reasons that drew me to psychoanalysis itself. I was attracted to psychoanalytic work precisely because of the distance it would create between me and the people I treated. It's a situation of very comfortable abstinence. A situation of *not* getting involved with the other person, of *not* taking responsibility for the other person's behavior, but only for one's own. Psychoanalysts talk quite frankly about the defensive comfort of analytic silence, passivity, and neutrality. It fits in with certain profound motives. Psychoanalysts, more-

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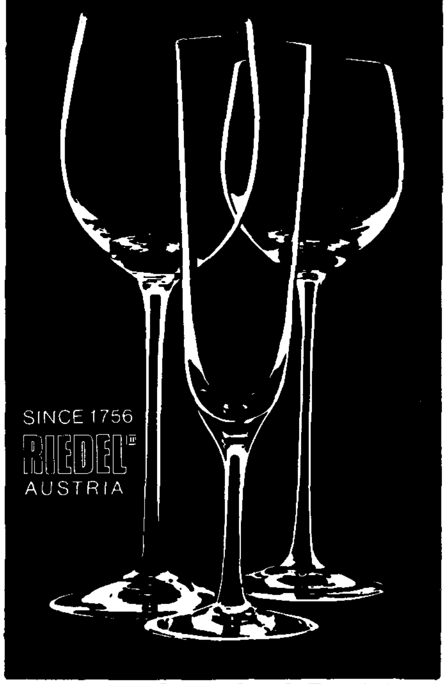

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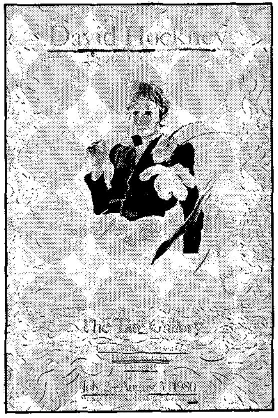

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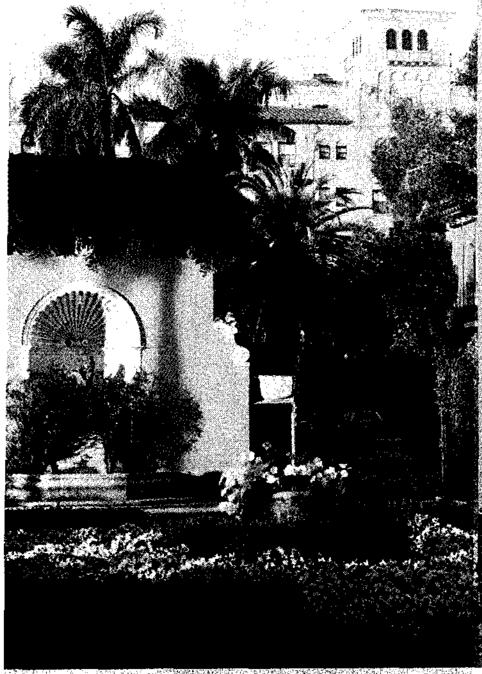

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over, are voyeurs: they're at the window watching what's going on in the bedroom, getting very excited, but not jumping into the fray. The defensive and instinctual motives that go into becoming an analyst are innumerable, and not pretty. They're cowardly, they're primitive. As if—I rush to add—all human behavior didn't have these roots. But these motives are certainly at the bottom of the desire to be an analyst. To say 'I've become an analyst because I'm interested in the mind' or 'because I want to help people' is hardly adequate, and no self-respecting analyst would ever settle for that, ever."

And yet apparently the work of analysis, for all its comfortable distance and non-involvement, is oddly unpleasant and agitating. Analysts are plagued by doubt and anxiety. "The gestalt of the profession is guilt," Aaron said. "Guilt over not understanding the patient. Analysts always suspect themselves of not being in control of the plethora of material coming out of the patient. They are being paid and trusted to perform a therapeutic service, and they are in the dark about certain things about the patient. There may be a rattlesnake under that rock, and they don't see it. This kind of thing is devastating, and it's chronic. Everybody worries about it. It's talked about, in an extremely guarded way, whenever analysts get together in small groups. It's in these small groups that the ambiguities and self-doubts come out. You don't hear about them at the meetings of the American Psychoanalytic Association or of the International.

"There are some analysts who, when they talk in public about their patients, talk with the most tremendous confidence and assurance, and draw the most profound admiration and envy. One such is Otto Kernberg. When Kernberg talks about a patient, he talks as if he understood him inside and out, backwards and forwards, with relatively little effort, and he is just dazzling. Dazzling, brilliant, impressive, and"—Aaron paused to bang his fist on the arm of his chair for emphasis—"*unconvincing*. There's the rest of us, crushed under the ton of bricks we call our ambiguity about our patients, which we drag about with us day after day, and there's Kernberg, who gets up on a rostrum and talks about his cases as if they were nose jobs. Once, I heard him talk about his use of countertransference in a case. He told about an image that floated

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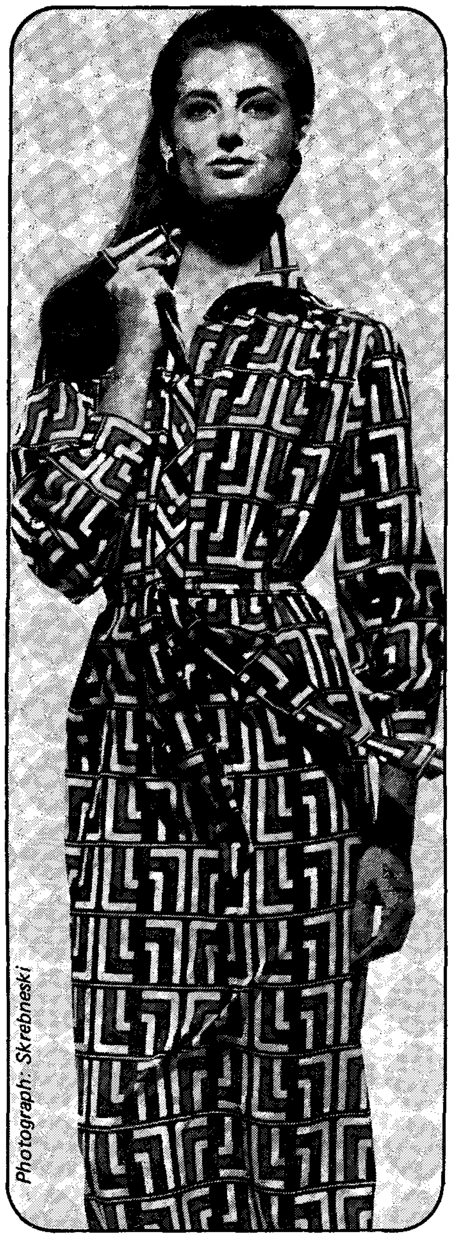

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into his mind as the patient was talking. The image derived from a movie he had seen in which a man murders his mistress in a particularly bloody and sadistic manner. Kernberg related that he pushed it out of his mind. Then, two weeks later, something came up in the patient's associations about his hatred of his wife, and Kernberg remembered the image. 'I realized that I should not have pushed it out of my mind,' Kernberg said. 'I should have taken it as factual material, and had I done so I would have saved the patient ten sessions of work.' I sat there and thought, Christ, how many sessions have gone by when *I* haven't caught something—ten, twenty, fifty, a hundred? And here's Kernberg worrying about ten sessions that he could have saved the patient. He had screwed up, and ten sessions had been wasted. And I was so envious that Kernberg could feel accountable for missing something and costing the patient ten hours, while I dragged my ass around for God knows how long before I finally understood something about a patient. I recently thought back to Kernberg's speech—I heard it five years ago—and I thought what foolishness to think that making an interpretation ten sessions earlier would be the equivalent of making it ten sessions later. As if nothing else had taken place, and the delay hadn't had its own reason and logic, and the patient wouldn't be readier to hear it and the analyst readier to make it. If you try to understand the patient in the overwhelming fullness of his individuality and idiosyncrasy, you will not have the easy time of it that Kernberg has had with his schematic methods. You will feel discouraged, guilt-ridden, depressed, lost, confused, and deluged by the quantity of data and by its ambiguity and complexity."

"But does it eventually fall into place? Do you finally understand the patient?"

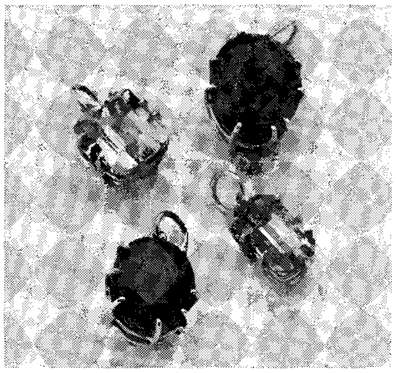
"Yes. If you go about it in ways that are undistorting, yes. But it takes years of work, and it's full of pitfalls."

AT our next meeting, I confessed to Aaron that I sometimes got tired of hearing him talk—that I rather resented always listening to him and never talking about myself.

"There it is," Aaron said, with an ironic gesture of the hand.

"Is that how you feel with your patients?" I asked.

"*And how!* In one of the nicest things that Kohut's done, he writes



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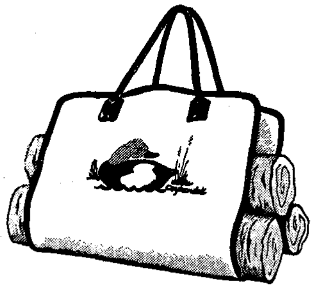

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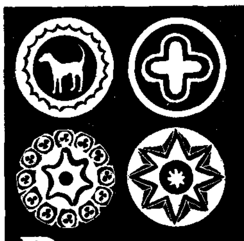

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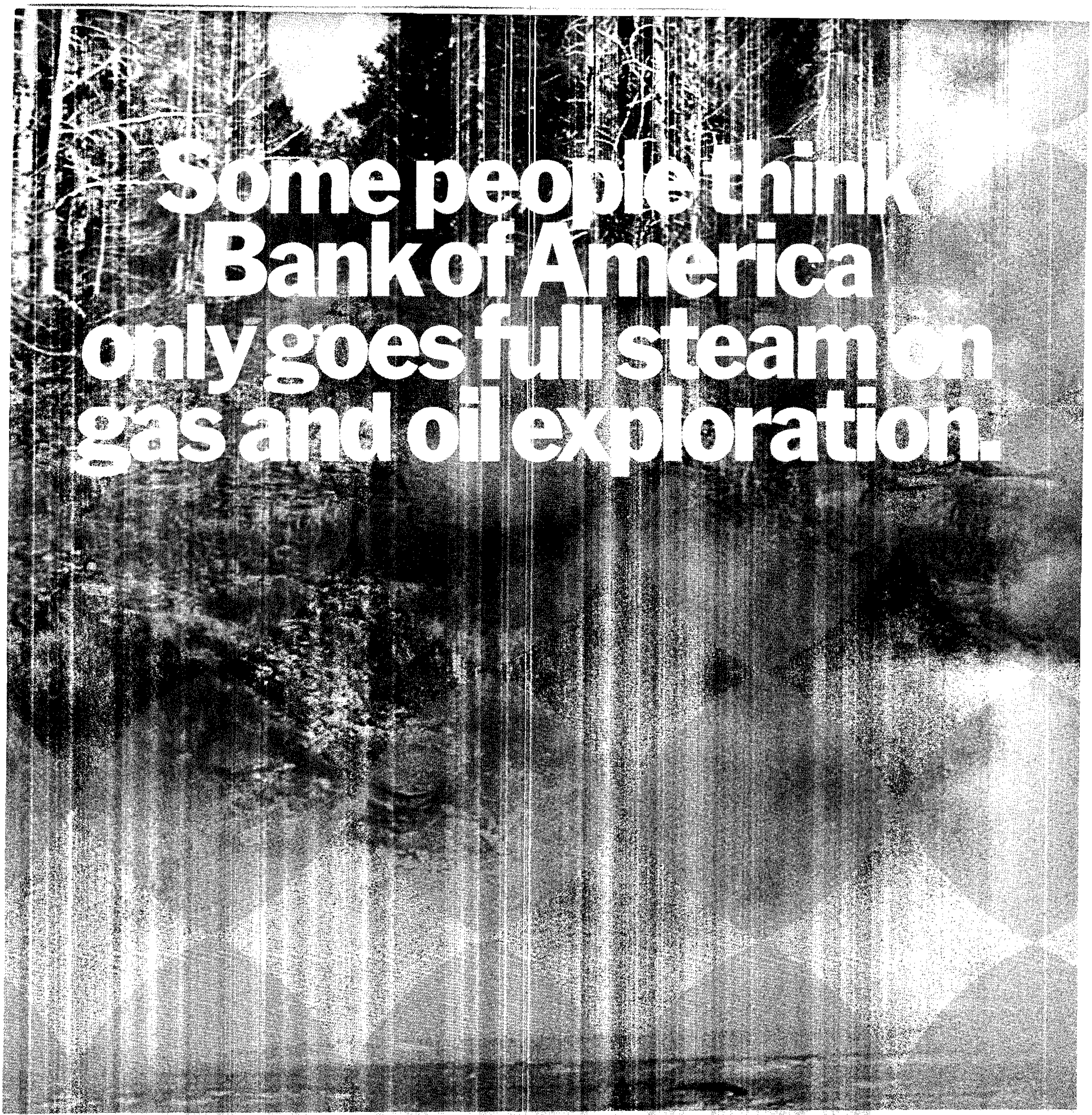

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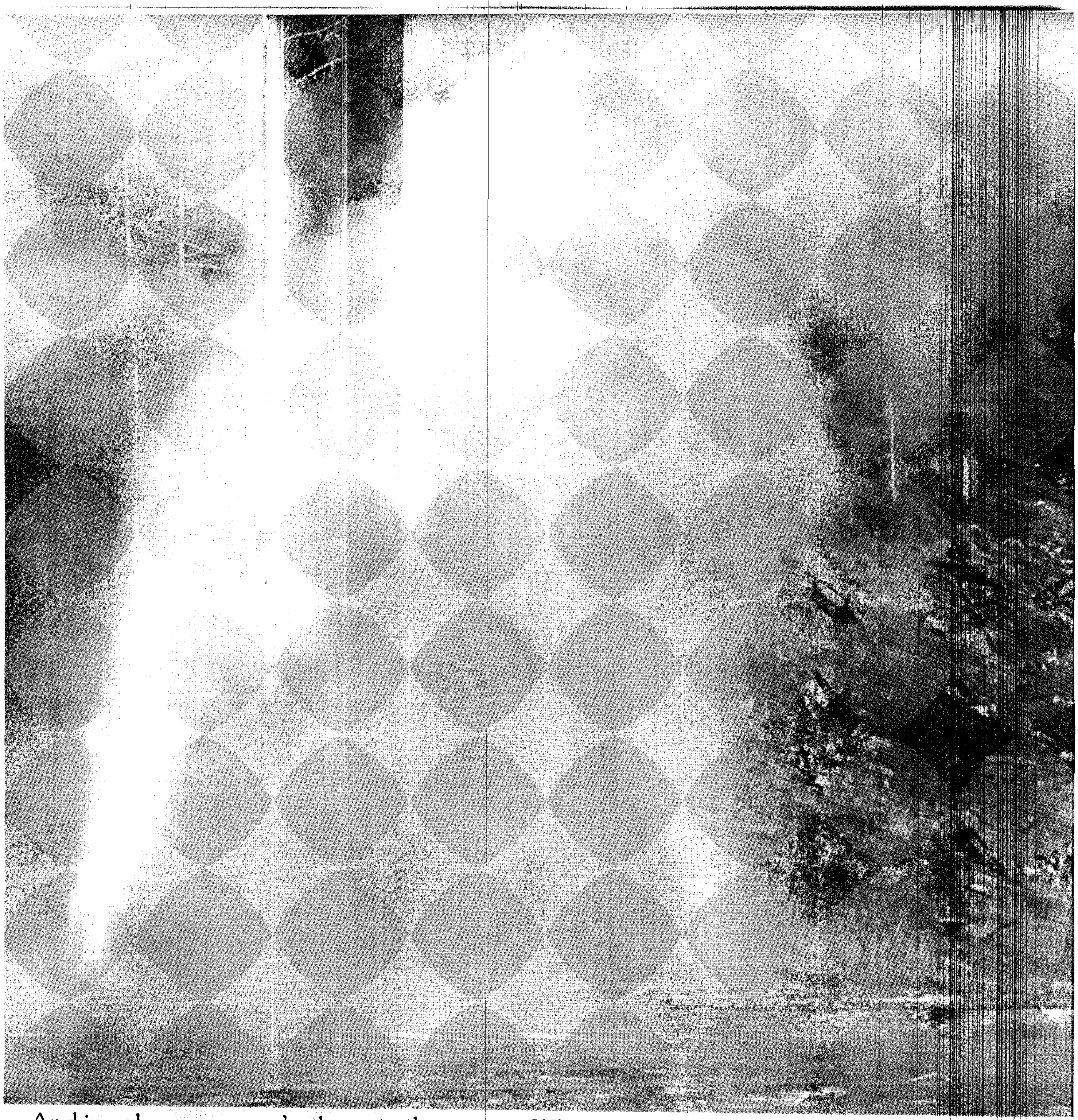

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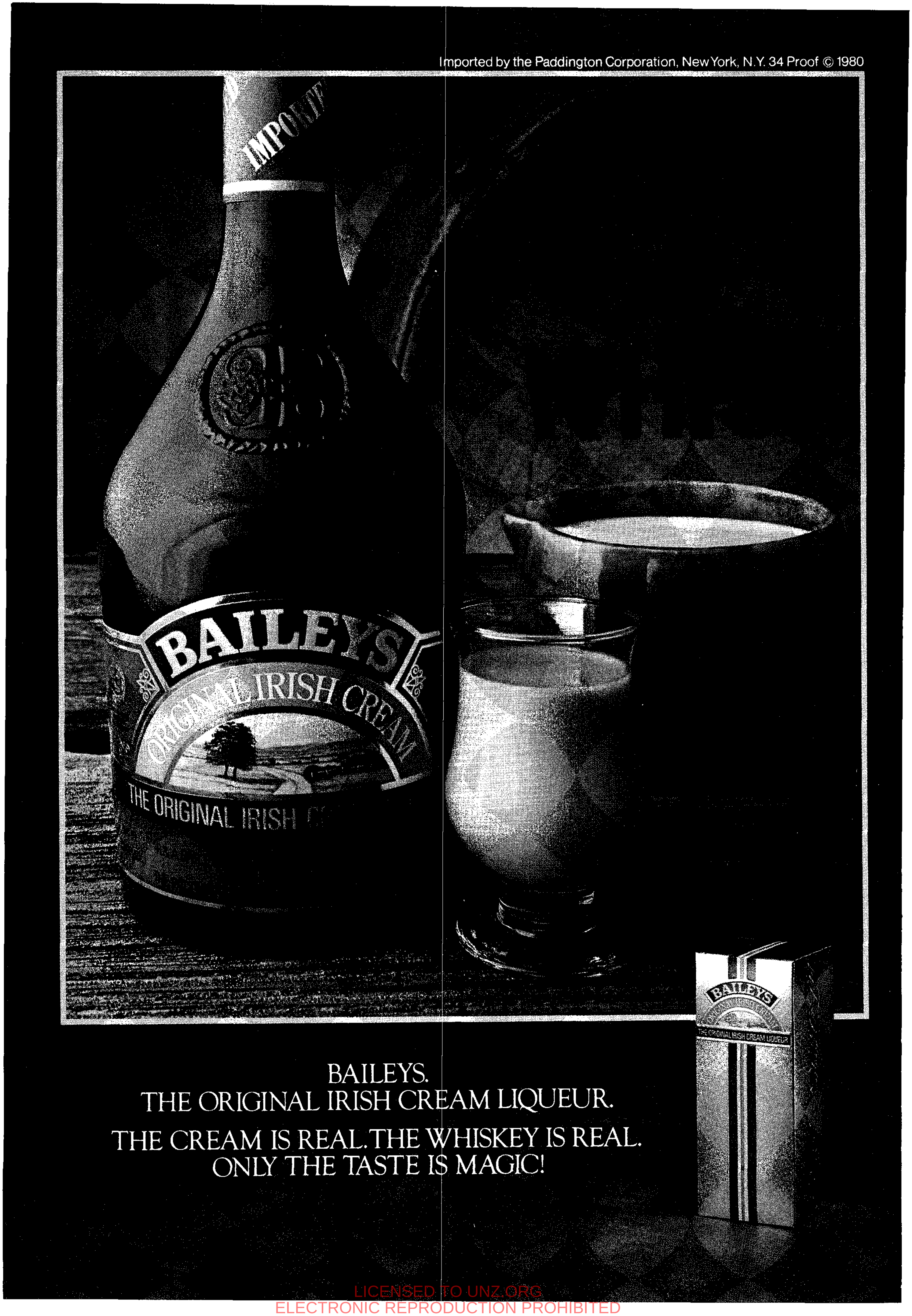
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about wanting to shout at the patient who ignores him and treats him as if he were a mere sounding board, 'But what about *me*? Aren't you interested in *me*?' He goes on to counsel analysts working with such a patient not only to accept their feelings of anger and frustration but to accept the patient's self-involvement as well—to understand that the patient has the right to be more interested in himself than in the analyst. Kohut's legitimizing of *all* of the patient's behavior was an important contribution. Analysts have to tolerate all kinds of unpleasant feelings. I'm glad you're experiencing something of what we go through. The uncomfortable emotions that the patient evokes in the analyst should not only be borne but be examined for what they may reveal about the *patient*.

"I had a patient once who made me horribly sleepy. I couldn't understand it at first. She was by no means a boring person. She associated well, and she was someone I liked and respected—a very fine, a truly *good* person. So it just didn't seem possible that this almost suffocating sleepiness could be a reaction to her personally. I thought it must be the time of day I saw her—but that couldn't be, because she had different hours on different days. I thought it might be the result of staying up too late, so I drank black coffee. But the sleepiness persisted, and finally it dawned on me what it was all about. I realized that the patient had developed an erotic transference to me and was defending herself against it by making herself uninteresting and dreary—as she had done throughout her childhood with her father, and as she was doing in adult life with the men with whom (for some strange reason) she could never get into any sort of satisfying lasting relationship."

"But the sleepiness was *your* symptom," I said. "She didn't really *make* you sleepy."

"But she did. That's the beauty of it. That's where countertransference can be of such enormous clinical usefulness. It's not a simple business. You have to carefully pick apart the various strands. You have to distinguish between what your reactions to the patient are telling you about his psychology and what they are merely expressing about your own. In this case, it was necessary for me to distinguish between the usual queasiness I feel when a woman patient develops an erotic transference to me and the peculiar boredom that her behavior toward

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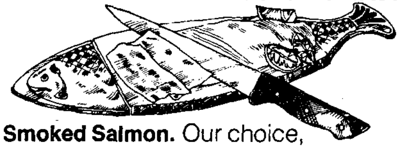

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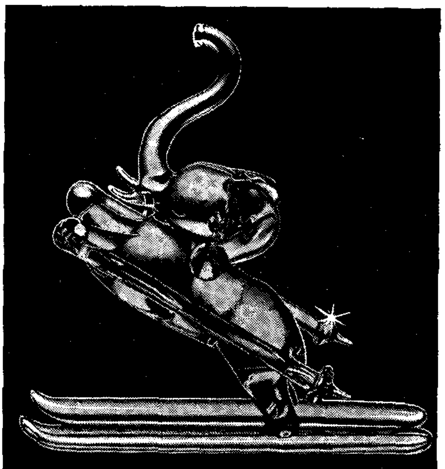
me elicited. The feeling of queasiness has to do with my anxiety about seduction: here's this person in my charge who trusts me and has developed intense childlike feelings toward me—called the transference—and here I am stimulated, and also scared, because you don't *do* that sort of thing. The sleepiness was something else. It really had nothing to do with me personally. It was evoked in me, as it had been evoked in her father and then in the men in her adult life. I was simply reacting to her as they had reacted to her and as anyone would react to her.

"It was unconscious, of course, and extremely subtle. Her free association seemed to be full of the richest and deepest analytic material. Actually, it was empty. It was shallow and hollow, and I was bored because of what was missing—namely, the sap, the juice, the eroticism that is in everything and that makes for life and interest, that keeps us awake and alive."

"What did you do about it?"

"Whenever I had a chance, whenever it appeared in the analytic material, I would point out to her that she was trying to get away from sexual interaction with me. For instance, when she came into the room she wouldn't look at me. She would sort of sidle past me and scrunch down on the couch with her head turned toward the wall. I pointed this out to her. Once, I happened to come into the building as she was coming in, and we rode up in the elevator together. I could see that it was agonizing for her to be so close to me. She went into a kind of panic over the incident. Well, I brought it out into the open and referred to it whenever an opportunity presented itself. I was now attuned to her defensive maneuver and watched for it. And slowly the whole issue of her sexuality and her relationships with men and her attitude toward her father began to emerge. She began to *remember* rather than *act out* her vengeful coldness and sexlessness toward her father. And I, of course, stopped being sleepy."

The conversation turned back to Kohut. Aaron elaborated on his divided view of the celebrated Chicago analyst—as an important contributor to analytic technique and as a misguided theoretician. "There used to be certain patients whom many, if not most, analysts found difficult, if not impossible, to treat, now known as patients with narcissistic disorders," he said. "These people had always been around, and analysts were always



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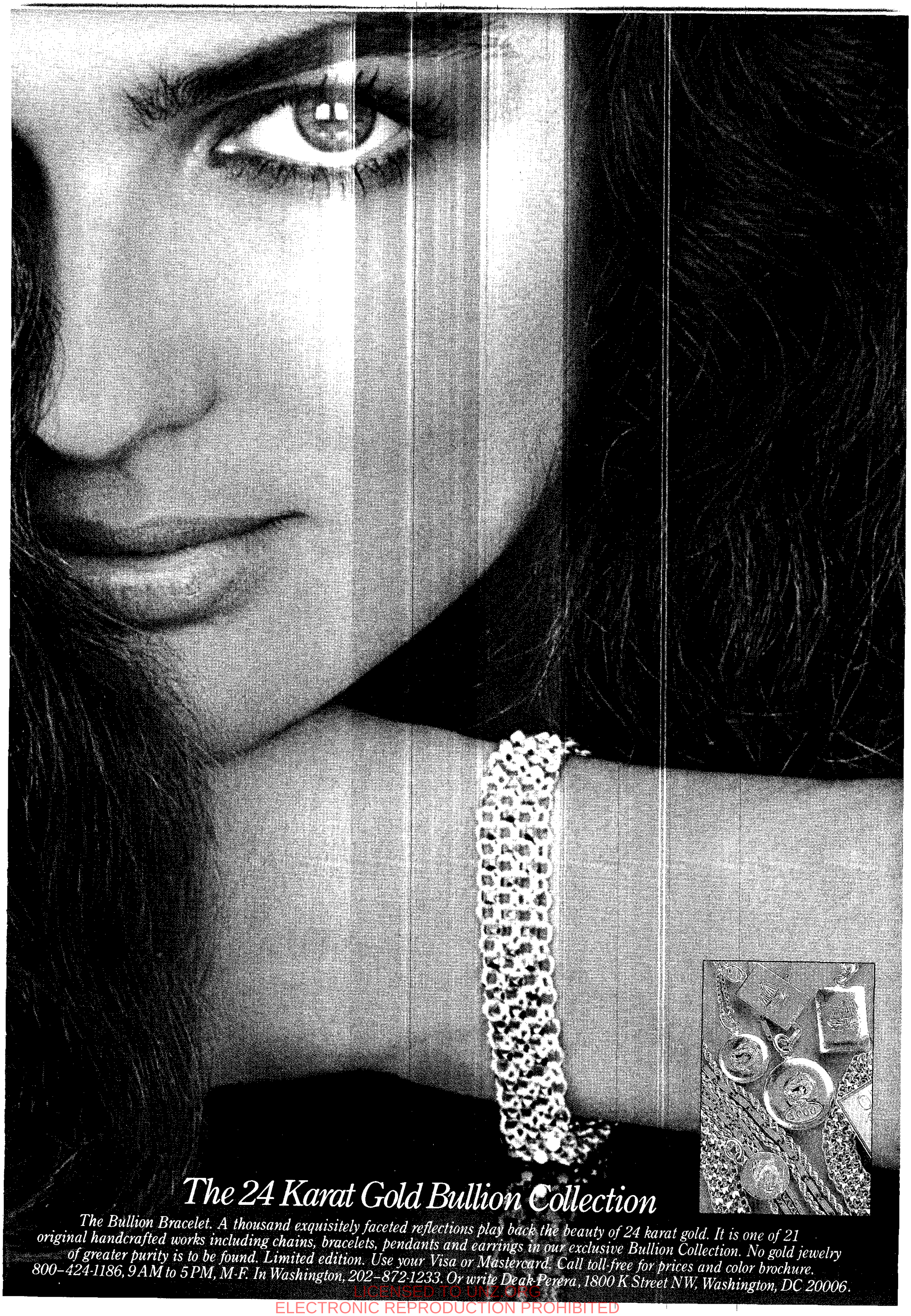

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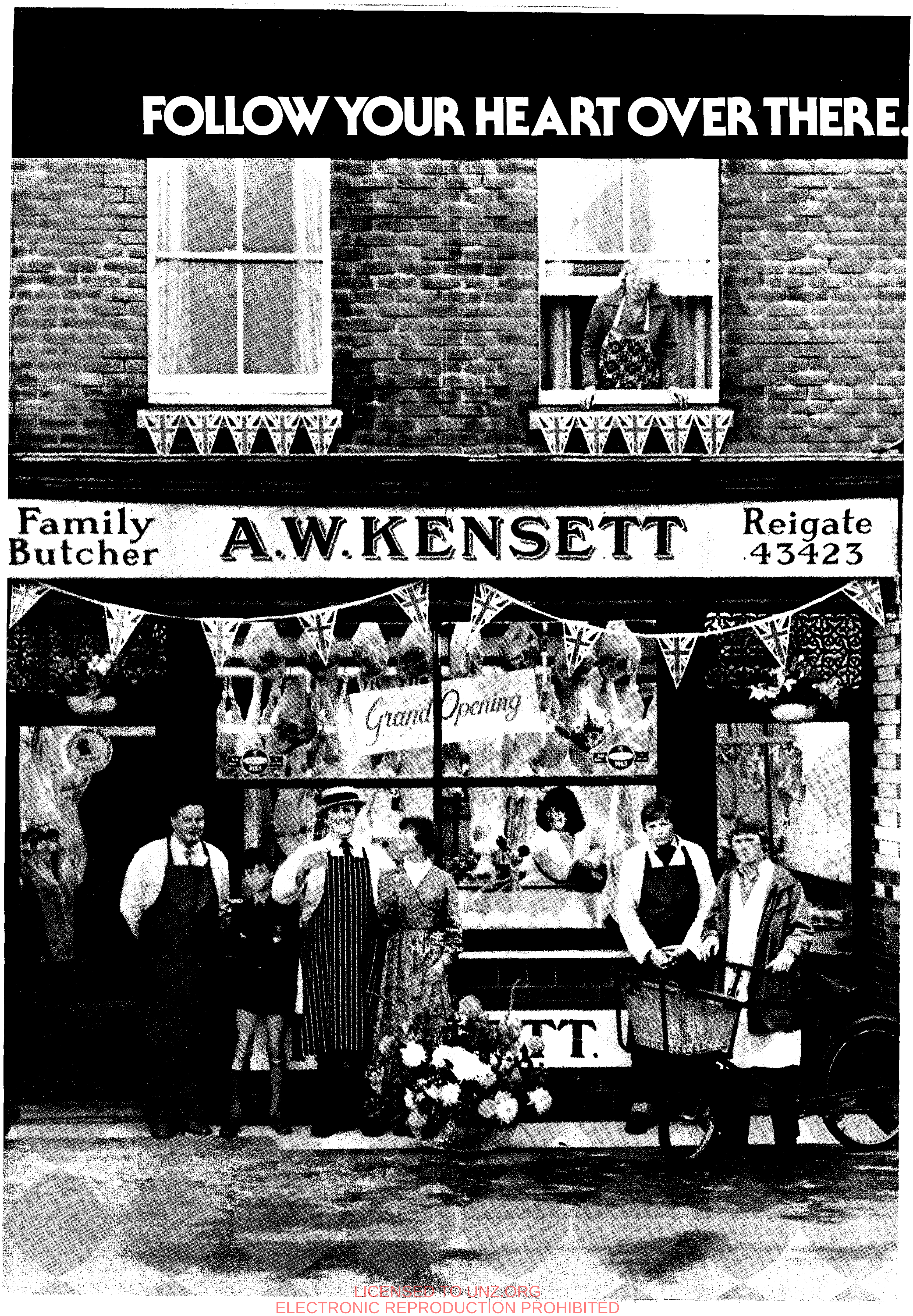
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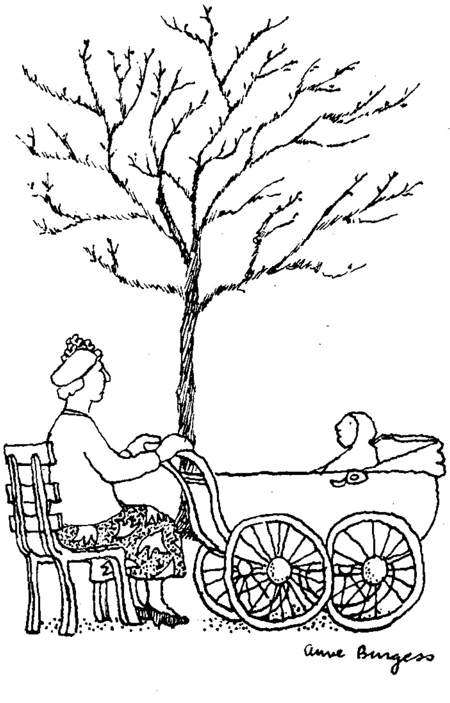
uncomfortable with them. Some of them would idealize the analyst to such a preposterous degree that the analyst felt obliged to remonstrate, to say, 'Look, I'm not that way. I'm not what you think I am. I'm just an ordinary human being.' Others would treat the analyst like dirt, would refuse to recognize him as a person, would simply use him as someone who was there only to listen. These patients would reduce the analyst to saying furiously, 'Look, you're ignoring someone who is *here.* Why are you ignoring me?' Then Kohut came along and said, in effect, 'Don't treat these transferences differently from any others. Don't disabuse the patient who idealizes you. Don't reprove the person who ignores you. Let these transferences develop. Don't cut them short through premature interpretation. You will be better able to tolerate your anger and frustration at being treated as a non-person and your discomfort at being idealized if you understand that these are manifestations of the patient's pathology rather than attempts to subvert the analytic process.' This was a good thing to say. It needed to be said.

"Unfortunately, Kohut didn't stop there. From applying general psychoanalytic principles to narcissistic transferences he went on to inventing a whole 'psychology of the self,' as he calls it. In trying to account for what had happened to narcissistic patients to make them so, he generalized about what happens in everyone's development, and what he has come up with is, to my mind, very dubious. It revises



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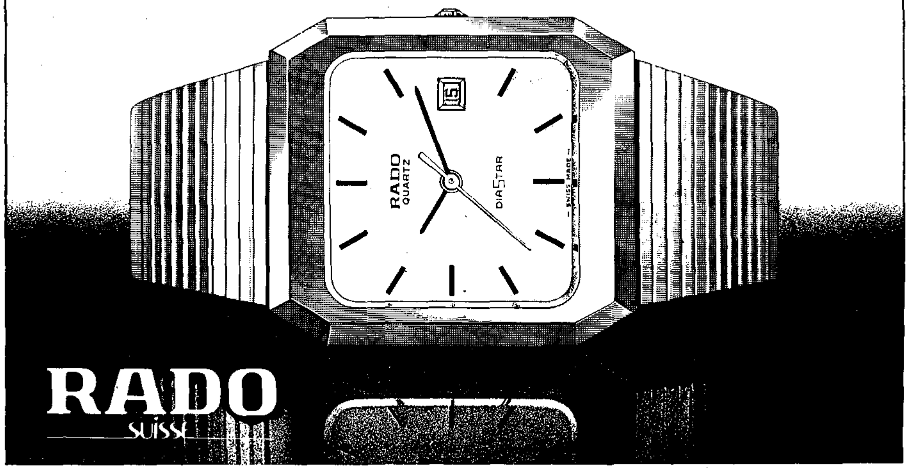

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psychoanalytic theory where no revision is warranted, and it introduces assumptions that simply clutter up basic theory. The more postulates you make, the less their explanatory power becomes.

"Last year, Kohut published a paper in the *International Journal* that caused quite a stir. It's called 'The Two Analyses of Mr. Z.,' the first of which Kohut had done before he made his discoveries—before he became a Kohutian—and the other afterward. I read it with utter amazement. The first analysis, which he calls a 'classical analysis,' just didn't make sense. In the second, 'Kohutian' analysis, he finally did what any one of us 'classical' analysts would have done in the first place. But the Kohutians rapturously hold up the paper as certification of the Second Coming. You ought to see the coterie that has formed around him. They think that his is the true psychoanalysis—that he has introduced something radical and revolutionary, and that psychoanalysis is going to have to assimilate it. It's what the people around Adler and Jung were saying in the twenties, and what those around Franz Alexander were saying in the forties. Psychoanalysis has waves of this kind of thing, and it serenely lets them wash over itself, because eventually they all subside. Who talks about Franz Alexander today—except to put down his 'corrective emotional experience,' or to deny, as the Kohutians are at constant pains to do, that they are offering more of the same? The people I respect—yes, people like Arlow and Brenner—just don't write and talk the mawkish way Kohut and his disciples do. The Kohutians are desperately trying to not pull away from psychoanalysis. They try to tone things down. They try to be as unprovocative as possible when they write in the journals and speak at scientific meetings. But underneath you sense the revolutionary fervor, the belief in the New Messiah."

"Have you ever seen Kohut?"

"I've heard him talk twice, but his public appearances are rare. Like a good messiah, he keeps himself further and further away, sequestered from the masses. When he's invited to speak, he sends his emissaries, his true disciples. I hate it all, I'm contemptuous of his 'self psychology,' and yet I respect Kohut's contribution to technique. Whenever I read his clinical discussions, my therapeutic technique improves. It's true. His descriptions

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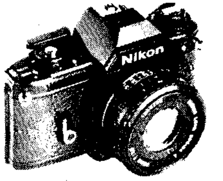
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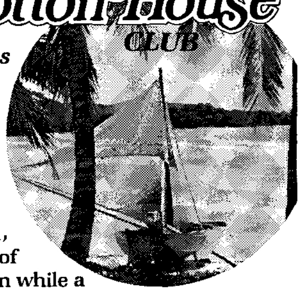
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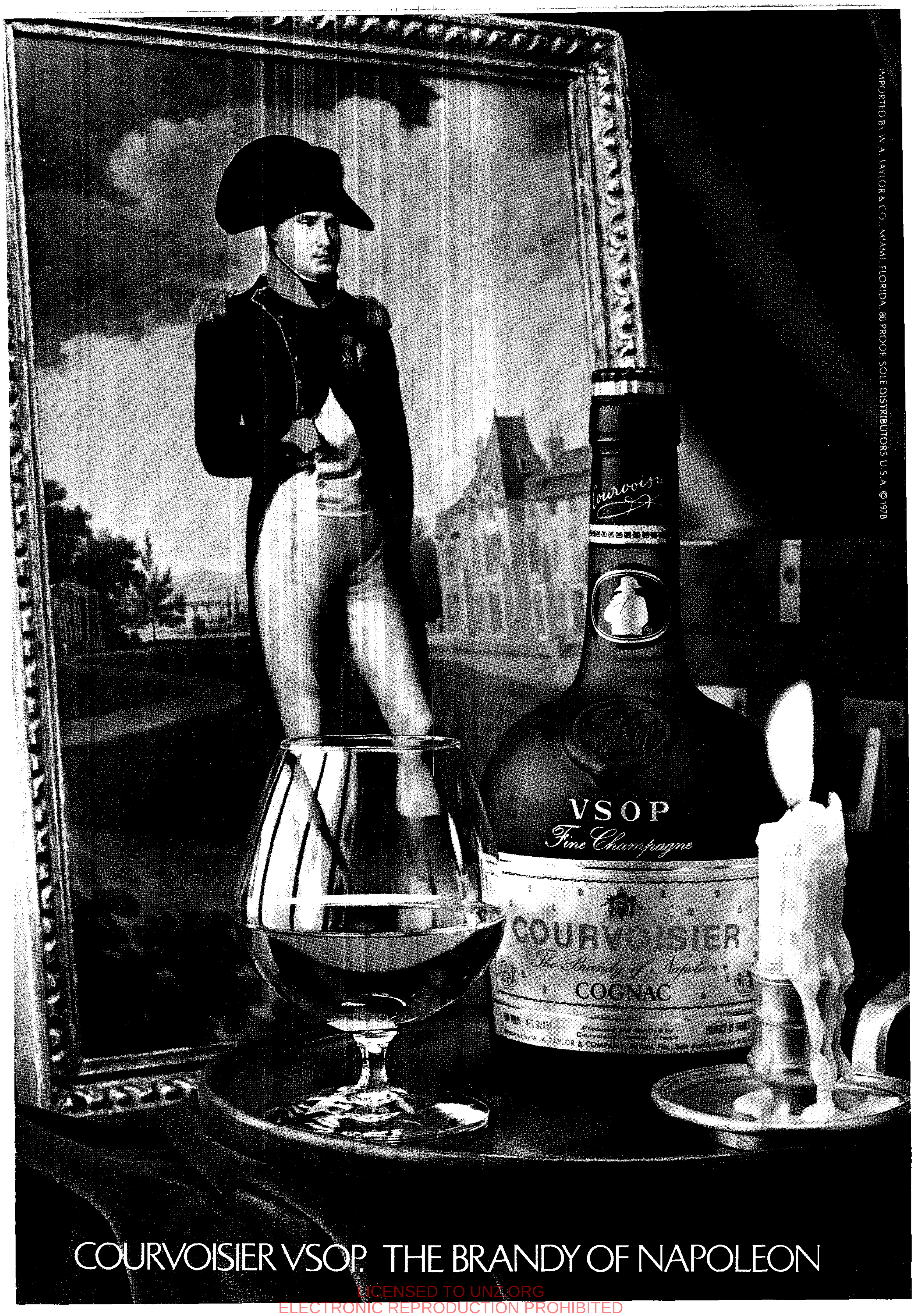

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of narcissistic transference phenomena help me to recognize them when they appear and to deal with them more evenhandedly than I might do otherwise. He reminds me of my obligation to the patient, which is to think analytically about everything he says and does."

"So what do you have against him?"

"The same thing I have against all the revisionists of psychoanalytic theory. It always comes down to the same issue—the issue of the drives. At the last fall meeting of the American Psychoanalytic, in the Waldorf, Kohut made a brief, charismatic appearance. His disciple Paul Ornstein, from Cincinnati, had given a speech spelling out the Kohutian line and holding up 'The Two Analyses of Mr. Z.' as if it were the miracle of the loaves and fishes. Then Kohut himself appeared, like God or Lenin come down from Heaven. The ballroom was filled to the rafters with the faithful and the curious. People were literally dangling from balconies and wedged together in doorways and on staircases. So finally this slight, white-haired man, dressed in a nondescript gray suit, appeared and talked for about five minutes. He didn't say much, but he betrayed it all in one sentence. '*What if man is simply not an animal?*' he asked rhetorically at the end of his homily. Meaning, 'Let's forget the drives. Let's forget that sex is the source of all human motivation. Let's forget that we're nasty, beastly, aggressive, infantile. Let's forget that we're determined. Let's forget that we're *driven* organisms.' Freud's hypothesis of the drives has never been acceptable to the public, or palatable even to many within psychoanalysis itself. There has been a persistent attempt to whittle away at the radicalism of psychoanalytic theory—to make it less harsh and less damaging to man's traditional sentimental idea of his nature. That's why I like Brenner so much. Brenner is willing to draw radical inferences, to take things to their extreme, to go all the way. I believe that Brenner's view will prevail, because, for all its apparent harshness and reductionism, it contains a more profound and complex and interesting statement about human nature than any of the revisionist views do. To say 'Man is not an animal' is to say nothing that banal people haven't always said. To say that our essential humanity resides in precisely that part of our nature which is most instinctual, primitive, and in-

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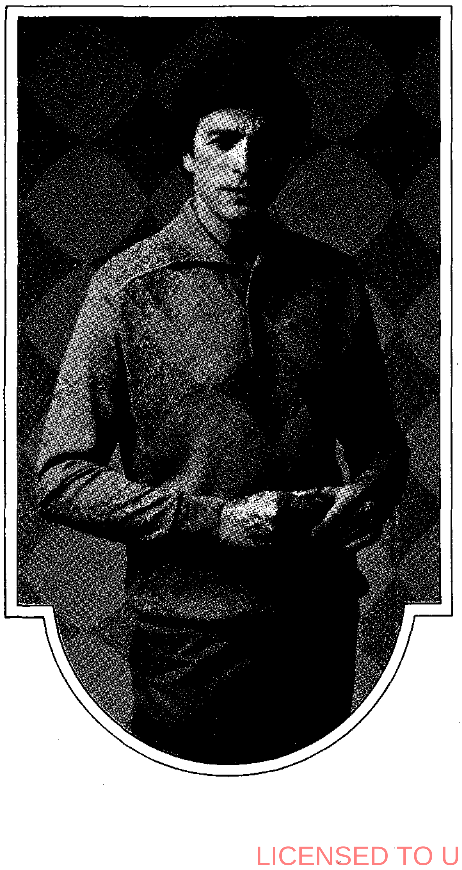


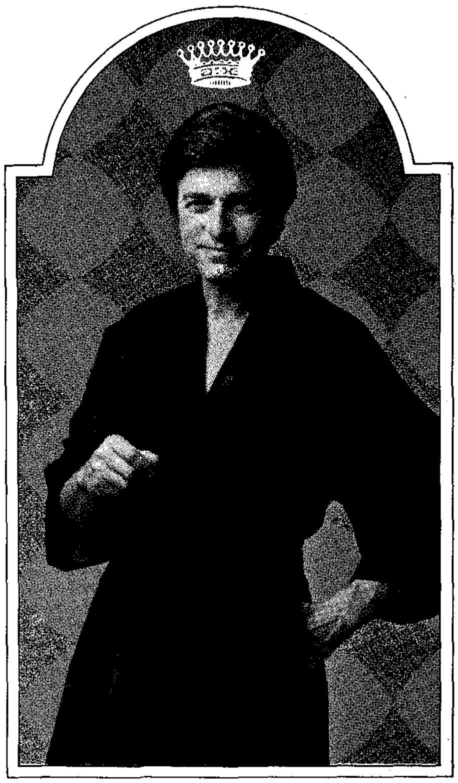
fantile—*animal*—is to say something radical."

Aaron and I decided to "terminate" our talks at the beginning of August—the traditional vacation time and ending time of analysis. At our final meeting, we talked about, among other things, "analyzability," a technical term coined to express the idea of some innate capacity (or incapacity) for being analyzed, which would account for the fact that some people swim when thrown into the choppy waters of analysis, while others have to be dragged, coughing and spitting, to shore. If one could detect and head off the "unanalyzables" before they went into analysis, much futile effort, wasted money, bitter disappointment, and even tragedy could be averted. But to date no Geiger counter of analyzability has been devised, and, as Joan Erle and Daniel A. Goldberg, Institute faculty members, wrote in 1979, in a paper called "Problems in the Assessment of Analyzability," "what seemed relatively straightforward at first became increasingly complicated."

The complications began with the "widening scope" of which Leo Stone wrote in 1954, which admitted to psychoanalytic treatment patients who were much sicker than the ones Freud had originally treated, and which ushered in modifications of analytic technique that the needs of these patients seemed to demand. This new situation raised questions that are still being debated: What should the nature of the modifications be? How far can you modify analytic technique and still call what you are doing analysis? *Is* analysis (modified or plain) always the best treatment for everyone? On the third issue, the English analyst Adam Limentani wrote, in the *International Journal* of 1972:

> In psychoanalytic circles, there is a tendency to ignore the fact that in certain appropriate cases mental suffering can be alleviated and psychotherapy facilitated by a large variety of means, not always available twenty, or possibly ten, years ago. Even if we paid no attention to the competition coming from esoteric cults and from other approaches, such as touch therapy, hypnosis, sensitivity training, existentialism, etc., it is the duty of the modern psychoanalytic consultant to make positive recommendations for individual psychotherapy, for group or community therapy, and for active resocialization when indicated, rather than thinking of such therapeutic interventions as *faute de mieux*, i.e., once psychoanalysis has been ruled out.

The attitude that Limentani de-



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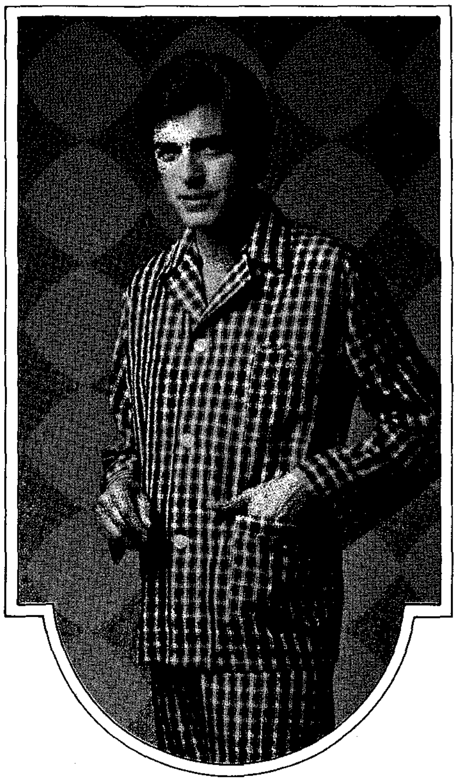
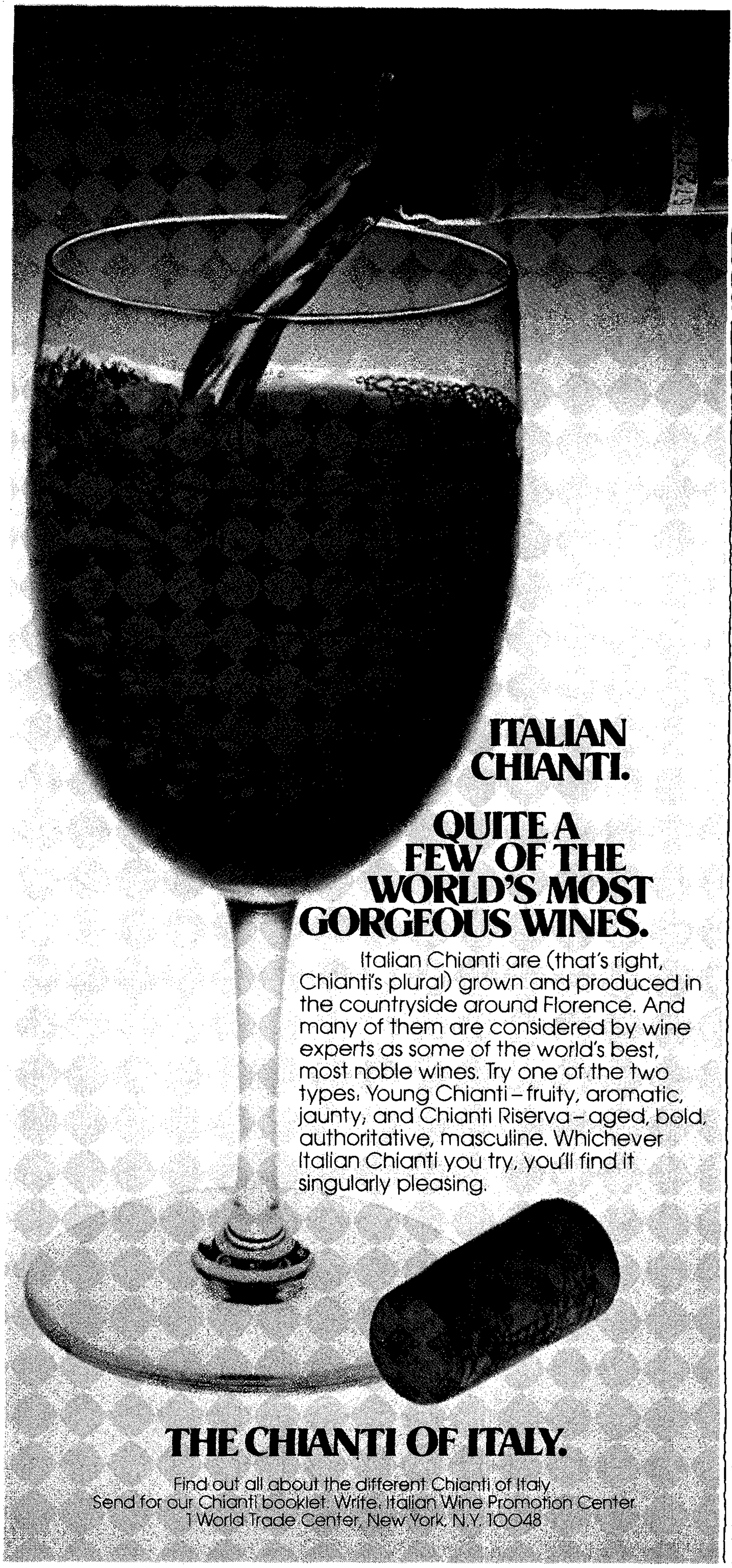


plores was subtly implicit in the "Widening Scope" paper, where Stone advocated spreading the wealth of psychoanalysis beyond the safe-bet hysterics and obsessionals to the dicey psychotics and "borderlines" (as patients have come to be called who are more severely afflicted than ordinary neurotics but are not mad. The designation remains controversial). "From my point of view," Stone wrote, "psychoanalysis remains as yet the most powerful of all psychotherapeutic instruments, the 'fire and iron,' as Freud called it." While granting that "the difficulties increase and the expectations of success diminish in a general way" as the outer reaches of psychological disorder are approached, Stone insisted that "there is no absolute barrier" and that "the 'borderline' patient under certain special conditions may be a better patient in the long run, for all of the intrinsic difficulties, than the hysteric." In fact, Stone went on to say, "It is basically a greater error to use psychoanalysis for trivial or incipient or reactive illnesses, or in persons with feeble personality resources, than for serious chronic illnesses when these occur in persons of current or potential strength."

What Stone was suggesting—that the complexity and unpredictability and mystery of the human personality may reduce such categories as "borderline" and "schizophrenic" and "hysteric" to near-meaninglessness—was corroborated by the results of a ten-year study of "analyzability" published by Erle in 1979 in the *Psychoanalytic Quarterly*. The study was of forty patients selected by the Treatment Center between 1967 and 1969 and analyzed by candidates under supervision. (The cases were "easy" neurotic disorders, suitable for novice work; Aaron's first case was among them.) In the opinion of the judging committee, only forty-two per cent of the patients were thought to have been in any way "involved in a psychoanalytic process," although sixty per cent were deemed to have received therapeutic benefit. This on-the-face-of-it peculiar distinction (if the patient has benefitted from his analysis, why split hairs about whether he is "analyzable"?) has pervaded psychoanalytic thought since its earliest days. That the analyst is out for bigger game than simply making the patient feel good is one of psychoanalysis's oldest and most firmly held beliefs. And that the analyst may unwittingly be treading on his own toes—may be subverting the



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analysis by making the patient feel too good—is a danger that continues to enliven the pages of the analytic journals. Here is a recent example of this concern, from a paper on transference by Brian Bird, published in the *Journal of the American Psychoanalytic Association* in 1972:

> One of the most serious problems of analysis is the very substantial help which the patient receives directly from the analyst and the analytic situation. For many a patient, the analyst in the analytic situation is in fact the most stable, reasonable, wise, and understanding person he has ever met, and the setting in which they meet may actually be the most honest, open, direct, and regular relationship he has ever experienced.... Taken altogether, the total *real* value to the patient of the analytic situation can easily be immense. The trouble with this kind of help is that if it goes on and on, it may have such a real, direct, and continuing impact upon the patient that he can never get deeply enough involved in transference situations to allow him to resolve, or even to become acquainted with, his most crippling internal difficulties. The trouble, in a sense, is that the direct nonanalytical helpfulness of the analytic situation is far too good! The trouble also is that we as analysts apparently cannot resist the seductiveness of being directly helpful.

In 1918, Freud was already worrying about the helpfulness that Bird describes. In a paper called "Lines of Advance in Psychoanalytic Therapy," he sternly wrote that "any analyst who out of the fullness of his heart, perhaps, and his readiness to help, extends to the patient all that one human being may hope to receive from another commits the same economic error as that of which our non-analytic institutions for nervous patients are guilty." He went on:

> Their one aim is to make everything as pleasant as possible for the patient, so that he may feel well there and be glad to take refuge there again from the trials of life. In so doing, they make no attempt to give him more strength for facing life and more capacity for carrying out his actual tasks in it. In analytic treatment, all such spoiling must be avoided. As far as his relations with the physician are concerned, the patient must be left with unfulfilled wishes in abundance. It is expedient to deny him precisely those satisfactions which he desires most intensely and expresses most importunately.

Twenty years later, in "Analysis Terminable and Interminable," Freud cites a case of "spoiling" of his own, which impelled him to take a historic step. The patient was the famous "Wolf Man," about whom Freud had written at length in a paper called "From the History of an Infantile Neurosis" (1918)—a rich young Russian who, as Freud described him,

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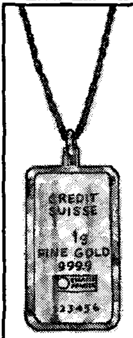

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"had come to Vienna in a state of complete helplessness, accompanied by a private doctor and an attendant." Freud continued:

> In the course of a few years it was possible to give him back a large amount of his independence, to awaken his interest in life and to adjust his relations to the people most important to him. But there progress came to a stop. We advanced no further in clearing up the neurosis of his childhood, on which his later illness was based, and it was obvious that the patient found his present position highly comfortable and had no wish to take any step forward which would bring him nearer to the end of his treatment. It was a case of the treatment inhibiting itself: it was in danger of failing as a result of its—partial—success.

Freud gave the Wolf Man an ultimatum. He told him that he would treat him for exactly one year more, and no longer. "At first he did not believe me," Freud writes, "but once he was convinced that I was in deadly earnest, the desired change set in. His resistances shrank up, and in these last months of his treatment he was able to reproduce all the memories and to discover all the connections which seemed necessary for understanding his early neurosis and mastering his present one."

Freud's deviation from analytic passivity into active intervention has been codified and incorporated into analytic practice under the term "parameter"—a usage first employed by Kurt Eissler in a paper of 1953, in which, invoking the example of Freud, he cautiously advocated the use of commands, directives, and advice in certain special situations to avoid stalemate. Parameters being by nature minor, almost negligible, deviations from analytic neutrality, they have never aroused much controversy, or even much interest, in the psychoanalytic community; they are like a baseball player's darting off base and scurrying back before the throw. It is another matter with the more far-reaching modifications advocated first by Ferenczi, then by Alexander, then by the British object-relations theorists, and now by Kernberg and Kohut (to mention the most conspicuous figures). These modifications derive from complex and disparate theories about what patients suffer from, how they became ill, and what should be done to help them, and they continue to polarize the profession. But implicit in even the *most avant-garde position is a belief in* a basic experience called psychoanalysis—a belief in its unique efficacy with mental suffering and in the (homeopathic) idea of curing suffering with suffering. To do its profound and

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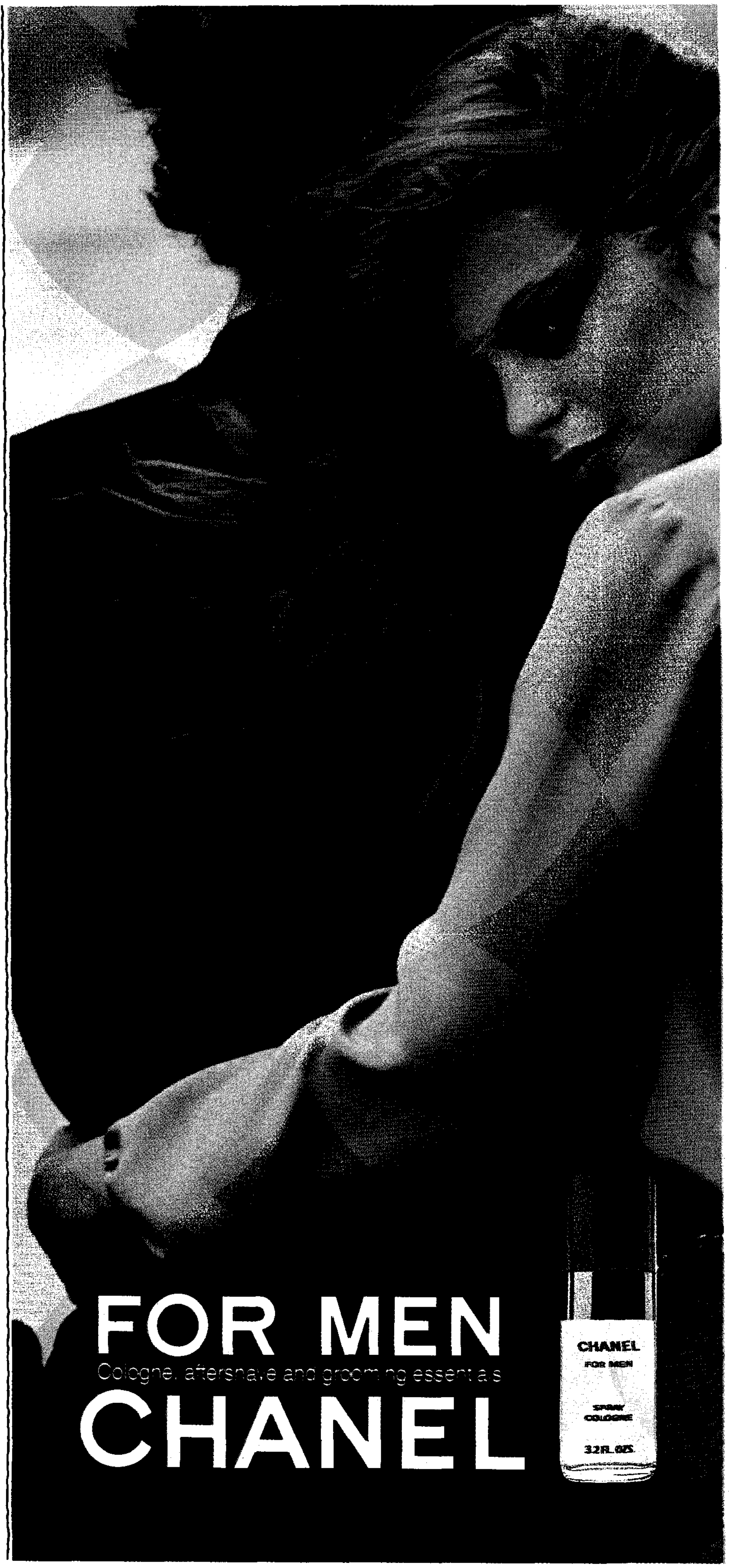
searing work on the soul, analysis must be an ordeal. ("Cruel though it may sound, we must see to it that the patient's suffering, to a degree that is in some way or other effective, does not come to an end prematurely," Freud wrote in "Lines of Advance in Psychoanalytic Therapy.") And at the heart of the ordeal (of classical analysis, that is; the romantic new versions offer other forms of pain) is the "transference neurosis," described by Freud as an artificial illness that the analysis itself brings into being. It takes the form of the patient's obsessive interest in the person of the analyst. As Hans Loewald wrote in 1971, it is "the patient's love life—the source and crux of his psychic development—as relived in relation to a potentially new love object." He continued:

> It cannot be too unusual for patients—I certainly remember it from the time I was a patient on the couch—to experience, at least at times, being in analysis as an illness, insofar as it is a regressive and unsettling experience, not dissimilar to the passions and conflicts stirred up anew in the state of being in love which, from the point of view of the ordinary order and emotional tenor and discipline of life, feels like an illness, with all its deliciousness and pain.

In the final volume of Proust's "Remembrance of Things Past," the Narrator, sitting in a little library waiting to go in to a recital, is flooded with illumination after illumination about love, art, memory, and time. All the pieces of the puzzle of his experience suddenly come together for him, and he emerges from his reverie ready to undertake the task of writing the magical book that the reader holds in his hand and will soon have to part from. Proust's conviction about the awesome impersonality of love—of its perverse independence of its objects—is the very conviction that the analysand gains on achieving what Loewald calls "the higher psychic organization," which permits him to relegate his love and hatred of the analyst to the rubbish heap of all his past loves and hatreds, and (should he care to pursue the sorry matter further) "place" it in the long-gone but never dead days of his parents' well-meaning disastrous early dealings with him and with each other. Another resemblance between the Proustian and the Freudian views (aside from the shared belief in the power of the unconscious) is reflected in the very circumstance of the Narrator's culminating epiphany. The scene Proust describes has its psycho-



analytic counterpart in the phenomenon of the "good analytic hour," described by Ernst Kris in a celebrated paper of 1956 entitled "On Some Vicissitudes of Insight in Psychoanalysis." This hour, which comes only rarely, if at all, in the course of an analysis, "seems as if prepared in advance. . . . All seems to click, and material comes flowing . . . as if prepared outside of awareness." Writing of one such session, Kris recalls, significantly, that "the mood of the patient, the atmosphere in the room was heavy. . . . A mood of skepticism, and even defeatism, mirrored the reluctance originally attached to the scene, of which the good analytic hour was a belated reflection." So, too, did Proust's Narrator have to pass through the Slough of Despond before finding his way to the kingdom of art. Just before his radiant revelation in the library, he had come to the despairing realization that he would have to renounce his lifelong ambition of becoming a writer—that he had nothing to say.

Aaron told me about some of his own past wrestlings with the conundrum of analyzability. He spoke of an early analytic patient with whom he had fumblingly struggled and failed. "She was one of the few patients I've ever had whom I really didn't like. I felt that nothing she did—as a wife, as a parent, as a friend, even as a patient—had any redeeming virtue or value. Her parents had treated her overtly well but fundamentally shabbily, and she grew up to be a shabby person: cruel, exploitative, destructive, cold, false. There was nothing in her upbringing that would have helped her become a decent person. She couldn't trust anyone, and she had false relations with everyone—even with me, her analyst. I hated that patient and condemned her. I would sit there appalled and outraged by what she told me. I remember discussing her case with a group of colleagues with whom I met for mutual supervision, and how appalled and outraged *they* were. 'Look,' they'd say when I told them about one of her gratuitous acts of cruelty to her children. 'Look, you've got to say something to her. You can't let her go on being cruel to innocent children.' But I didn't listen to them. I said nothing to her. I was trying to do analysis."

"And she wasn't analyzable?"

"She wasn't analyzable. For no other reason than that she was so false. I never engaged with that, I never challenged that, and I should have,

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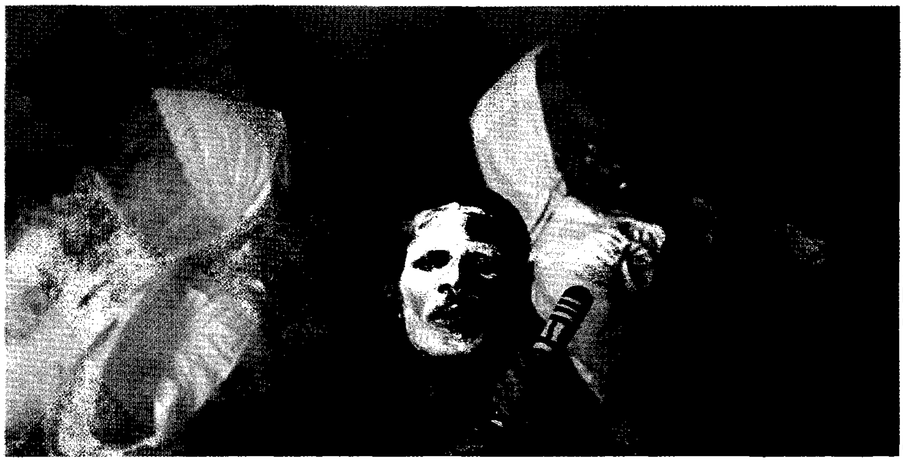

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though she might not have remained in treatment as long as she did. *Or* I should have done what my colleagues urged me to do: given her advice, complimented her on some things, bawled her out a little about others, supported and nurtured her. I find myself doing more and more of that now with my psychotherapy patients. But that's hardly analysis—and in those early days I very much wanted to do analysis."

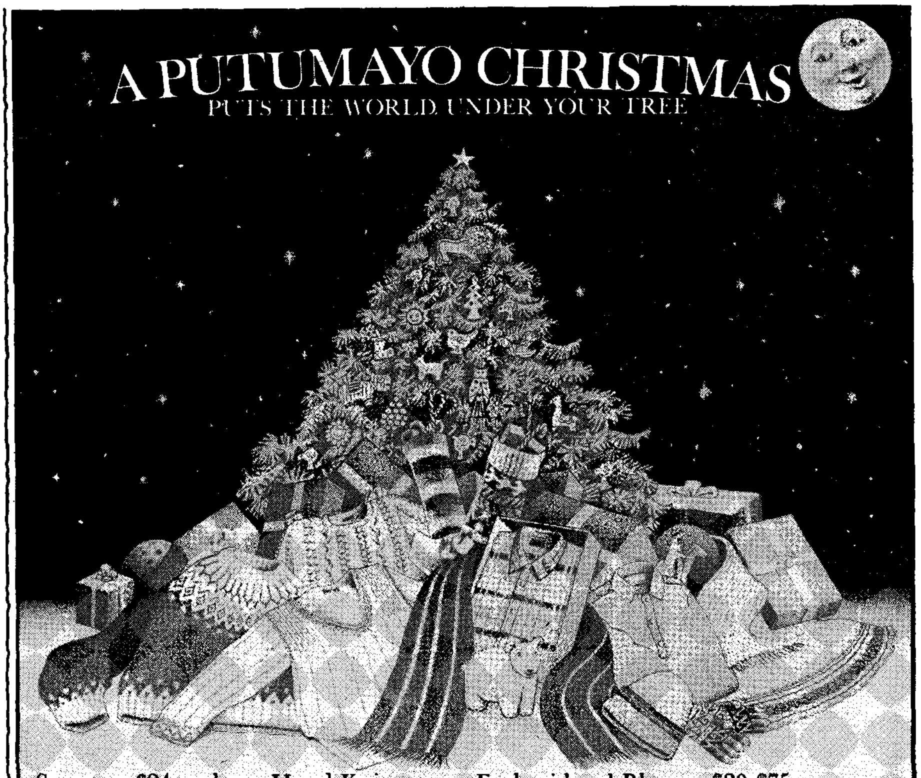
"So you imposed it on people for whom it wasn't the right treatment?"

"Yes. In my defense—I guess I do feel somewhat defensive about this—let me say that there was a theoretic rationale for trying to do analysis with people who were quite sick. There's a whole literature on the subject of the limits of applicability, and I was following out the position that says interpretive techniques can be extended to borderline and narcissistic disorders, and even used on psychotics. This is the position Arlow and Brenner take in their book on ego psychology, and I know of a number of analysts who have been able to do successful analytic work with very sick patients. But it didn't work out at all well for me. I pursued that experiment of doing analysis with borderlines and severe narcissistic characters for about five years, and they were rather terrible years. I used to dread going to the office, and I was tense and bored for much of the day. Then, as time went on and these patients sort of fell away, other patients came along who were better integrated and more suitable for analysis, and now the work is no longer so gruelling and upsetting. Working with very disturbed patients is painful. Of course, one becomes a psychiatrist by first working with very, very sick patients and only gradually moving on to less sick ones. Then, when one does analysis with a healthy patient, it's easy, like cutting butter."

"So analysis is for the healthy?"

"It works better for the healthy. But I haven't seen anything in general medicine where that wasn't the case. The healthier the patient, the better the treatment."

We talked about what patients suffer from. Many analysts believe that today's analytic patient is a different animal from the one Freud saw and devised psychoanalysis for. In a paper called "Current Psychoanalytic Object Relations Theory and Its Clinical Implications," published in 1975 in the International Association's *Journal*, Leonard Friedman writes, "The un-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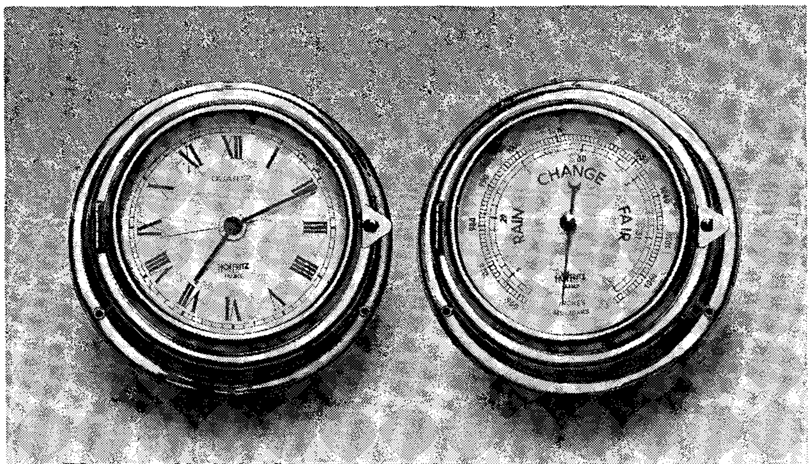

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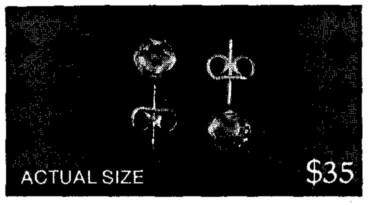

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complicated good hysterics, or even the exclusively obsessive-compulsive patients for whom our classical analytic technique was developed, are for many analysts now a memory—for many more, they are cases they have only read about." Aaron is suspicious of this view, feeling it to be shaped by ideological bias; its proponents, he says, seek to justify changes in classical theory and technique by saying that the patient has changed. His own experience tells him otherwise. "That first patient of mine was a classic hysteric," he said. "The case could have been done in 1900. Or 1100."

We returned to the paradox of how the artificiality and abnormality of the analytic situation are the conditions under which ordinary human nature shows itself most clearly. "That paradox exists in all of science," Aaron pointed out. "If you want to study the activity of enzymes in the cell, for example, the first thing you do is to literally tear the cell apart. You crush it, you mash it, you do all kinds of artificial and abnormal things to it, and finally you see where the greatest enzymatic activity is taking place in the big gooey mess you've made, and you isolate the enzyme."

"That's a nice analogy: you make a gooey mess of the patient."

"That's right. The patient enters the analytic situation, which is unlike any situation he has ever encountered before, and which makes it impossible for him to operate in the accustomed, automatic ways of normal life, and he becomes anxious, disorganized, confused, dazed. Yes, he becomes a gooey mess. And then important things begin to 'filter out.' You begin to locate nodes of important psychic activity."

Aaron went on to cite—not for the first time—Freud's surgery analogy, and I asked him why he liked it so much.

"Because it's so radical," he said. "Because it indicates how impersonal and intimate analysis is. Because it tells you that it is not a casual procedure, that it is serious and dangerous, that it is dire."

"So you feel that something is done 'on' the analytic patient, the way an operation is performed 'on' a surgical patient?"

"Yes."

"And yet the goal of analysis is insight."

"Yes."

"How do you reconcile the two images—the anesthetized patient on the table to whom something is being

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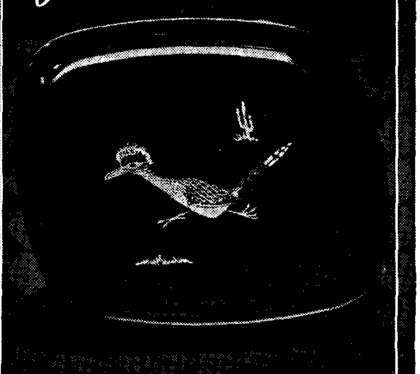

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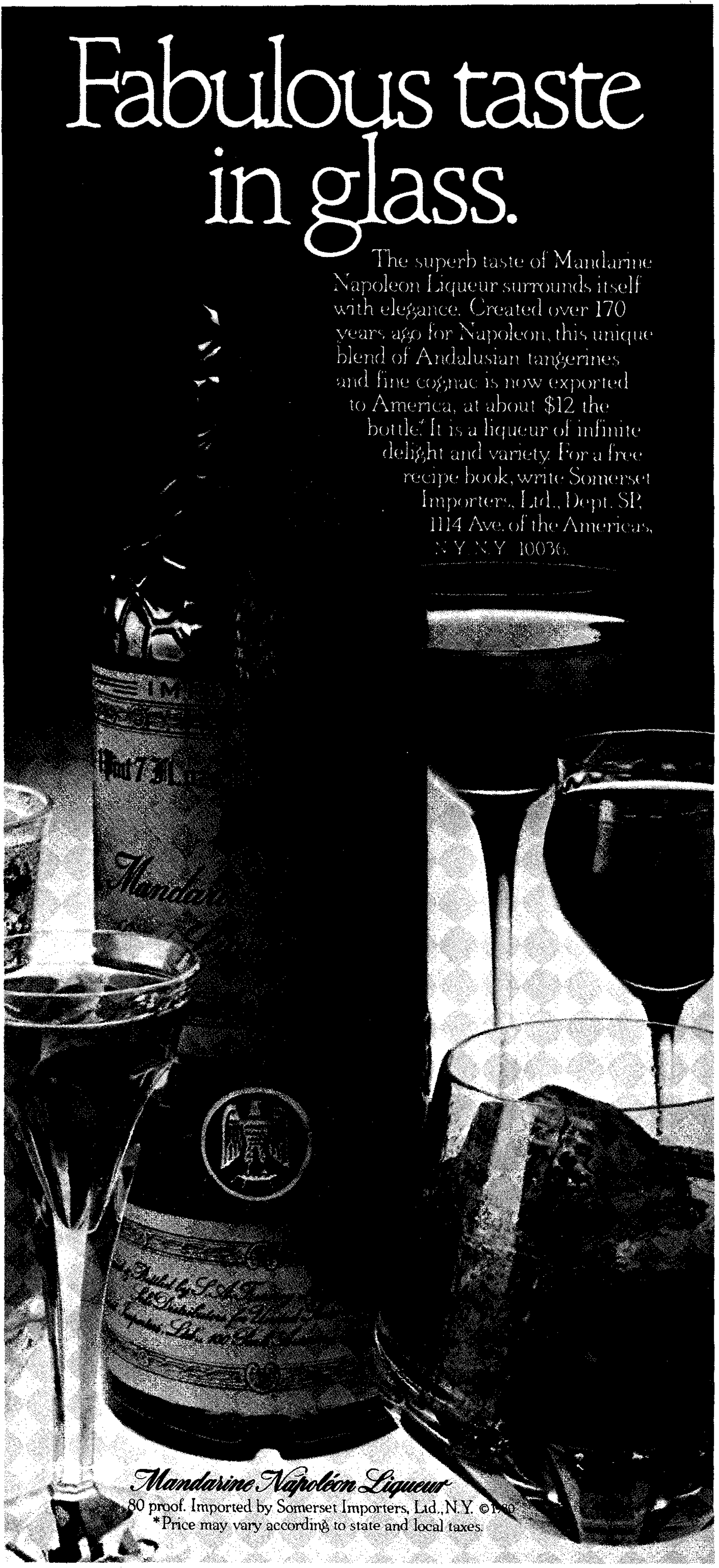
done and the person actively and consciously gaining insight?"

"Easily. Because the achieving of insight is as deep and radical and complex a procedure as the cutting out of a tumor. Insight isn't superficial—it isn't simply learning something mildly interesting about yourself. It is *becoming* yourself. It's finding your way to the child in yourself, it is a profound *recognition*. And it takes a tremendous amount of work on the part of both analyst and patient to negotiate this achievement. In surgery, though the patient is anesthetized his body continues to work as usual: the heart continues to pump, the blood continues to flow, the lungs continue to function. Similarly, in analysis a great deal goes on in the patient that he isn't aware of and that the analyst is cautiously monitoring. At the end of the analysis, it can happen that neither the analyst nor the patient knows exactly what happened. There's a story about the analyst Annie Reich, who once described a very good analysis at a conference. People were impressed, and said, 'You should write up this analysis,' and she said, 'I'm not ready to write about it, because I haven't yet figured out what happened.' The analysis had been finished for several years, and she still hadn't figured it out.

"Another story tells of an analyst who decided to do some follow-up work. He telephoned two women patients who had been in analysis with him five years previously. They were comparable cases: both had had stormy, tempestuous analyses, with all kinds of *Sturm und Drang* and very emotional, intense transferences. Now, five years later, one woman said, 'Doctor, every night before I go to bed I thank my lucky stars that I had you as my analyst. The analysis with you has changed my life. Not a day goes by that I don't think about what I learned from you, and apply it. You are an ever-living presence in my daily life, and I think of you with something like reverence.' The other woman—who had had just as tempestuous and emotional and intense an analysis—said, 'You know, every so often I think about you, and I think, Maybe my life wouldn't be much different if I hadn't been in analysis. To tell you the truth, I don't remember much of the analysis. You seem to be a nice man. I guess the experience was O.K. But I can't say what helped me and what wouldn't have happened anyway.' Right away, he knew who had had the better analysis. When you're through with the



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operation, you sew up the patient, you hope that the scar isn't too conspicuous, and if everything afterward goes as it should—fine, that's enough.

"At the end of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' the human characters wake up and rub their eyes and aren't sure what has happened to them. They have the feeling that a great deal has occurred—that things have somehow changed for the better, but they don't know what caused the change. Analysis is like that for many patients."

"The analysts are the fairies, then," I said, taking Aaron's analogy a fanciful step further. "They are Puck and Oberon and Titania and Cobweb. They behave according to the laws of their kind, and they fight the esoteric battles of their kingdom, using the patient as a pawn. They cause strange and remarkable things to happen to him, and they mean no harm."

Aaron permitted a bemused smile to alight on his serious, guarded features, and stared into the middle distance. The sound of a door slamming—heralding the patient whose arrival always brought our talks to an end—took him out of his reverie. We shook hands, as we always did. I felt tears welling in my eyes, and didn't look to see if there were any in his.

—JANET MALCOLM

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN METAPHOR DEPARTMENT

(POULTRY DIVISION)

[*Excerpts from a book review by Barry M. Mitnick in the Public Administration Review*]

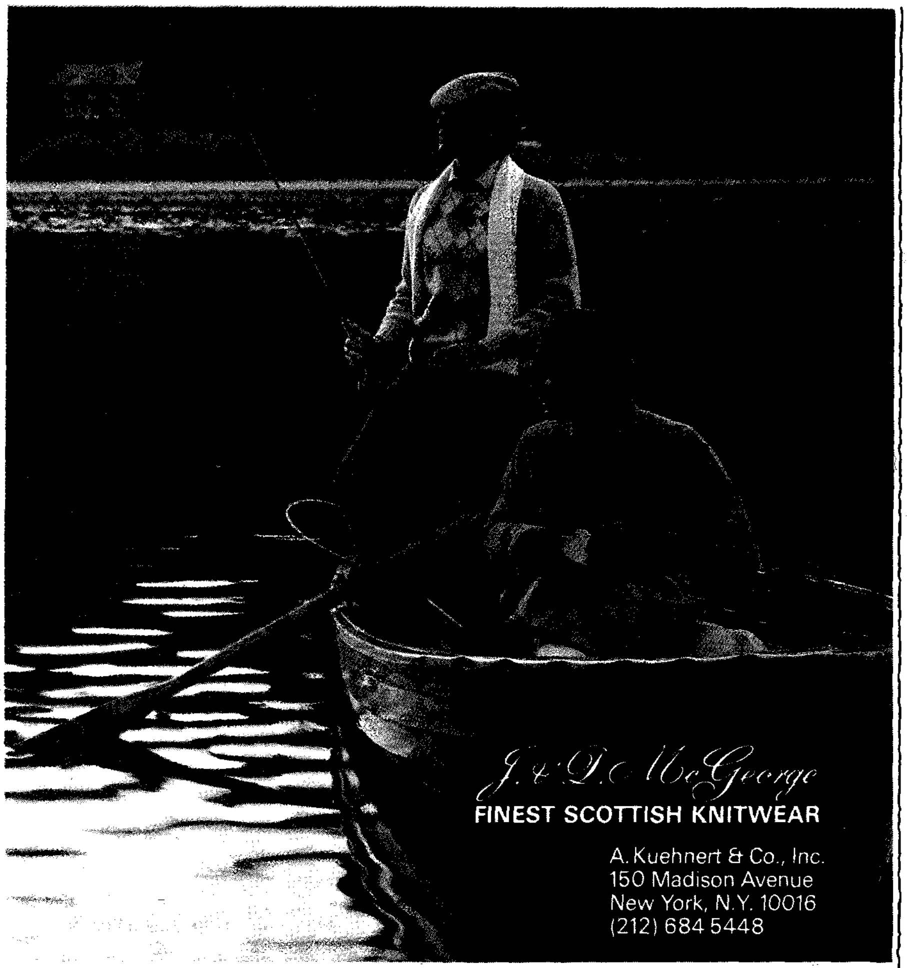
Although some observers had occasionally seen wolves among the governmental chickens, most are said to have been content in their beliefs that the public eggs were being laid as before. . . .

In this literature, the perfect public interest eggs of regulation have not merely been cracked, but scrambled. . . .

Thus theorists have placed their fry pans under not only the industry as supplicant for regulatory relief, but also under consumers and their protestations . . .

It has indeed seemed that ever since George Stigler and his colleagues pushed what they took to be the civics-text public interest notion of regulation off its wall, all the king's economists and all the king's political scientists have been trying to put Humpty together again. . . .

It is not merely that Humpty has turned out to be a bad egg, after all, with undesirable impacts; or that Humpty has become hard-boiled, unresponsive to the public-at-large, and salted away by the industry he protects. It is that Humpty can be actively manipulated as part of the strategic arsenal of contending societal groups.



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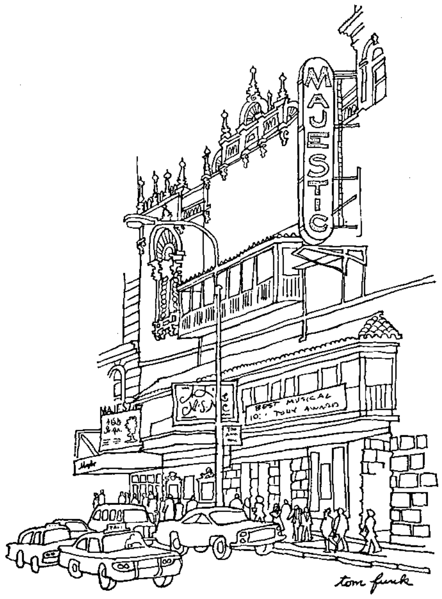
THE THEATRE

Survivors

THE title of Athol Fugard's new play, "A Lesson from Aloes" (at the Playhouse), is so apt that its four words serve as an accurate prècis of the entire work and threaten to render some of its more didactic passages superfluous. We are early instructed that aloes are a kind of plant to be found growing on the South African veldt; prickly and not very pleasing to look at, they survive in a hostile climate, and the lesson they furnish is that even against high odds life can assert itself and prove well worth living. Fugard's aloes are at once a metaphor and a model: the three characters who make up the cast are themselves—so we are invited to perceive—a higher form of aloes; if they are allowed to take root, they may be able (in the words of Faulkner's Nobel Prize speech) not only to endure but to prevail. Piet Bezuidenhout is a native white South African in his fifties who lives in a small, shabby house in Port Elizabeth. The time is 1963, and Piet, who was once a strenuous adversary of apartheid, has retired from —has perhaps been forcibly retired from—the hurly-burly of political activity. Now he collects aloes, and the play begins with his having just brought in from the veldt a specimen that he is unable to identify. Is it a new species, hitherto unknown to science, or is it only a species unknown to him? Is he himself—so Fugard's metaphor insists that we ask—perhaps a new specimen of man, created to outwit the hateful political climate of apartheid?

Occupying the same house as Piet but seemingly light-years away from him is Gladys, his wife, who is suffering from an obscure mental derangement. In a police raid held at an indeterminate point in the past, a number of diaries written by her were confiscated, or so her troubled mind believes. What, if anything, the diaries contain we are never to learn. Now we glimpse her in the act of concealing her latest diary from Piet, whom she obviously regards with suspicion. Again we have no way of telling what is in the diary that is worth her keeping it away from him. Still more mysteriously, after many years of marriage she will not so much as undress in his presence, and the narrow bed she sleeps in is that of a celibate. On this particular evening, Piet and Gladys are awaiting a visit from an old friend and political ally, a black man named Steve Daniels. Newly discharged from prison, Steve is bringing his wife and children to an impromptu farewell dinner before setting out for England and a new life there.

During the first act, little occurs beyond a muted exchange of domestic banalities between Piet and Gladys. He treats her with a benign tenderness; she responds with indifference. Piet sets a table in the garden in anticipation of a happy reunion with Steve and his family, and the act ends. The second, and final, act opens with Piet dismantling the festive board. It appears for a few moments that Steve has failed their rendezvous. But no: a commotion is heard in the nearby shrubbery, and Steve emerges—a giant of a man, drunkenly exuberant. He is alone, and he explains that one of his daughters has fallen ill and the rest of the family has decided to remain at home to nurse her. Piet and Steve drink with an uneasy abandon, seeking to regain the camaraderie of a more violent day, while Gladys gloomily bides her time. Something has gone wrong among them, but Fugard is as calculatedly spare a writer as Pinter, and, like Pinter, he chooses to leave unfilled certain crucial gaps in our knowledge of his characters. The audience's nervous, incessant search for some means of bridging these gaps adds a notable degree of tension to the play. No action that we observe onstage is as important as the undescribed actions that have already taken place offstage; it is rather as if we were sitting through a "Hamlet" from which all reference to the murder of Hamlet's father had been omitted.



Suddenly, Gladys accuses Piet of being a government informer—the very informer who was responsible for sending Steve to prison. Steve is quick to join in the accusation; his wife and children have failed to accept Piet's hospitality not because of illness but because they believe him to be Steve's betrayer. In an anguished soliloquy, Steve tells why he feels obliged to give up his beloved homeland and, for his children's sake, risk the unpredictable adventure of far-off England. Is it really Piet who was the agent of his old friend's misfortune? Piet neither admits nor denies the evil of which he stands accused; with a mingling of pride and shame, he confesses only that he has nothing whatever to say. Forsaken by Steve and by his mad wife as well, Piet sits in the darkening garden as the play ends, staring at the scruffy little aloe that he has yet to identify. Surely he is a good man, but what is the use of goodness if it has left him totally alienated from his fellow-creatures? All he can be certain of is that he is alone, and the weight of that aloneness presses as heavily upon him as the weight of the earth itself.

"A Lesson from Aloes" is a play almost devoid of overt incident, and, as directed by Fugard, is so slow to reach a resolution that I sometimes felt the pins and needles of an unappeasable impatience. My temptation was to exclaim (as I often do with Melville) "Good God, man! Get on with your story!," and it was disappointing for me to discover at last how little story Fugard had had it in mind to tell. His intention had been to wring our hearts by whispers, and I had been mistakenly awaiting loud shouts and the beating of innumerable drums.

If the play isn't to my mind the masterpiece that several of my colleagues have hailed it as being, I can at least share in the general admiration for the fashion in which it is being played. Harris Yulin, Maria Tucci, and James Earl Jones are superb in their roles as Piet, Gladys, and Steve. Miss Tucci's portrayal of Gladys is especially remarkable; she evokes a state of madness not only by speech and gesture but sometimes by a complete absence of speech and gesture. The appropriately meagre set is by Michael H. Yeargan, the costumes are by Susan Hilferty, and the lighting is by William Armstrong.

—BRENDAN GILL

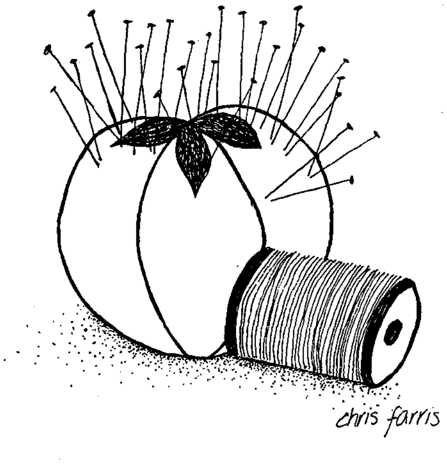
A REPORTER AT LARGE

1980: THE ELECTION

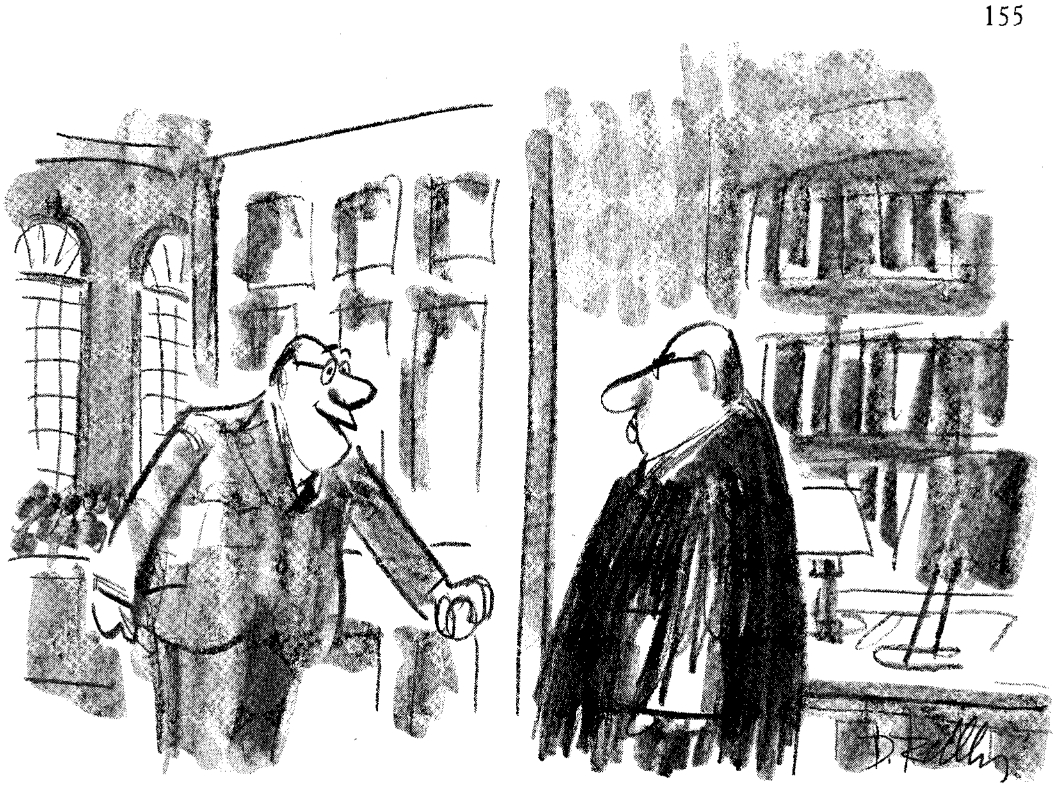
WASHINGTON, Wednesday, October 15th. The election, just under three weeks away, refuses to get itself decided. The polls generally put Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan at about dead even in the popular vote, which is where they were on Labor Day. The percentage of voters who say they are undecided is unusually high. But Reagan starts out with an advantage in terms of the electoral vote: most of the West, which voted solidly Republican in 1976, is conceded to be his, and he is also believed to be making some inroads into Carter's Southern base. The race is presumed to be very close in most of the key states. John Anderson is not expected to carry a single state, but he could still affect the outcome. (In 1976, Eugene McCarthy, with only nine-tenths of one per cent, or just seven hundred and fifty thousand votes, cost Carter four states.) Anderson is believed to be drawing most of his support from people who would otherwise vote for Carter, but in some areas he also draws support from Republican moderates who might otherwise vote for a Republican nominee. About three weeks ago, when Anderson was staying at about fifteen per cent in the polls, the Carter camp quietly decided to put out the word to its people in the field to take on Anderson directly: the President and the Vice-President would not say anything about him, but those speaking on behalf of the ticket were to criticize him; the attack would also be carried out in material printed on behalf of the campaign. And Gerald Rafshoon, the President's media adviser, made some radio ads attacking Anderson.

Carter is still having trouble getting the hang of how to go after Reagan. Last summer, some prominent California Democrats warned the Carter people that Reagan would be very hard to pin down. He's a great deflector, they told them; they said, in effect, "You hit him with something, and he'll say 'I didn't mean it, I didn't say it, I was different then.' " An official of the Carter-Mondale campaign said to me over lunch today, "He may not have been a great actor as actors go, but he's a great actor as politicians go." He went on, "One of the biggest frustrations of this campaign has been our inability to lay a glove on the guy. We've now decided to try a new approach: to try to paint Reagan as a 'flip-flopper.' " Reagan has changed his position lately on a number of positions—he now supports aid to New York City, for instance, and supports the idea of a governmental bail-out of the Chrysler Corporation, both of which he used to oppose—and has redecorated several other positions. There is nonetheless a certain piquancy to the idea of Carter's attacking someone else as a "flip-flopper"—and Carter's own vulnerability on that score may make it hard for him to be persuasive. The Carter campaign official told me, "The 'flip-flop' approach is to get us away from the 'mean streak.' "

The President's campaign aides, headed by Hamilton Jordan, believe that the central issue of the campaign ought to be the contrast between Carter's philosophy and Reagan's and what they see as the crucial nature of the election, and they feel that this has got lost in all the dust about "meanness." The campaign official said today, "The focus on Carter's 'mean streak' was dominating the coverage of the campaign, and the thing that we thought was important—the differences on the issues—wasn't getting through. It's crucial for us to get the Democrats back, so it's in our interest to have the differences discussed." The greatest furor over the "mean streak" came after the President said in Chicago last week—in line with his attempt to establish the theme that this is a crucial election—that the voters would "determine whether or not this America will be unified or, if I lose the election, whether Americans might be separated, black from white, Jew from Christian, North from South, rural from urban." (Reagan said to the press the next day, in a sorrowful manner, "I think he owes the country an apology.") Actually, Carter had said much the same thing at a dinner in Washington a week earlier, but the remark had gone largely unnoticed then. And a number of people, including some Republicans, felt that what Carter said in Chicago was well within the bounds of political rhetoric, and, given some of the things Reagan had done, was not entirely without basis. But by the time Carter made the statement again the journalistic vogue was to focus on his capacity for "meanness" in a campaign. Moreover, Carter invited criticism by the way he has pursued what has come to be called the war-and-peace issue—he has said that this election offers a choice between peace and war—and he has undermined himself by appearing to cast the argument in those terms. What the argument really has to do with is Reagan's grasp of and judgments about international situations. By using a broad brush, Carter got some paint on himself. He cited a number of instances in which Reagan seemed to be suggesting military intervention in certain situations, and said, "If you've got a strong military and you are jingoistic in spirit and just want to push everybody around and just show the macho of the United States, that is an excellent way to lead our country toward war."



The President's aides believed that Carter was making some headway on the war-and-peace issue—and so did Reagan's—but the furor over the "meanness" eventually reached such a pitch that Carter's aides advised him to back off and try another approach. "Everyone agreed that a real break had to be made," the campaign official said to me today. However, Carter's aides did not expect him to be as contrite as he was in an interview with Barbara Walters—which was arranged by the Carter people so that the President could announce that he was going to change. Carter came across in the interview as a chastened schoolboy promising to be good from now on; he seemed, as he often does, weak. The campaign official says, "The idea had been for him to go on there and say, 'This is ridiculous. The important thing is that there are deep differences between me and Reagan, and we are now going to campaign on those.' But he got sidetracked in an



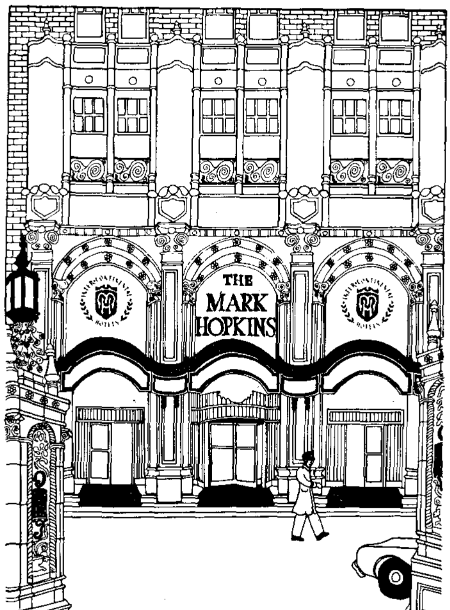
"Packed and hushed. Ready, Your Honor."

apology. It didn't go as well as everyone thought it would." (Some of the President's advisers have been arguing for another change in tactics: they say that perhaps they missed the boat by trying to compare this election to 1964, and that perhaps the analogy should be to 1968—not that they should appear to be saying that Reagan is Nixon but that they should make the point that the attitude that defeated Humphrey was that he was "not pure enough.") After the interview, Carter continued his criticism of Reagan's suggested interventions and attacked Reagan for having said, in an interview published October 1st, that he would set the SALT II treaty aside and that "one card that's been missing in these negotiations has been the possibility of an arms race." Carter said that Reagan's "opposition to the SALT II treaty, his opposition to Medicare, his opposition to many of the programs that are important, like the minimum wage or unemployment compensation, his call for the injection of American military forces into place after place after place around the world indicate to me that he would not be a good President or a good man to trust with the affairs of this nation in the future."

But Carter has two problems in trying to make the attack take hold. While his essential character has not changed, the public's impression of it has. He has never been attractive in combat, especially when cornered. But though Carter's tendency toward "meanness" had been apparent for some time (his mother once described him as "a beautiful cat with sharp claws"), and there were ample indications that he could be petty and cold, Carter had got across to the public the idea that he was a nice man. When the idea suddenly hit that he might not be such a nice man after all, the public reacted with the sort of disillusionment about which it can be unforgiving. This disillusionment undermines whatever Carter says. His other problem is that Reagan does come across as a nice man; Reagan's style is one of geniality, of affability. Reagan seems a less complicated person than Carter, and this helps Reagan. Carter's charges seem to slide right off him. And Reagan aids this process by simply shrugging and saying things like "Carter is reaching a point of hysteria that is hard to understand."

Reagan has said some fairly rough things about Carter—he has accused him of incompetence, and said that his record is disastrous and has weakened the country, and a few days ago he called Carter "the greatest deceiver ever to occupy the White House"—but the focus has been on the nature of Carter's attack. And the Carter campaign's attack has been kept up in other ways. In a speech at Notre Dame the other day, Secretary of State Edmund S. Muskie said that the kinds of suggestions made by Reagan for military intervention could keep the United States "endlessly at war all over the globe." A Rafshoon advertisement has a California "man in the street" saying that Reagan "would have gotten us into a war by now," and another calling him "scary." One advertisement cites Reagan's statement about an arms race and has Carter saying, "We are not dealing with just another shoot-out at the O.K. Corral." Most politicians try to make their opponents, rather than themselves, the issue, and Carter has good reason to try to make Reagan, rather than his own record, the focus of this campaign. He did a similar thing in the case of Senator Edward Kennedy. In this instance, the problem is not that Carter is trying to make Reagan the issue but that he isn't doing it well. His attacks are humorless and shrill; the pitch is too high. Even his voice is a problem—especially compared to Reagan's. Carter's is a hard voice to listen to for very long when he's exercised. Four years ago, he talked soothingly. And this country seems to have gone squeamish about political invective, which it used to enjoy. (John Sears, who was Reagan's campaign manager in 1976 and until late February of this year, has written that what is being said this year pales beside some of the things Truman said about Dewey in 1948.) But perhaps that's because Carter doesn't employ it deftly.

Reagan has been treading carefully among his various constituencies and has demonstrated his talent as an adjuster. It has been part of his strategy all year to try to attract blue-collar voters, but in the primaries he also had to stay in good standing with his conservative followers—whose interests sometimes coincided with those of blue-collar voters (on cultural and some economic issues) and sometimes diverged (on other economic issues)—who could get him the nomina-



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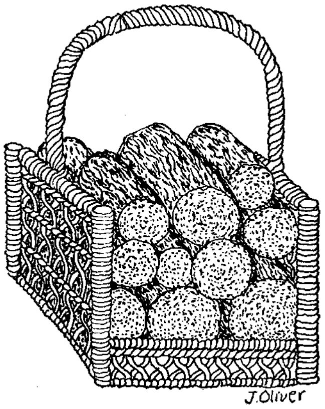
tion. His current goal is to hold his conservative base, continue to appeal to blue-collar workers, and try to expand his appeal to reach independents, Anderson supporters, and Southerners disaffected from Carter. (George Bush, his running mate, who, while a fairly conservative man himself, comes across as a moderate, has been assigned the task of trying to help expand the Reagan base.) Reagan has made a number of expensive promises lately: in Tampa, to increase Social Security benefits for those over the age of sixty-five who choose to continue working; in Youngstown, to aid the steel industry; to raise military pay; to build more naval ships; and, in a speech before the National Maritime Union, to increase the merchant marine. He has received the endorsement of the Teamsters and the National Maritime Union. His campaign literature distributed to union members does not mention his suggestion, made last spring, that "we should look very closely" at whether unions ought to be subject to anti-trust laws.



Reagan's visit early this month to the Reverend Jerry Falwell, the fundamentalist minister and founder of the political-action organization called the Moral Majority, was another attempt at deft footwork. The idea, according to a Reagan strategist, was to touch base with the important fundamentalist constituency (which can be particularly helpful against Carter in the South) and also to mollify the Jews. In that setting, Reagan was to stress his belief in the Judeo-Christian ethic, and he did. But that got lost in the controversy—which it is hard to believe is going on—over whose prayers God hears. Not long ago, Falwell associated himself with the comment of the Reverend Bailey Smith, the president of the Southern Baptist Convention, that "God Almighty does not hear the prayer of a Jew." Recently, Falwell met in New York with Rabbi Marc Tanenbaum, of the American Jewish Committee, and dissociated himself from the remark. In between, Reagan showed up at Falwell's headquarters, in Lynchburg, Virginia, and took the occasion both to condemn the "expulsion of God from the classroom" and to express his commitment to the separation of church and state; he did also refer to Judeo-Christian values and to the B'nai B'rith, and when he was asked by reporters on his arrival at the Lynchburg airport whether he shared the view of the ministers about whom God does and does not hear, he said, "No, since both the Christian and Judaic religions are based on the same God, the God of Moses, I'm quite sure those prayers are heard." He went on, "But I guess everyone can make his own interpretation of the Bible, and many individuals have been making differing interpretations for a long time." Yesterday, Reagan, who is having difficulty with the women's vote, announced, in his first press conference in a month, that one of his earliest appointees to the Supreme Court would be a woman. Reagan's problem—which both sides' polls pick up—is generally ascribed to the war-and-peace issue and his position against the Equal Rights Amendment, but there may also be something else: an impression that he represents the Hollywood cowboy ethos.

Reagan's one major departure from the tight packaging of his campaign produced the only note of levity that has been injected into the conflict thus far. It happened at a time when Stuart Spencer, the California public-relations man who had run Reagan's two gubernatorial campaigns and was brought aboard the campaign plane this fall after Reagan went through his "gaffe" period, was absent: one night in Steubenville, Ohio, Reagan launched into a rambling discourse on pollution, saying such things as that Mt. St. Helens had produced more sulphur dioxide than ten years' worth of automobiles, and repeated his previous statement that trees were responsible for ninety-three per cent of the nation's nitrogen oxides. The following day, in Youngstown, he said that air pollution had been "substantially controlled" (even as Los Angeles was suffering from a smog alert). The Carter Administration, of course, jumped all over his statements, and when Reagan appeared in California a few days later some students attached to a tree a sign that said, "Chop me down before I kill again." The day after Reagan made his remark about air pollution, he said, "I didn't say anything about it being substantially under control."

The Reagan people have been assiduously trying to build protection against Carter's reaping political credit from any break in the hostage situation in Iran. They have been warning again and again of an "October surprise." This strategy was devised in June, a Reagan campaign official tells me. The idea was that when Reagan aides and campaign surrogates were asked what they thought might happen in the election, or were given any other opportunity, they would talk about the possibility that the Carter people would produce an "October surprise." William Casey, the campaign's director, used the term in his talks with reporters during the Republican Convention, in July. The theory was that it was a nice, catchy term and would make its way into the media—as it has done. The Reagan campaign has also established a special working group to make plans for dealing with the political consequences of a hostage release.

The President's campaign may have been successful in its effort against Anderson—but at a price. Anderson's standing has dropped in the polls, and today the League of Women Voters announced that it would take a new look at his poll ratings this week and would withdraw its invitation to him to participate in the Presidential debates if his standing was no longer significant. (The criterion is that a candidate has to have fifteen per cent in the polls in order to qualify.) The Anderson people have failed in their attempts to borrow from banks against federal funds that he would be eligible for after the election if he received at least five per cent of the vote; the Carter Administration did what it could to discourage the banks from making the loans. Lately, Carter has been chiding Reagan for refusing to debate him unless Anderson was also included. Carter has been doing this more out of necessity than out of preference: though he seems to have got away with his refusal to appear in last month's debate between Reagan and Anderson, he has felt constrained to try to shift to Reagan some of the blame for the fact that there has been no Carter-Reagan debate, especially since Carter has been avoiding a debate all year. So the President appears to want to debate Reagan because he must appear to want to debate Reagan, but neither he nor his people are keen on having a debate now. They figure

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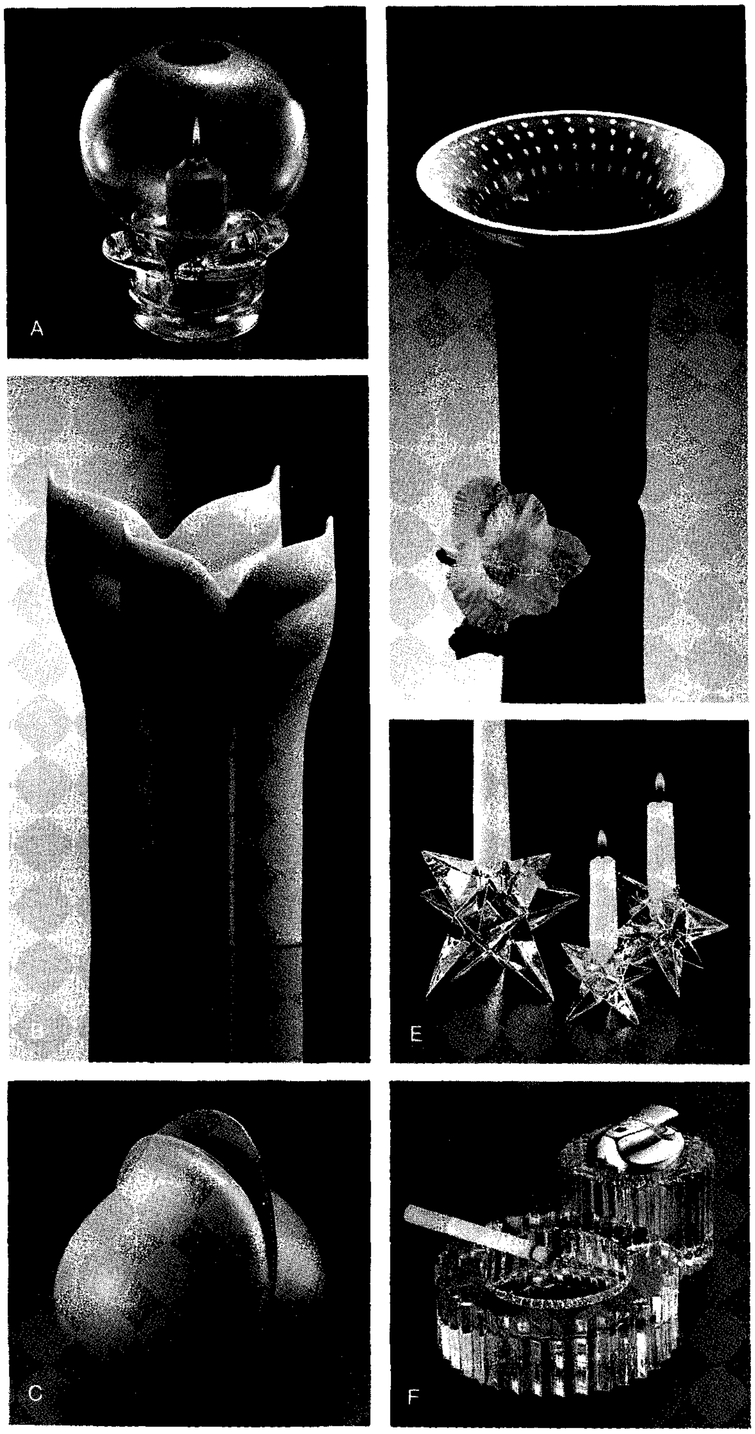

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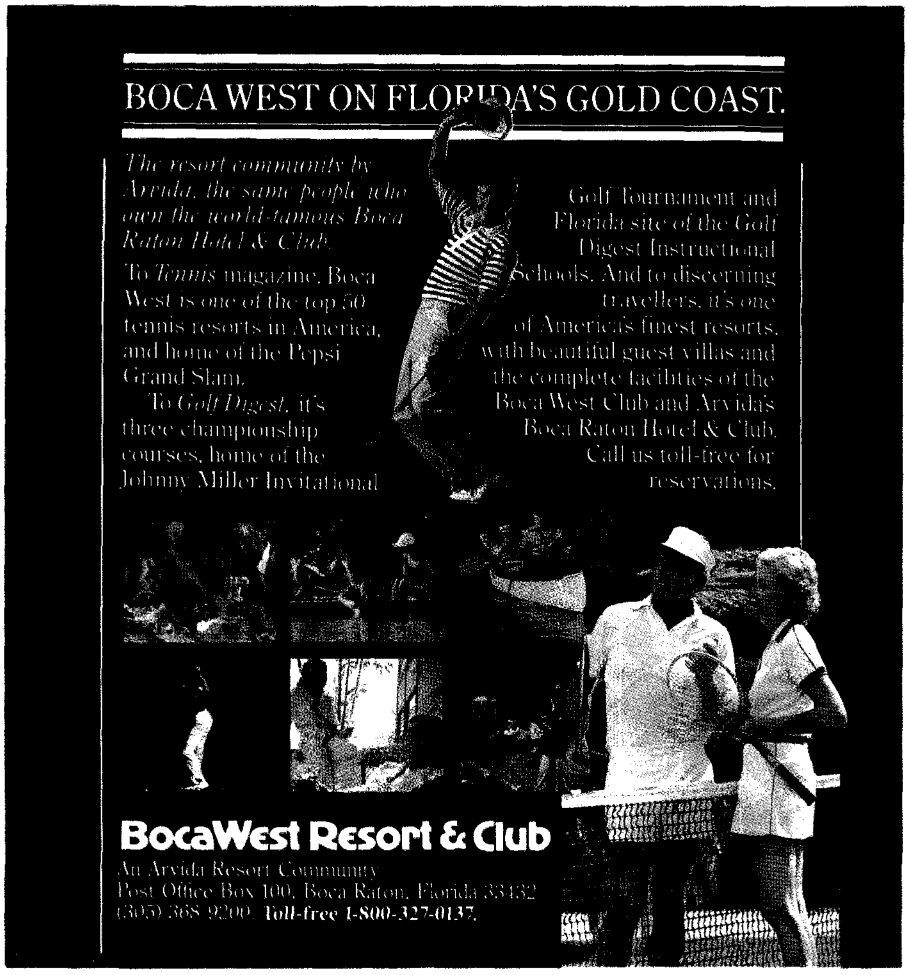
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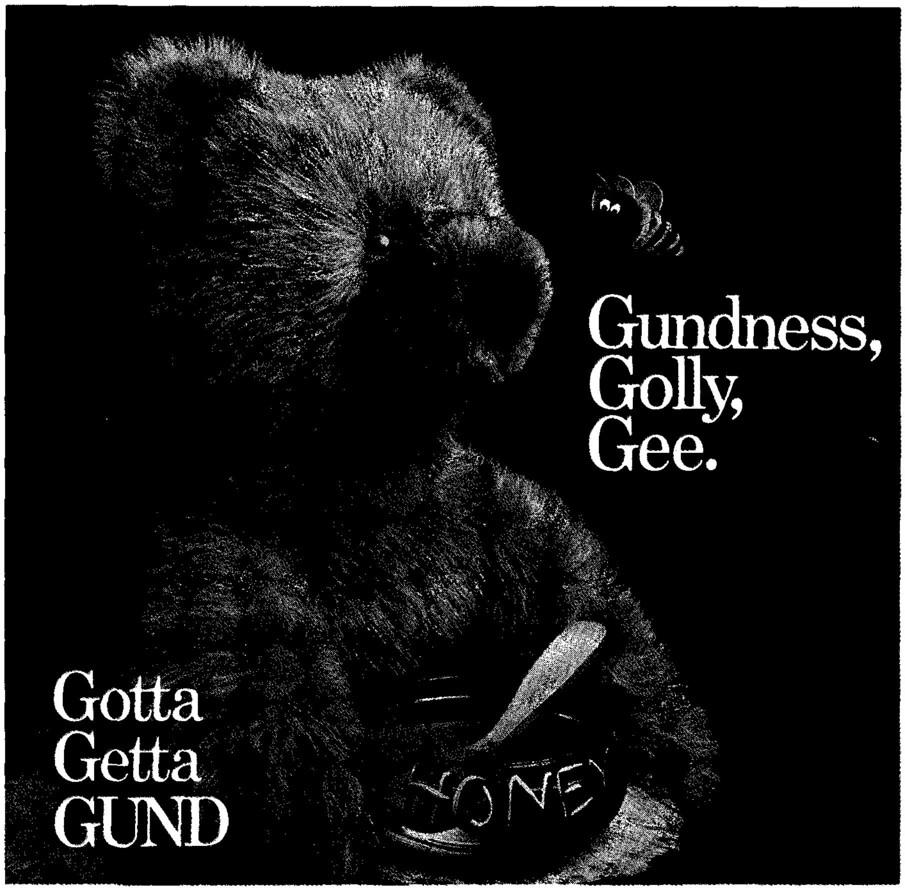

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that a debate helps a challenger (just as the debates with Gerald Ford helped Carter in 1976); they fear Reagan's talents as a performer; and they figure that since they are gaining on Reagan there is no point in taking a chance.

MONDAY, October 20th. The Reagan side has decided to accept an invitation to debate, because, these people say, while they have a margin over Carter now, it may not be a sufficient margin—or "cushion," as they put it—to protect them against developments in the final days of the campaign. William Casey said to me, "We feel we're ahead, and we're building our lead again, but we have to figure that in the last two weeks the incumbent can dominate the nightly news. And we haven't been in the top half of the nightly news lately. Carter has been in the top of the news in connection with Iraq and Iran, and we were in the latter half of the shows. Carter could charge that we were ducking the debate; his campaign has more surrogates to put out there, and the whole governmental apparatus to work for him; and we don't know what he has up his sleeve. So we may be ahead, but we don't know what kind of cushion we need."

Richard Wirthlin, Reagan's pollster and an important campaign strategist, was one of two Reagan campaign officials who opposed the idea of a debate. (The other was William Timmons, the deputy director for campaign operations.) Recently, there had been a number of stories saying that the Reagan campaign had "stalled," and that the—dread word—"momentum" had shifted to Carter. A number of polls indicated that the race continued to be quite close, and some indicated that Carter was moving ahead in the industrial states. Wirthlin does not agree with these assessments. Over lunch today, he told me his soundings showed that as of two days ago Reagan held a six-point lead over Carter: Reagan about forty-three per cent; Carter about thirty-seven; undecided eleven; Anderson ten. Ten days ago, however, he, too, had felt that Reagan was running into trouble in some of the industrial states—Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania—and had so informed the strategists travelling with Reagan. What worried the strategists was that once the idea that Reagan was encountering problems filtered out through the press, it might become a fact.

In political campaigns, there are times when it is best to be seen as running behind—but not many. If a candidate is seen to be ahead, this affects his organization, his supporters, and, most important, the press coverage, which affects all else. For this reason, campaign spokesmen are inclined to put the best face on the facts. There had been not only a lot of press comment recently to the effect that Reagan was "slipping" but also some advice—the press is liberal with its campaign suggestions—to the effect that Reagan needed to debate; and some of Reagan's field directors sent word to campaign headquarters that they were worried that Reagan was "sitting on his lead." Wirthlin says that he favored a debate at an earlier point but later worried about the time that it would take away from the campaign so late in the game. However, other members of the Reagan entourage were strongly in favor of a debate. Wirthlin did try to assure them that Reagan was still in the lead, but when he was asked whether Reagan would have enough of a "cushion" for the end of the campaign he could not say. All agreed that Reagan had much to gain from a debate. "Most of the pluses that Reagan takes out of a debate are image-related," one of Reagan's advisers said to me. "He can demonstrate strength and also compassion. He comes across as reasonable in debates. He'll come across warm and easygoing. It'll be hard for Carter to make the 'warmonger' label stick. Reagan won't be able to match Carter on detail, but that won't matter very much." For these reasons, and in case there should be a last-minute break in the hostage situation, the Reagan people are pushing for the debate to be held the night before the election. Wirthlin said to me today, "Given the political environment, the election is going to hang or fall on that debate."

Wirthlin's counterpart, Patrick Caddell, also opposed a debate, and others around the President had misgivings, but Carter was trapped. The reaction would be too negative if Carter ducked another debate, they concluded. "There's no way out of it now," one Carter adviser said to me yesterday. Some Carter advisers thought that a debate held distinct advantages for Carter: it would give him an opportunity to illustrate the differences between him and Reagan on the issues and to point up Reagan's changed positions on various issues. Another advantage, as some see it, is that a Carter-Reagan debate would further damage Anderson. The Carter people may be underestimating Reagan's talent for political theatre—a talent that Carter happens to sorely lack. Reagan has used that talent to dominate every political debate he has participated in, starting well before this year. No matter what happens, though, there is something wrong with the idea that the process of choosing a President should come down to a single television event. The press will be unable to resist casting the event in terms of "who won," turning it into one great sporting event. A debate does offer insights into the candidates' characters, but it tests only some of the things that are important in the White House.

Wirthlin maintains that the public polls indicating that Reagan and Carter were about even in key states were taken just when Carter was getting off his "meanness" horse and Reagan had committed his gaffe about air pollution, and that they therefore represented only a fleeting moment in a long campaign. He feels that the race was tightening up in the key states—that Democrats were beginning to "go home"—but says that Reagan was never behind in them. But because major newspapers published the view that Reagan was stalled and in trouble, that view became gospel. Moreover, Wirthlin added in our conversation, "When we looked at the South, we saw that the results we had been looking for were there." Reagan had fallen behind in Alabama after he made his remark that it was the birthplace of the Ku Klux Klan, but now he was five points ahead there, according to Wirthlin's polls; and his polls also indicated that Reagan was ahead in Missouri, Louisiana, and South Carolina, and had a good chance in Mississippi. According to Wirthlin's polls, Reagan and Carter were now about even in Kentucky and Tennessee—"two states we hadn't even considered," Wirthlin said. "We're back in the ballgame," he added. "I've got to believe Pat Caddell knows the same thing I do." There are a number of ways that Reagan, who starts with the West (with the possible exceptions of Oregon and Washington), can win a sufficient number of electoral votes—two hundred and seventy. "We can win this election without taking Ohio,

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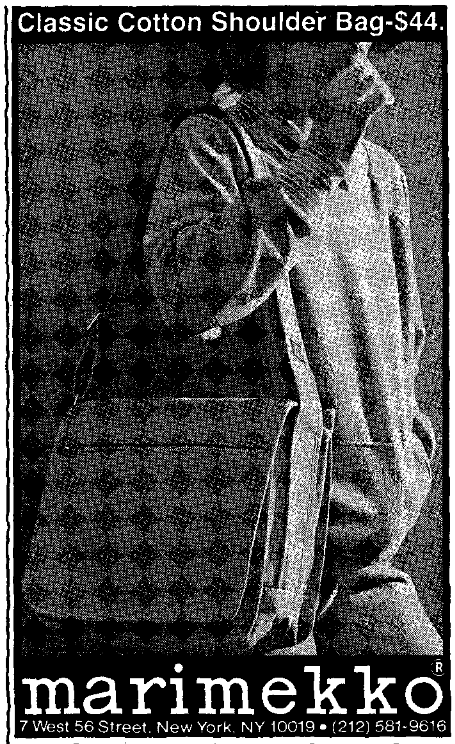

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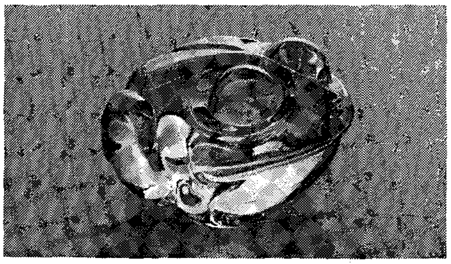

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Pennsylvania, Illinois, or Michigan if we can crack the South, and I think we can take two of those states," Wirthlin said. "Carter and Reagan are even in Michigan and Ohio, but we're in a little trouble in Pennsylvania. There's a possibility that we can carry Connecticut, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Wisconsin. The whole house of cards could come down on them."

There has been an argument within the Reagan camp over how aggressive Reagan should be. Several of his advisers have wanted him to attack Carter more. Wirthlin's view has been that Reagan first had to build what Wirthlin terms a base of credibility: his polling during September had found that a great many people said they didn't know very much about Reagan. Only recently—during the second week of October—did the number of people who made that response fall below thirty per cent. This put Reagan in a position to go into what Wirthlin calls "the attack mode"—to hit harder at Carter's record. As a Reagan aide puts it, "the theory was that before people moved away from Carter, which they wanted to do, they had to have a better sense of what they were moving to." Reagan could then begin to attack Carter's record more strongly, and the campaign advertising would also be more aggressive against Carter. The surrogates would stress Carter's indecisiveness, his "mean-spiritedness," his "vacillation" in foreign policy, and his manipulation of the Presidency for political ends. "I think now we can begin to raise questions about Carter more directly," Wirthlin said to me today. "The Governor's tone will probably become more confrontive. You'll see TV ads that deal more specifically with Carter's record." There has been some disagreement within the Reagan camp over the ads, which have thus far emphasized Reagan's record as governor—at least, as the Reagan people tell it. Some of his political advisers thought there was too much emphasis on Reagan's record and not enough on Carter's. But the tone of the ads was part of Wirthlin's strategy of getting people to see Reagan as a benign manager, not as an aggressive partisan. Some people in the Reagan camp thought that the ads were too mild and that they were run too often. "I'm sick of them," one Reagan campaign official has said to me. But Wirthlin's polls showed that the governorship ads did well for Reagan. The Carter camp's polls showed the same thing.

Wirthlin's polling also has indicated that a high percentage of people—about forty-four per cent—consider Reagan "dangerous": they respond affirmatively when they are asked whether Reagan is best described by the phrase "He is most likely to get us into an unnecessary war." In part, the Reagan people think, this is related to the fact that Reagan comes across as the stronger leader. ("There are few political perceptions that are unmitigated assets or unmitigated weaknesses," Wirthlin says.) In part, however, they concede it has to do with the statements that Reagan has made in the past about areas in which he might intervene with military force, including his suggestion, in January, that one option for reacting to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan was a blockade of Cuba—a suggestion to which George Bush, among others, took great exception—and his recent comment about the SALT treaty and an arms race. Some people around Reagan have suggested to me that one of the factors at work here is that many of the people who are supposed to advise Reagan on foreign policy have their roots in the world of defense and strategic planning, and that when Reagan himself is dealing with foreign-policy issues he tends to think in terms of strategic weaponry—the B-1 bomber, and so on. And in part it has been because Carter's attacks have taken hold. The Reagan people see the debate as one way to put to rest the notion that their candidate would be a "dangerous" President.

Last night, Reagan gave a half-hour television address on the subject of foreign and defense policy. The address was skillful, as was to be expected. Reagan began, "I'd like to speak to you for a few moments now not as a candidate for the Presidency but as a citizen, a parent—in fact, a grandparent—who shares with you the deep and abiding hope for peace." Reagan, it seems, is trying to turn his age to advantage by playing the role of the genial grandfather. (He concedes that his sole grandchild, who is two years old, barely knows him. When the child didn't seem to recognize him at the Republican Convention, he quipped, "He only sees me on television.") Reagan's age has been used to

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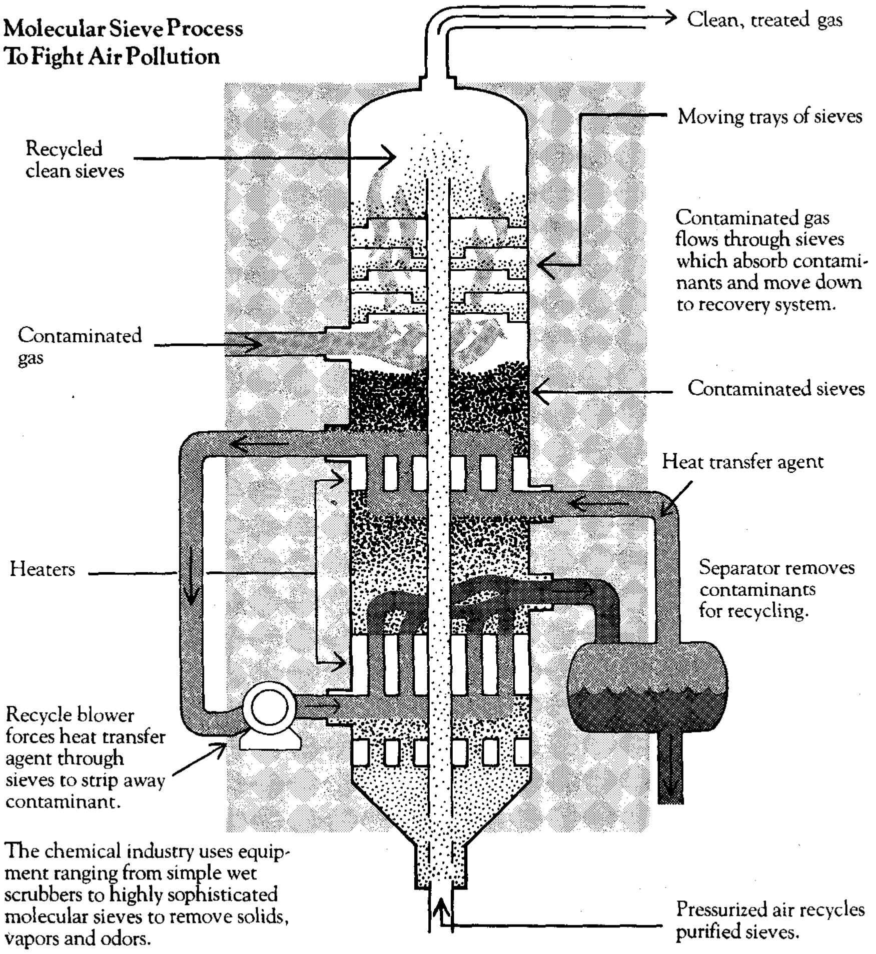
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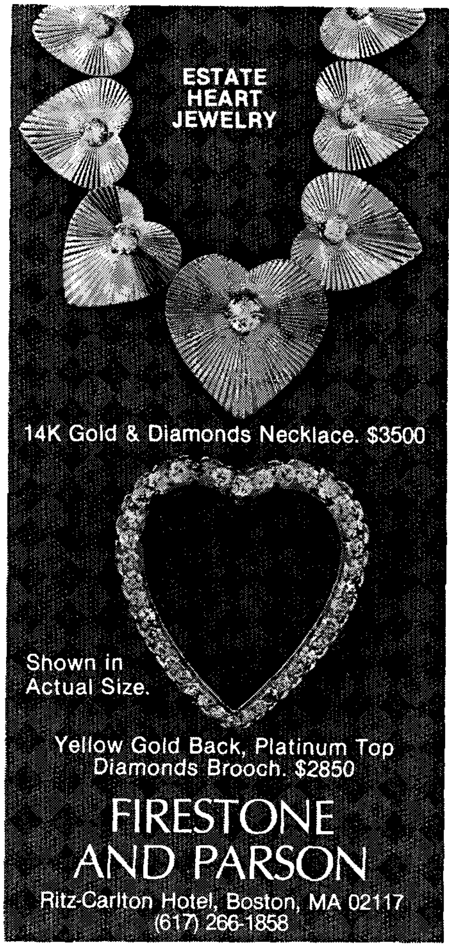
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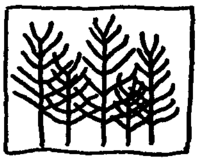
make him seem comfortable, reassuring—a man in his twilight years wanting only to do good for his country. Wirthlin says his polls indicate that people think of Reagan as more vigorous than Carter or Anderson—presumably because he is seen on television, where it counts, in motion: going up and down airplane ramps, out speaking to workers. And, with his apple cheeks, full head of hair, and large physique, he looks healthy. So the age issue seems to have gone away.



In his address last night, Reagan criticized Carter's "litany of fear" and paraphrased Franklin Roosevelt: "The only thing the cause of peace has to fear is fear itself." He said, "We must build peace upon strength. There is no other way." And he said, "Our economic, military, and strategic strength under President Carter is eroding." He said, "Only if *we* are strong will peace be strong." He said, accurately, that "the present Administration has been unable to speak with one voice in foreign policy," and he promised that his Administration's policymaking would be "more coherent." He spoke in general terms about restoring relations with our allies and conducting "a realistic and balanced policy toward the Soviet Union," and about a "realistic policy for the Western Hemisphere." (The idea for a "North American Accord" with Mexico and Canada, with which he began his campaign last year, and which then sort of disappeared, was resurrected in the speech.) He called for investment by the private sector, with government assistance, in the development of Africa (there has been precious little recognition of the existence of the Third World in this campaign by either candidate), and he advocated strengthening the Voice of America, Radio Free Europe, and Radio Liberty. He said that we needed to curb international terrorism through efforts by the Central Intelligence Agency and through making it clear that we will refuse to make concessions or pay ransom. As for arms control, he said, "I would assign a high priority to strategic-arms reduction," and "As President, I will immediately open negotiations on a SALT III treaty." He said that the SALT II treaty had been blocked by the Senate; in fact, because it was so controversial and because of outside events, mainly the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, the treaty was never brought up on the Senate floor. He called for "restoring the margin of safety" in defense—which appears to be the same thing as superiority.

Sometimes Reagan leans against a desk; on one occasion, he walks to a wing chair and stands beside it. For a man with his abilities, he actually seems a bit awkward. One of Reagan's staff members is bothered by some of Reagan's ads, saying that he becomes stiff and unnatural when they are being filmed. Still, he is smooth in his delivery, and he looks Presidential. In last night's speech he used the word "peace" forty-seven times. He said, as he has often said in his campaign, that "I have known four wars in my lifetime—I don't want to see a fifth." He ended, as is his wont, with a long anecdote, the gist of which was that young people were "what this campaign is all about." Young people have been one of his symbols: sometimes on hand as props at his rallies, often referred to in his speeches. When reporters asked Reagan advisers, who were available for a background briefing yesterday, what much of the speech meant, they could not say. Reagan did not explain, among other things, how it is that the Russians would allow the United States to gain "a margin of safety." (He has sometimes said that they could not afford to keep up.) Nor did he explain what would happen between the time the SALT II treaty was scrapped and any new agreement was reached. The pending treaty, which both sides have pledged to observe during the approval process, prevents the Soviet Union from deploying a number of weapons systems it is ready to go ahead with.

In a fumbling way, Reagan and Carter have ended up making this election campaign one that focusses on the big issues. They are not arguing over things like window valances put up for the director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, as happened in 1976. They are arguing over the economy, over foreign policy and national-security policy, and over the role of the government in our society. Both sides are distorting the issues and taking cheap shots, however, and neither candidate is offering a very clear picture of what he would do. Carter seems not to know what he would do with another four years, and Reagan seems to feel (with some reason) that in a campaign clarity leads only to trouble. Are we reaching a point where the

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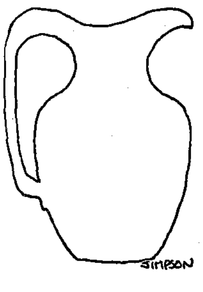
larger the question, the less we are to know of what either candidate would do? Or is it just these candidates?

"We've designed the campaign to finish very hard," Wirthlin said today. "We've husbanded our advertising money for the end of the campaign—the Carter people spent a lot of theirs early—and we'll have five million dollars to spend on ads in the last two weeks. We have enough money for three thirty-minute television programs on Election Eve; we have five hundred thousand volunteers; we have five million pieces of literature to distribute."

When I asked William Casey what the plan was for the next two weeks, he began by saying, "We haven't done as well as we might have on how bad Carter's record is. We've dealt with the defense issue, because we had to. Carter's attack has increased the perception that the Governor may be dangerous; it had to be responded to. That's the only cloud we see on the horizon." Then Casey said he expected that the Consumer Price Index to be published this week would show an increase in inflation. "Between that and the debate, we'll ride the economic issue all the way home," he said. "With more resources for advertising, more volunteers, more enthusiasm, if we get our issues across now we'll go sailing in."

Today, Reagan travelled around with Henry Kissinger; former Secretary of State William Rogers (whom Kissinger, when he served as national-security adviser to Richard Nixon, relegated to the sidelines); Elliot Richardson, the former a-number-of-things; Anne Armstrong, former Ambassador to Great Britain and deputy chairman of the campaign; and Howard Baker, the Senate Minority Leader. Reagan is wrapping himself in Republican respectables—they don't come any more respectable than Richardson—and the respectables are pleased to oblige. Kissinger said that he approves of Reagan's approach to SALT, and NBC showed Rogers saying of Reagan, "He is not a warmonger."



Yesterday, Carter, in his second radio address, said that "peace is my passion," and continued, "Over the last twenty years, we have taken some tentative steps away from the nuclear precipice. Now, for the first time, we are being advised to take steps that may move us toward it." Today, before he took off to campaign in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New York, he read to reporters a statement saying that Reagan was "extraordinarily naïve" about nuclear arms and "does not understand the serious consequences of what he's proposing." And the President said that if the hostages were freed he would release Iranian assets held in this country. Reagan, who is also campaigning in Ohio today, and in Kentucky, too, referred to the President's statement and said that there were a number of things "I don't understand." He listed inflation, unemployment, the Soviet troops in Afghanistan, and, raising the until now forbidden subject, he said, "And, lastly, I don't understand why fifty-two Americans have been held hostage for almost a year now."

MONDAY, October 27th. The much-discussed public unhappiness with the two major candidates running for President this year is based partly in reality and partly in myth. One myth is that there are a number of people stacked up like a cord of wood somewhere who could easily be good Presidents. But there are a great many highly intelligent, competent people, in the private sector and in public life, who would be hopeless Presidents. Politics requires certain skills, and both Carter and Reagan have some of those skills. Another myth, which seems to persist, is that there is a savior out there who can move into the White House and set everything right. The percentage of great Presidents in our history is not high. The men who designed our political system did not place their hopes in the idea that we would have great leaders; in fact, they were wary of the idea of saviors. Moreover, there is a tendency, untempered by experience, to hold Presidents responsible for everything that happens, and this can lead to the dashing of hopes. Little account is taken of the possibility that there are forces or events that are immovable or beyond control. Everything that goes wrong in the world is attributed to Carter. Of course, it is not out of the question that there will be a more popular set of candidates down the road; there probably will be. Much of the frustration with the choice this time is laid at the door of "the parties," as if some disembodied (and anachronistic) group had got to-

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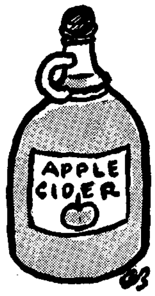
gether and selected these people. We are who selected these people. The campaigns that the two men are waging come out of their own particular personalities and characters, and were foreshadowed many months ago.

Robert Teeter, a Republican pollster, said in a conversation I had with him last week that this election is, to an unusual degree, a national one. Teeter, who polls for a number of Republicans running for the Senate and House and covers a number of states for the Reagan campaign, explained that when the polls shift in one of the swing states they tend to shift, and largely to the same degree, in all the swing states. "The things that affect this campaign are things that are going on nationally, and the focus is on the Presidential candidates—not the Vice-Presidential candidates, the First Lady, and so on," he said. Teeter's assessment, like that of Reagan's campaign aides, is that Reagan is a few points ahead of Carter across the board—but that the race is quite close in most of the important states—and that Reagan enjoys a lead in the electoral vote. The most interesting thing, in his view, is that the electorate has hardly moved at all since the fall campaign began. He pointed out that both candidates have been holding somewhere between thirty-six and forty-one per cent of the voters, and that eventually one of them has to pick up several more percentage points to win. "Reagan has all the people his natural appeal could reach, and Carter has all the people who say, 'I'll never vote for Ronald Reagan,' " he said. "They have to do something a little different to get the last seven or eight per cent. That's where the debate comes in." Teeter, who is based in Detroit, added, "In the Detroit vernacular, 'You've sold everyone a Chevrolet who's going to buy one.' "



The New York *Times*-CBS News poll that was published last week showed Carter and Reagan about even —Carter thirty-nine per cent, Reagan thirty-eight per cent, Anderson nine per cent, and undecided thirteen per cent. Yesterday, the Gallup poll gave Carter forty-five per cent of the vote, Reagan forty-two. The poll has a margin of error of four points, meaning that the figures could be four points higher or four points lower—and that could make quite a difference. Moreover, these surveys do not tell us about the electoral vote, where Reagan has the advantage. *Time* and *Newsweek* polls, like the recent *Times*-CBS poll, gave Carter a one-per-cent lead. The NBC News-Associated Press poll gave Reagan the lead (forty-two to thirty-six, a slightly lower margin than before), and the ABC News-Harris poll gave Reagan a lead of forty-five per cent to forty-two. It is clear from conversations with Carter aides that they are worried. Caddell told me a few days ago that Florida, which is a critical state for Carter, seemed lost. (The President has continued to campaign there, though.) Other aides say that they are worried about Texas, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, and Ohio. Yet they insist that they see possible victories in several states that Ford carried last time (Connecticut, Maine, Michigan, Illinois, Washington, Oregon, Virginia, and New Jersey). The degree of the President's trouble is indicated by the fact that he has had to spend time in Massachusetts and New York, which should be safe for him by now if he is to win, and that he will have to spend still more time in the South.

Within the Carter camp, there is quite a bit of resentment of Mayor Edward Koch, of New York, whom they consider to be excessively friendly to Reagan and insufficiently energetic on the President's behalf. The Carter people are preoccupied with the Jewish vote. Some have worked hard to get the Administration to issue a categorical statement that the F-15 fighter planes sold to Saudi Arabia will not be outfitted with bomb racks and refuelling equipment, which would produce a threat to Israel; the Administration had promised the Senate that these would not be provided, but Defense Secretary Harold Brown and Carter's national-security adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, were reported to have recently recommended them. The President did tell an interviewer not long ago that such equipment would not be provided, and the President's aides went to great lengths to bring this to the attention of reporters. (The President's comment was said to have come as a surprise to foreign-policy and defense officials.) The Carter people profess themselves perplexed by the problem with Jewish voters, in light of the Camp David agreement. But they know that the problem arises out of mixed signals from the Administration over its policy toward Israel—the hapless United Nations vote last March, and hints seeming to come from Brzezinski's office that after the election the United States will be tougher toward Israel.

Some also recognize that the problem between Carter and Jewish groups is in part cultural (the groups were suspicious of him in 1976) and in part a result of Carter's inability to talk to all manner of groups in a way that reaches them. In fact, the only place he seems to be successful is in black churches—and in those he draws on his own experience. Carter was helped out in Texas last week, particularly among the Chicanos, by Senator Kennedy, who has played the good soldier this fall, making several appearances on Carter's behalf, some at his side. (Inevitably, this set off the quadrennial speculation about whether Kennedy would run next time—usually, such speculation does not begin until after the election—and Kennedy has teasingly fuelled the speculation along.) The President's aides are hoping that the President will also get some mileage in farm areas out of a recent agreement to sell a great deal of grain to China. (Such sales, of course, raise the price of grain, and therefore of food, in the United States, but that is not the sort of thing that weighs on Administration officials—whichever party is in power—at election time.) Carter has been pointing to the fact that farm prices have risen during his Administration, and has said that he hoped they would go higher. Unfortunately for him, the last Consumer Price Index to come out before the election has shown prices to be going up by about one per cent, or at an annual rate of twelve and seven-tenths per cent. The highest factor in the increase was the price of food. Carter, who, with good reason, has largely avoided the subject of the economy during the campaign, responded to the new inflation figure by saying that it indicated the strong inflationary forces in the economy and predicting that Reagan's proposal to cut tax rates by ten per cent a year for three years "would be like pouring gasoline on a fire." The President gave a speech on the economy to the National Press Club two weeks ago, but it received very little attention. He does have a program to revitalize the economy—not a very exciting one, but a program—and he talked about it in the speech, but he does not seem able to implant it in the national consciousness. He doesn't even seem to have

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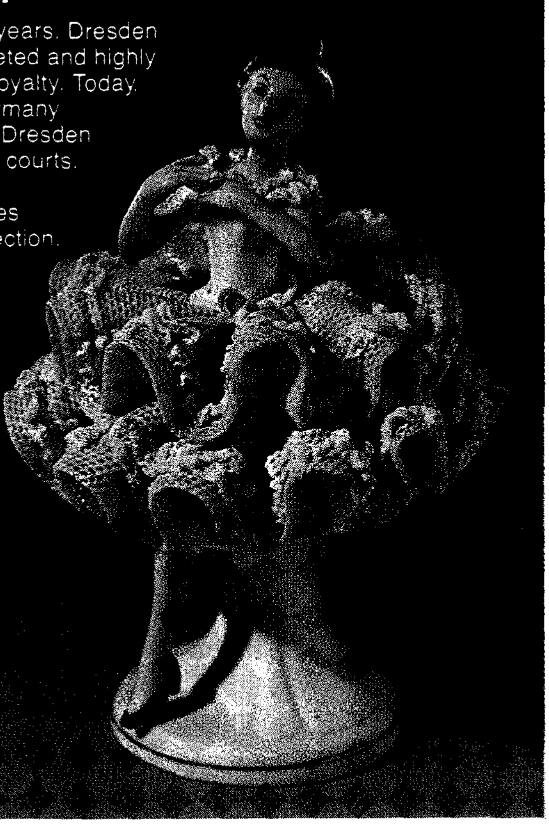
tried to. Carter simply has trouble getting himself across: it is not just a matter of a lack of presence, though that is a real problem, but also one of a lack of clarity in what he is trying to say.

On television Friday night, Reagan was quoted as calling inflation "a continuing tragedy of immense proportions." The hard fact is that there are forces at work which will make it difficult for whoever is elected to get inflation under control, and neither candidate has offered a plan that is likely to do so. When Reagan campaigned in the South last week, he stressed his intention of increasing military spending and suggested that a total ban on trade with the Soviet Union was "a very viable option." (Reagan opposed the embargo on the sale of grain to the Soviet Union which Carter imposed after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan.) The simplistically termed war-and-peace issue stands on its head in the South: Reagan is believed to be helped there by his strong pro-defense, anti-Soviet militance, and Carter to be hurt by his stress on peace, arms control, and moderation in dealing with the Soviet Union.

Both sides are clearly nervous about the hostage question. Amid signs out of Iran that the release of the American hostages might be imminent, Carter officials are trying to dampen hopes that the hostages will be released before the election, in case they aren't, and the Reagan people are trying to diminish the credit that will accrue to Carter if they are. After charges concerning the hostages went back and forth between Reagan and the Carter campaign for a couple of days, aides at Reagan's headquarters in Arlington, Virginia, suggested that he stop talking about the issue. When Reagan was asked by reporters to explain his comment that he did not understand why the hostages had been held so long, he replied, "I believe that this Administration's foreign policy helped create the entire situation that made their kidnap possible. And I think the fact that they've been there that long is a humiliation and a disgrace to this country." Asked if he had any ideas of his own for releasing the hostages, Reagan replied, "I think I've had some ideas, but they're— you don't talk about them." Mondale and then Carter landed on this, saying that if Reagan did have any ideas he ought to offer them, and likening Reagan's statement to Nixon's "secret plan" in the 1968 campaign to end the war in



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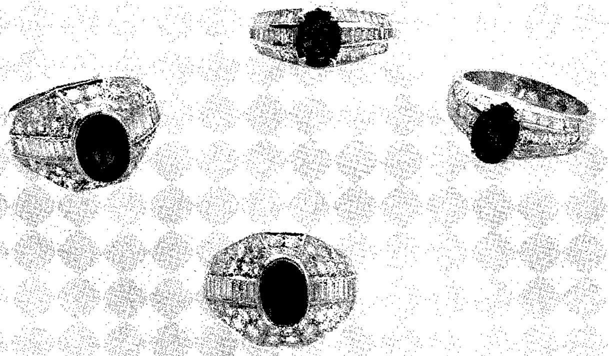

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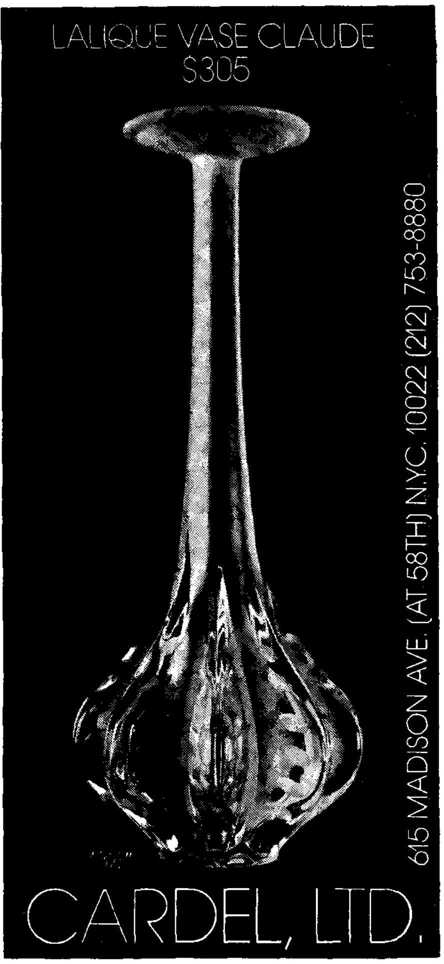
Vietnam. Carter accused Reagan, of all things, of turning the hostage issue into "a political football." One of Reagan's aides told me, "We had decided to spend all week on the economic issue, but we got sidetracked by the hostage issue," and added, "He does have some views, as a matter of fact, but you don't hint at them and then say, 'I won't say what they are.' "

Reagan did get back to the economic issue, decrying "Jimmy Carter's demonstrated inability to govern our nation," and saying that "nowhere has his inability to handle the job of the Presidency been more apparent than in his handling of the American economy." He also said, "In this campaign, Mr. Carter has not answered for the economic misery he's caused." On Friday night, Reagan gave a half-hour address on the economy, attacking Carter's record and repeating his pledge to cut tax rates by ten per cent for three years, and this time suggesting that he might balance the budget by the fiscal year 1982. (When he spelled out his program in Chicago in September, he said that the budget might be balanced in fiscal 1983.) He ended his televised address with a story he had read in a Fort Wayne newspaper about a little girl who could not buy roller skates, because the price kept going up. He concluded, "That's right, Andrea, what Mr. Carter has done to this country's economy just isn't fair."

Henry Kissinger held court in Washington last week and explained to reporters that the hostages might be returned soon because there is a logic to returning them now from Iran's point of view. This, of course, diminishes any credit that might come Carter's way. But Carter has made his own contribution toward undermining any such credit, through his exploitation of the problem. Still, the Reagan people's nervousness about a hostage release is evident in their conversations. One aide said to me on Friday, "I think absent a hostage release, with just a credible performance in the debate, Reagan wins the election. But the hostages will probably be released, and I don't know how that will cut." And then he asked, as he undoubtedly asked everyone he spoke to, "How do you think it will cut?"

On Saturday, one of Reagan's closest aides said to me that as a result of the foreign-policy address on T.V Reagan had picked up four points from the undecided voters. "He talked to millions of households, and that's bound to have an effect," this man said. The Reagan people have always put great faith in Reagan's televised addresses. Some have been landmarks in his political career. "He can give his views unfettered by the press," the aide said of these final campaign addresses. "And the undecideds are at a stage where they are willing to listen. That's the point of the televised speeches now. Our research tells us that people find him believable. You're talking about moving only four or five per cent of the people in something like eight states at this point. Starting Sunday night, we'll have a lot of new ads on. We'll now get the benefit of our ad people's having saved most of their money. There will be a message of hope from Reagan, some negative ads about Carter, and ads using Jerry Ford, Betty Ford, Nancy Reagan, and Eugene McCarthy." The Reagan people are delighted that McCarthy endorsed Reagan last week. McCarthy, who, of course, ran as an independent four years ago, had reportedly been critical of Reagan recently, and had appeared in ads for Anderson and for Ed Clark, the candidate of the Libertarian Party. The Reagan people feel that McCarthy helps defuse the "war issue."

"We've got to stay on the subject of the economy," the Reagan aide continued. "Over sixty per cent of the people think that inflation is the biggest issue. I can't understand why the press is so interested in the war-and-peace issue. We can't let the media and Carter draw us into staying on that one. The media are far more interested in it than the people themselves are." Then he turned to the subject of the hostages: "In the last four or five days, it began to hit us that the hostage thing might happen. If it does, I don't have any idea how it will affect the campaign. It depends on when they return, what condition they're in, what the deal is, when the deal was made. If we've done one thing well, we've talked about the 'October surprise' enough to get the idea implanted." As for the debate, this man said, "I think that if it's a draw Reagan wins. He'll be there standing next to the President of the United States, and that goes a long way toward allaying fears. People will see him as Presidential. It's clear that after the debate with Anderson a great many people saw Reagan as calm, in control; that debate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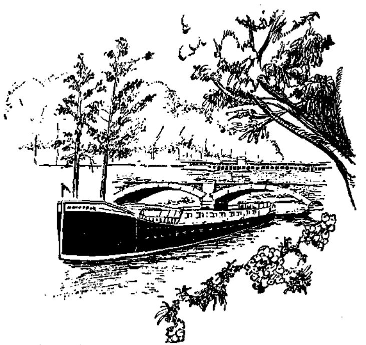

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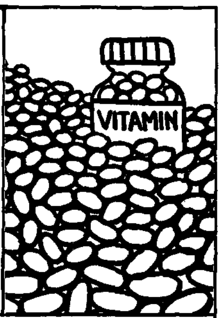

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helped Reagan—it went a long way toward allaying fears about him. What it all comes down to is that people don't want to vote for Carter but aren't sure about Reagan. The half-hour television shows and the debate will give that crucial four or five per cent of the voters reason to think it's O.K. to vote for Reagan."

Some of the Carter people are apprehensive about the debate—fearful that Reagan's style will win out. Caddell has warned the President that he has only a twenty-five-per-cent chance to "win" the debate, and that such debates are vehicles for challengers. The Carter people are engaged in diminishing people's expectations about the President's performance, and the President himself has taken to saying such things as "A lot of people say he's better at making speeches than I am, and I guess they're right."

TUESDAY, October 28th. Everything about the debate is out of proportion: the relationship of the event to the campaign; the buildup it has received. It has become the world heavyweight championship and the Super Bowl combined; the only thing missing is Howard Cosell. For days, we've been told on the television news how the two candidates—like two contenders for the heavyweight title—have prepared (Reagan, for three days, in the garage at his rented estate in Virginia, rehearsing, complete with videotape replays; Carter, more sporadically, at Camp David and in Cleveland, and getting in some campaigning in between). Tonight's news showed Carter jogging early this morning in a cold rain in Cleveland. It was an unnerving sight. This is being described in the press as a sudden-death event. It's no way to decide an election. There is much talk about whether either candidate will commit the big gaffe that will decide everything; but the gaffe, such as the one Gerald Ford made over the question of Eastern Europe four years ago, is the exception. And a single gaffe shouldn't decide an election, either. Debates are not a bad idea as one element in an election process; they do offer the voters a sustained look at the candidates. But if there are to be any debates there should be several, allowing more time for a number of questions to be explored, and reducing the impact of any single event.

Carter looks tired tonight, his eyes puffed; Reagan looks to be in robust health. Reagan takes the opportunity offered by the first question—on the differences between the two candidates concerning the use of military power—to say, "I believe with all my heart that our first priority must be world peace." He and Carter both seem to be proceeding on the assumption that if they say the word "peace" frequently, that answers everything. Reagan repeats some of his stock campaign lines, such as "America has never gotten in a war because we were too strong." He also says, "I'm a father of sons; I have a grandson." He fumbles a bit in his answer; he seems uncustomarily—but understandably—tense.

Carter, in his first answer, does his Presidential routine: "I've had to make thousands of decisions since I've been President, serving in the Oval Office." And he says, "I have learned in the process"—a mistake, it appears, because the remark comes off as apologetic. He makes an unsubtle dig at Reagan, saying that "there are no simple answers to complicated questions." As he did in his acceptance speech at the Convention, he cites the lowering of spending for defense under the Republicans, leaving out the fact that most of the decrease was a result of the ending of the Vietnam War and also the fact that some of the cuts were imposed by a Democratic Congress. "There are always trouble spots in the world, and how those troubled areas are addressed by a President alone in that Oval Office affects our nation directly," he says.

Reagan, justifiably, takes up the points about defense, but then he does some distorting of his own—about weapons systems that he says Carter stopped or delayed. (This litany is one that critics of defense policy have recited over and over, until the repetition has given it the aura of truth.) Carter argues that the rate of inflation is seven per cent for the previous quarter, down from about eighteen per cent in the first quarter (this is true), and says that his Administration has added nine million new jobs (this is also true), and Reagan points out that the current rate of inflation is twelve and seven-tenths per cent annually and that eight million people are unemployed (figures that are also true). What is anyone learning from all this? Reagan gets off another of his stock sentences: "We don't have inflation because the people are living too well; we have inflation because the government is living too well." He distorts, as he has in the campaign, something that Carter said in his recent speech on the econ-

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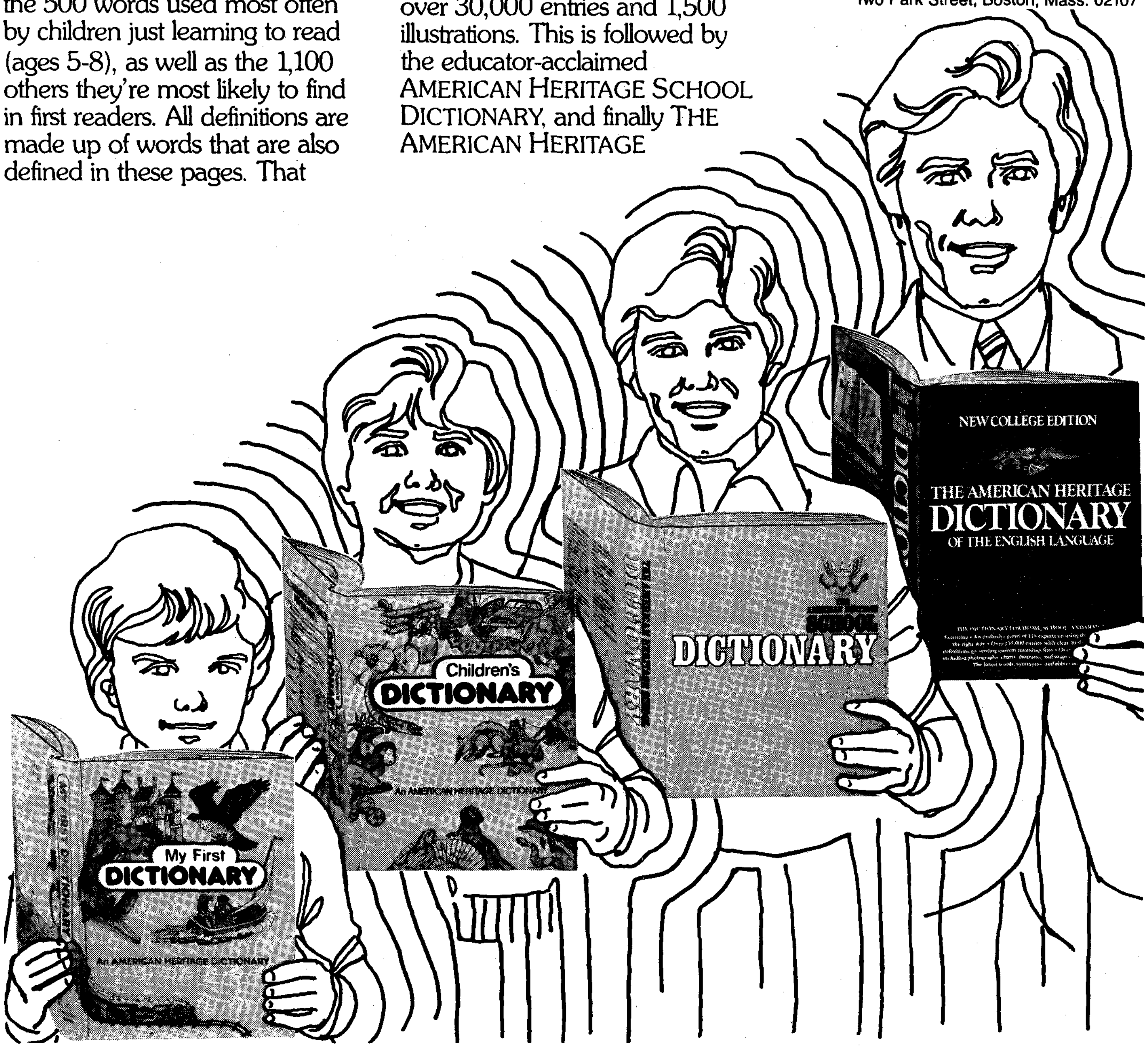
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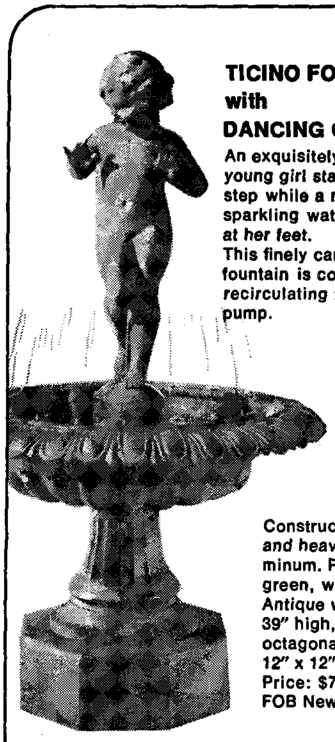

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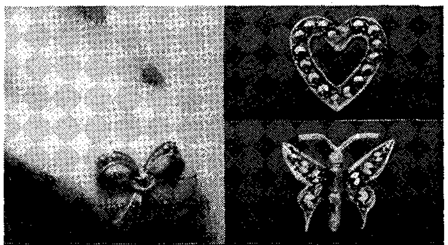

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omy. In explaining some of the historical causes of inflation, Carter cited "the failure to raise adequate revenues at a time of greatly increased public spending, like the Vietnam War." (Lyndon Johnson's insistence on paying for the war and the Great Society without raising taxes, so as to avoid drawing attention to the cost of the war, led to an inflationary cycle.) Reagan gleefully mentions this, leaving out the reference to Vietnam and so making it appear that Carter is urging more taxes.

Neither man really tells us what he would do about inflation. Reagan continues to avoid citing any government programs that he would cut in order to meet his goals of reducing taxes, increasing defense spending, and balancing the budget. They hurl statistics back and forth (Carter pointing out that, despite Reagan's claims that taxes were rebated to the people, taxes were also increased during his governorship). They are like a couple of grown men trading "So's your old man" charges. Reagan uses another stock campaign line: "Why is it inflationary to let the people keep more of their money and spend it the way that they like, and it isn't inflationary to let him take that money and spend it the way he wants?" Like many of Reagan's lines, it scans well and explains nothing. He uses other such lines tonight, saying, for example, that the Department of Energy has a budget in excess of ten billion dollars and "it hasn't produced a quart of oil." (He has pledged to abolish the Departments of Education and Energy.) Reagan paints, graphically, a somewhat different picture of his experience in the South Bronx early this fall from what actually took place. He is very good at describing scenes, whether or not they are real.

Carter talks about some of his programs—about what has been done for cities and for various minorities—but, as in the campaign, he can't seem to get his points over. Carter comes across like a teacher we don't really want to listen to: he's not interesting to listen to, it's no fun to listen to him, he doesn't engage us. What will be important about this event will be what the press says happened. Carter uses a question about terrorism to talk about his sympathy for Jews. He describes the Palestine Liberation Organization as a "terrorist" group. He is following a plan laid out for him by Caddell in a long memorandum, which advised him to touch base with the constituencies he needs to reach. Caddell suggested that Carter not attack Reagan but envelop him—argue that his proposals are simpleminded, that he doesn't seem to have a grasp of the issues, that he doesn't explain what he would do, and that he is "dangerous" in the sense that his positions on military involvement are "dangerous." The two men argue about SALT. Reagan says he wants to negotiate with the Soviet Union "to have not only legitimate arms limitation but to have a reduction of these nuclear weapons to the point that neither one of us represents a threat to the other." He gives no indication of what he means by that.

Reagan fluffs his lines more than usual. Carter uses the words "dangerous" and "disturbing" several times to describe Reagan's positions. He says, "This attitude is extremely dangerous and belligerent in its tone, although it's said with a quiet voice." Reagan says that he does not advocate "nuclear superiority;" he does not mention "margin of safety." Carter's reference to his daughter Amy in connection with nuclear arms—saying she said that it was the most important issue—is embarrassing. He tries to explain in graphic terms just what is being talked about when one refers to nuclear weapons. Carter obviously feels he has a good issue in nuclear proliferation, which he talked about a great deal in 1976, but he is less persuasive on the issue now, having made such an effort in September to get Congress to overrule the Nuclear Regulatory Commission and permit the shipment of nuclear fuel to India.

On the subject of energy, Reagan says he's not sure that the price of fuels will go up, and, in accord with what he has been saying all year, remarks, "I do believe that this nation has been portrayed for too long a time to the people as being energy-poor when it is energy-rich." He criticizes the setting aside of public lands from exploration for oil. This is a big issue in the West: Reagan has lent his support to a Western movement called the Sagebrush Rebellion, which seeks the return of federal lands to the states. He condemns regulations that hold back the mining or burning of coal.

Carter keeps up an attack on positions that Reagan has taken in the past, and he does have Reagan on the defensive a good bit, and scores several substantive points, but at times he comes across as carping, pinched, and humorless. Reagan, on the other hand, comes across as smooth, genial, with

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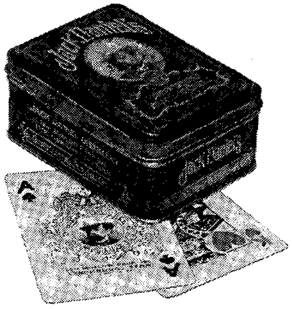

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the silky voice that has carried him so far, the slight nods of the head. On occasion, Reagan simply denies that he has said things he is on record as having said—that nuclear proliferation is "none of our business," that the Social Security system should be made voluntary. (Neither man says what he would do to insure the solvency of the system.) He turns Carter's attacks on his record into suggestions that Carter is simply a desperate distorter. His "There you go again" remark to Carter, delivered with a smile and a shrug, is—like other Reagan lines in other debates this year—a theatrical coup. And it has the ring of something thought out in advance: it telegraphs a "What can you expect?" attitude; it suggests that of course everything that Carter is saying is a distortion; and it ever so gently and deftly cuts Carter down to size, removes his "Presidentialness." The suggestion is that no one would say that, after all, to someone we really considered Presidential.

In his remarks, Carter tries, as he has been trying all fall, to depict himself as the linear descendant of the earlier leaders of the Democratic Party, and he says that he does not believe Reagan wants war but that the question is one of judgment and "a belligerent attitude which has exemplified his attitudes in the past." Oddly, it is Carter who seems the more wedded to a script tonight: there seem to be few spontaneous remarks, and he passes up several opportunities to call Reagan to account for misstatements. The debate does show that there are substantial differences between the two men. Toward the end, Carter gets in an appeal to the South ("I'm a Southerner") and to women (the Equal Rights Amendment). Carter's strategists hope that he is reaching the Anderson voters by stressing the issues of peace, women's rights, and control of nuclear weapons, which are presumed to be of concern to independents and suburbanites. In his closing remarks, Carter, strangely, thanks "the people of Cleveland and Ohio for being such hospitable hosts during these last few hours in my life," and he repeats his message about how much he has learned. And he tries to end on a note of uplift. The Carter people may have miscalculated in choosing, after a lot of discussion, to let Reagan speak last. Their thinking was that it would be better to have Reagan give the first answer, on the theory that that was the moment of maximum nervousness and the one that would shape people's impressions.

In his closing remarks, Reagan lands on Carter's greatest vulnerability—and touches the nerves that are bothering people—by suggesting that when people vote, "It might be well if you would ask yourself: Are you better off than you were four years ago? Is it easier for you to go and buy things in the stores than it was four years ago? Is there more or less unemployment in the country than there was four years ago? Is America as respected throughout the world as it was? Do you feel that our security is as safe, that we're as strong as we were four years ago?" He cites his experience as governor of California, giving his version of it—he has done this again and again, in an attempt to show that he is executive material and should be considered Presidential—and he concludes by saying, as he has said all year, that he would like to "have a crusade," a crusade "to take government off the backs of the great people of this country."

Reagan's task tonight, as it had been established by the press (with the help of Carter), was to not look threatening or "dangerous." Of course, he didn't, because he doesn't. Reagan's easygoing manner has served him very well; looking genial is what he does. When, in his appearances, he is stern, he is not threateningly stern, and when he expresses anger he speaks to the anger in people without really seeming angry himself; he seems appropriately indignant. By the test that had been established for Reagan in the debate, he merely had to be himself to come out ahead. Carter had the harder task, or set of tasks: to pin down the elusive Reagan, and to offer compelling reasons he should be reëlected. Carter was not as successful at his task as Reagan was at his.

Much of the television commentary afterward has to do with the fact that neither man made a major blunder. But while it is true that neither placed Sri Lanka in Latin America they left a lot of loose facts strewn around the stage and said much that needs further exploration. But the commentary has to do with how they looked and what their tactics were far more than with what they said. The ultimate absurdity is a telephone poll by ABC in which for fifty cents, people can phone in and say who "won." The network keeps stressing the fact that the poll is unscientific, but still ABC makes a big thing of the result, which is that people thought Reagan "won," and this fact will imprint itself upon the post-debate consciousness.

THURSDAY, October 30th. Each side has been busy sending forth the word that its candidate "won" the debate. Last evening's CBS news showed Carter citing the New York *Times* of February 1st, containing the remark about nuclear proliferation ("I just don't think it's any of our business") which Reagan denied in the debate that he had said; and Carter talked about this in his appearances. Both candidates will be dashing about the country in the next few days and hitting many of the same states. In a conversation I had with Richard Wirthlin today, he said, "The debate was a real plus for us. We needed to do two things: drive very hard on the economy, and smooth the rough edges Ronald Reagan has accrued, rightly or wrongly. In doing that, we may have come across more defensively, but it was necessary. We came off well on the war-and-peace/leadership/competence set of issues. We measured a control group at two points in time. We think the debate gained us two points." Wirthlin's polling indicates that the number of people who said they thought Reagan would get the United States into an unnecessary war dropped from forty-four per cent to forty per cent—still uncomfortably high for the Reagan people. But more important to them is that, by a ratio of two to one, people said that Reagan came across as a strong figure. "The changes indicated that we could use the peace issue against Carter, especially in the South—the peace-through-strength theme," Wirthlin said. "Carter used the theme of 'The South shall rise again' in 1976—he appealed to Southern pride. We'll try to offset that. We've been making some peace-through-strength ads in the last couple of days. We test-marketed the theme in Texas, and it went very well." Having saved advertising resources for the end, the Reagan people plan to saturate certain markets—in particular, Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, and Pennsylvania. Wirthlin said, "Carter can still win this election, but he has to fashion something new that will give him a big boost, and I don't think it will be the hostages—either they won't be released or, if they are, it won't be so effective, because there is so much skepticism. If he uses his precious time to build up

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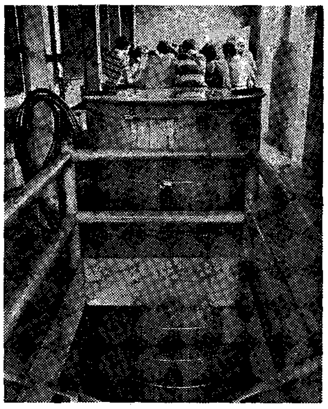

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leads in Texas, Michigan, Ohio, and California, and get a change in the momentum, he could come close to beating us. So what we have to do is keep our two Southern flanks—Texas and Florida—intact." The Reagan people have added Arkansas and Louisiana to Reagan's schedule, in the hope that he might carry them, and have dropped Kentucky and Tennessee, in the belief that they cannot be won. "Then we have to focus on the industrial states and keep our California base together," Wirthlin continued. "And in the end we'll come back to the upbeat message of the Convention acceptance speech—the can-do America."

The Carter people are worried about the South. "The fact that the President still has to spend time there indicates his problem," one Carter campaign official says. Carter plans to end his campaign in Oregon and Washington, where his aides believe he has a good chance, and in California. Carter officials maintain that polls indicate that Carter is only three or four points behind Reagan in California, and say that Governor Jerry Brown says Carter has a good chance to carry the state. They are planning to spend more than a hundred and eighty thousand dollars on advertising in the state in these last few days. All this may be being done because Carter is in trouble in states he needs, such as Texas and Florida, but the Carter people swear that that is not the case. Tonight, the news programs, which is where most people follow the election, contain a lot of bad news for Carter. A report on the Billy Carter case by the Justice Department's Office of Professional Responsibility was leaked to the press, and it says that the President was uncoöperative in the investigation. Interest rates are going up and the stock market is going down. There are pictures of the Iranian parliament, the Majlis, in an uproar. The networks also show us Carter in Michigan, saying that after he is reëlected he will meet with the Prime Minister of Japan on the subject of automobile imports. (Reagan will appear in Michigan with Gerald Ford on Saturday; Mrs. Carter and Mondale will be there over the weekend, and Carter is scheduled to return to the state on Sunday.) In Philadelphia, the President appeared at Pilsudski Hall with Stanislaw Walesa, the father of the strike leader in Poland. (Stanislaw Walesa stood by Ronald Reagan's side, in sight of the Statue of Liberty, on Labor Day.) And John Anderson is shown being interviewed on CBS, still having to explain his candidacy and saying that it is "within the realm of possibility" that he will win.

FRIDAY, October 31st. The Carter people are saying, out of necessity, that it is very close but that they think when people contemplate a Reagan Presidency they will vote for Carter. And to a degree that is impossible for others to measure they believe this. By saying that the election is close, they are alerting all potential Carter voters that they must get to the polls. Of late, Carter has taken to talking about what happened to Humphrey in 1968. Early this afternoon, Robert Strauss, Carter's campaign chairman, said to me on the phone, "We're a little bit of an underdog right now, but it's not serious. Reagan got his plus out of the debate early—he got a bit of a bump in the polls. I think we'll get ours when the Democrats go to vote. Carter talked to our constituents in the debate. That's not the sort of thing you win a debate on, necessarily, but it's how we get our Democrats back." Strauss sounded agitated. "It's close; it's very, very close. I think over the weekend people have to contemplate a Reagan Presidency, and we have to get our vote out. Carter has to light something up this weekend; that's hard as hell to do. The more the press writes that Reagan has it, the better. People have to focus on Reagan as President. Front-runners have never done well this year, and Reagan is not very appealing to Democrats."

I asked Strauss what Carter could do this weekend to be effective.

"Carter can't do a goddam thing but keep doing what he's doing," he replied. "I think he should put himself in the underdog role. He runs better as an underdog—and it makes people think about Reagan." The Carter people are going by the theory they followed during the primaries: that when people considered Kennedy as President—which was what the Carter people tried to get them to do—they voted for Carter, and when it seemed that Carter was winning they began to turn to Kennedy. In developing these theories, political strategists may be extrapolating a theory from evidence that might lead to a number of different conclusions; sometimes they extrapolate a theory that meets their needs.

The Carter strategy this fall has been to make the question "Who

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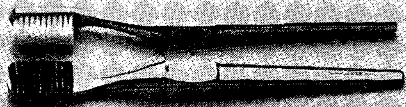

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should be President?" and also to try to make this a contest between the two parties rather than a referendum on Carter's record, and to prevent too many people from basing their vote on general dissatisfaction with things as they are. But this election has turned into a negative referendum—on Carter and his record. People have found out that Carter is not so nice as they once thought—and voters who feel betrayed tend to be angry voters—and his record isn't exactly outstanding. But, in the eyes of a number of people who are not necessarily for him, Carter got a bit of a bad ride in this election. His exaggerations got exaggerated, and it became an article of faith that he had branded Reagan a "warmonger" and a racist and a lot of other things; and Reagan had only to smile and look like a nice man to make Carter's case look all the more off. Carter has not actually said that Reagan would deliberately start a war (or called him a "warmonger"), but his sloppy and overeager attempt to make the case against Reagan has left the impression that that is what he has said—and he undoubtedly didn't mind if people drew such conclusions about Reagan. The issue has been framed all wrong, in the campaign and in the public mind, by both sides. The Reagan campaign argument, expressed more through Reagan's surrogates than by Reagan himself (so as to avoid further problems for Reagan), is that Carter's uncertainty and vacillation have led to our current international troubles. With "certainty" and "strength," they say, such things as Iran and Afghanistan would not have occurred. It's an easy argument to make, and there are no facts with which to refute it. It explains everything away. There is no history, no nationalism, no tribalism, no local tension—nothing that cannot be controlled. Reagan has been able to capitalize on the attacks that have been made on Carter for some time by those who say that our defenses are weak. In this instance, as in others, Carter has the harder argument to make, and, given his difficulty in getting his points across, when he tries to explain that things are more complicated than this it gives the impression of hand-wringing. There is also an argument that while, as is always the case, there are elements of our military that need tending to, we are sufficiently strong to deter the Soviet Union. But it's a harder argument to make, and Carter doesn't make it very well—to the

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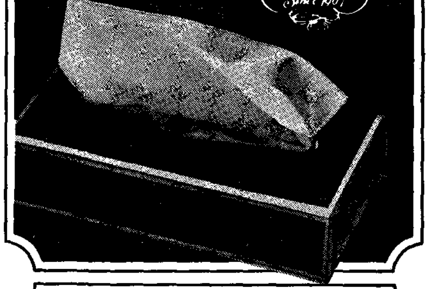

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extent that he tries to make it at all. The implications of Reagan's policies, domestic and foreign, have barely been discussed. Reagan may win the Presidency because, among other things, he has no record to defend and he seems nice. His approach is optimistic. Besides, Carter, like other Democrats before him, has never figured out how to run against Reagan. The advantages of incumbency are rivalled by the disadvantages—especially in bad times, whatever their cause. The incumbent has a record, while the challenger can criticize the record and offer hope. That Carter doesn't seem to know how to talk about his record may have a deeper source than sheer inability to talk commandingly. He didn't have a clear picture of what he wanted to do when he ran for office, and he didn't seem to have a clear picture of what he wanted to do once he was in office. It would require more than a well-devised speech and a strong voice for him to be able to make it clear now what he plans to do. He has never seemed to be able to explain his real achievements, and making his opponent the issue only feeds the impression that he has no idea what he would do if he were reëlected. He has made no real case as to why he should be reëlected other than that he is not Reagan. At the end of this election campaign, Carter is just about where he was when he began: essentially without a political base, without any enthusiastic following. His support stems mainly from some alliances of convenience that his Administration has made with certain interest groups—or, at least, with their leaders—and from concern about Reagan. It says much about Carter, and his campaign, that at the end his strategists are counting on concern about Reagan to pull him through.

Tonight's news programs lead off with stories about Iran: American officials are waiting for the parliament to meet on Sunday; yesterday, debate was blocked because of the absence of a quorum. Once again we are waiting for the Iranians to do something. Some people with ties to the Reagan camp are spreading the word that a deal has been made—was made some time ago, in fact—and at least some of the hostages will be released Sunday night. People who write Carter off as a hopeless incompetent are suddenly crediting him with having achieved the most complicated of feats with the most exquisite timing. Toward the end of the campaign, candidates take on the look of what may be their fates—somewhat as dogs take on the look of their masters—and for the past couple of days Reagan has been looking like a winner (confident, buoyant) and Carter like a loser (strained, dispirited). Carter looks as if something had gone out of him; given how much politics obviously means to him, that something could be very large indeed. Yesterday, Reagan called the Carter Administration "a tragicomedy of errors." He said the Administration was one of "ineptitude," and was "a shambles." And on tonight's news we see Carter, at an airport in Florida, holding up a 1961 album of Reagan speeches opposing Medicare as "socialized medicine." (In the debate, Reagan said that he was not opposed to the idea of Medicare but supported other legislation. The legislation he supported was backed by the American Medical Association.) On television tonight, we see the President of the United States looking tense and worried, playing "show and tell."

SATURDAY, November 1st. A Carter campaign official said to me on the phone today, "Whenever I'm asked, I say we're going to win. Honestly, I don't know. I was awake three hours last night trying to figure it out. The strategy here is to poor-mouth. Jordan and Pat Caddell and Jody Powell are convinced that if we go into the weekend appearing to be behind, that gets people to focus on Reagan and it gets out the vote." Hamilton Jordan and Caddell are telling their colleagues that Carter was at roughly this same point in 1976—that Ford pulled slightly ahead over the weekend, and then when people focussed on what another Ford term would mean they swung over to Carter. Yesterday, the President told a rally in mid-Florida, "Without your help, I cannot win." He said, "If the election were held *today*, the issue would be very much in doubt." The Carter campaign official went on, "They express great confidence around here that they are going to win. My own view is that, beneath that, they're scared. I think that the President, for the first time, thinks he might not win. The odd thing is that after the debate our reports from the people in the field were that Carter's approach had worked—the Democrats were coming back. We did a phone-bank survey in Washington State that showed the same thing. It was when the instant analysis began to sink in that we started having problems. The real question this weekend is what we can do, if anything, to refocus on Reagan. We held meetings on that yesterday and this morning. There's not a sense of panic here—there's a sense of concern." Carter officials are worried about the turnout in Philadelphia, and have dispatched two important figures from the Kennedy campaign to talk to William Green, the mayor of Philadelphia, who had supported Kennedy. Kennedy himself is to appear in Philadelphia with Carter tomorrow night. "We're continuing to dance our ballet in Chicago," the Carter campaign official said. The campaign is still caught between the forces behind Mayor Jane Byrne and those behind Richard M. Daley, a son of the late mayor. The official continued, "We're constantly trying to reassure Ed Koch."

I asked him who was trying to reassure Koch.

"Damn near everybody," he replied.

In a conversation late this afternoon, Caddell said, "What's happening is this: Last weekend, the undecideds were starting to move to Carter. He was showing a fifty-forty favorable-unfavorable rating among the undecideds, and Reagan was thirty-two favorable and fifty-nine unfavorable. And the undecideds looked like Democrats—looked like our vote. We had a two-point lead in the head-to-head with Reagan; Gallup showed a three-point lead and the *Times*-CBS poll showed a one-point lead. It looked good going into the debate." He told me, "We learned in '76 that people are driven by who they think other people think won the debate—by what they hear about who's the winner. That especially helped Carter in '76. That's why we wanted this debate as early as possible—because we'd be seen as losing, and we'd need more time." Caddell's figures indicate that, following the debate, Reagan got a boost, and by Thursday night he was four points ahead. "It was a confluence of things," Caddell said. "It's not just the debate—it's also the hostage thing. Thursday was the day the Majlis adjourned for lack of a quorum. It looked as if nothing would happen. That was the worst case in my book. Once the balloon of optimism about the hostages goes up, it has to stay up." Caddell continued, "Historically, going back to 1948, there has always been an incumbent-party surge toward the very end of a campaign; the 1964 and 1972 elections

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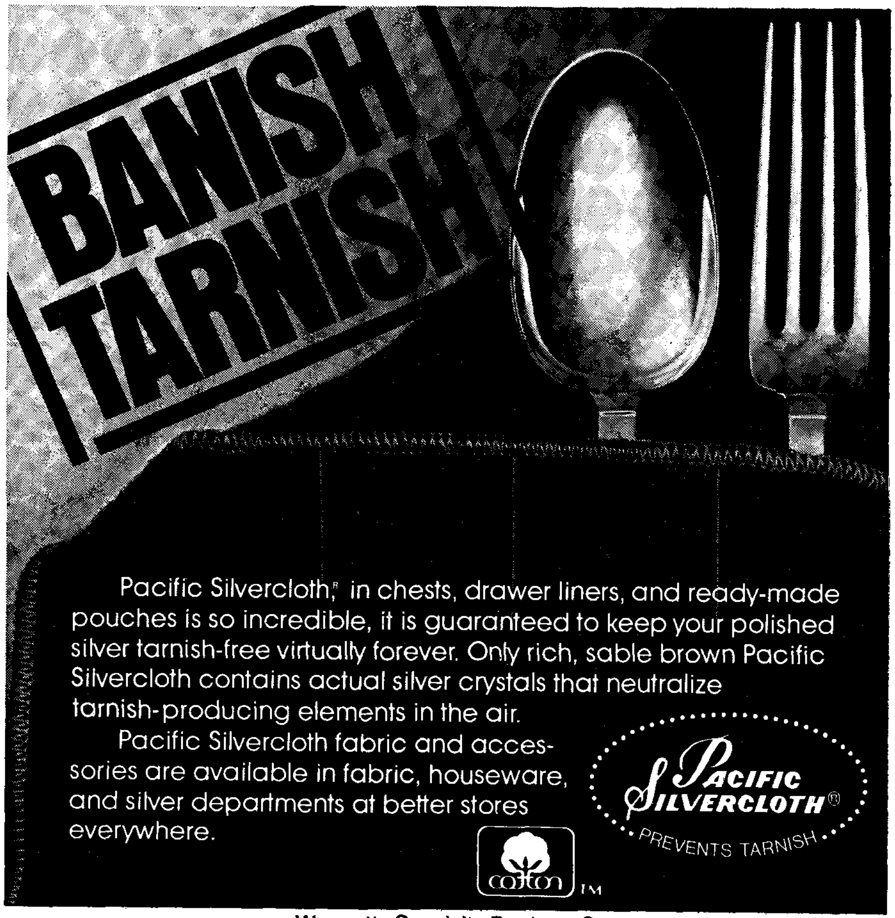

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were exceptions, because they weren't close to begin with. Humphrey, as the nominee of the incumbent party in 1968, had a last-minute surge. Ford had one in 1976. In 1976, I thought on Sunday that we had lost the election. Early this week, it looked like that surge was happening to us. Now the mass of undecideds is still out there." Richard Wirthlin, who is travelling with Reagan, is saying that the undecided voters are breaking three-to-two for Reagan.

I asked Caddell what the strategy was now, and he replied, "Our strategy now is to let Reagan get out in front—encourage him to—and have Carter take the position of the underdog. Even if we weren't behind, we'd want to play the underdog. I've yet to see a bandwagon this year. Starting tomorrow, we'll have another election, with people seeing that Reagan might win and Carter pushing the Party buttons. The hostage thing is the big wild card. As of now, that's where we are."

Today, in Texas, Carter cited his priorities for a second term; it was about time. (The priorities are energy self-sufficiency; higher productivity and employment, through tax cuts for businesses; national health insurance; cleaning up toxic wastes; and several foreign-policy goals.) Actually, Carter had sprinkled these things through his appearances, but he had never seemed to pull them together—even in his own mind. He also said, "In four years as President, I've learned a great deal. I have learned that it is not always enough to be right. We must set priorities, or the most important work may not get done." Actually, the White House staff talked for years about setting priorities, and made lists, and even drew up calendars; but something always went awry. Carter continued, in what sounded like a little civics course in the Presidency (a course that he may have absorbed too late), "We need to make our programs understood and then build a consensus for them." Gerald Rafshoon has made a new ad, showing Reagan's conflicting statements about nuclear proliferation, and the Carter campaign is also making much use of an ad featuring Harry Truman. "I need you," Carter told his audiences. He also denounced ads that have been run in the South by fundamentalist groups, suggesting that he is not a good Christian and that he has encouraged homosexuality.

Today, Reagan appeared with Ford in Grand Rapids, Michigan, Ford's home town, and the two men tore into Carter's record. Ford, the old partisan campaigner, is really going at it this fall; he doesn't like Carter, and he has been telling people that he and Reagan, whom he once dismissed as "simplistic," have become "very compatible." Reagan said today that Carter had failed because of "his total inability to fill Jerry Ford's shoes." The Reagan camp is projecting that Reagan will win three hundred and twenty electoral votes.

SUNDAY, November 2nd. Phones rang early around Washington this morning with the news that the Iranian parliament had listed conditions for the hostages' release and that Carter had flown to Washington from Chicago in the middle of the night and was meeting with Administration officials at the White House. The pictures on the television screens show a preoccupied President walking from his helicopter to the Oval Office, being greeted by the Vice-President, being handed a piece of paper by Zbigniew Brzezinski. Very Commander-in-Chief-looking. No one quite knows the meaning of the conditions (that the United States pledge not to interfere in Iran's internal affairs; that Iran's assets be unfrozen; that the Shah's wealth be returned; that all court claims against Iran be dismissed), or whether they are negotiating positions, or whether they can be met. The White House has announced that the President will respond in accordance with two interests: national honor and concern for the hostages. White House aides are urging the press to be cautious about whether this might be the breakthrough.

The hostages were seized on a Sunday one year ago. Our politics has been in thrall to the Iranians ever since. Carter has been trying to ride the crocodile. Sometimes he has been able to manipulate the problem to his own temporary advantage, but it has always been there as a menace to him. The hostage crisis became to many a symbol of what they saw as a decline in our power. And it has added to an impression of Carter as hapless. This had to do very much with his style: the term that came to be used about him in private conversations was that he was a "wimp," and he began to be portrayed in cartoons as peanut-size and looking bewildered. When he tried to explain the point of being patient, the futility of force, he could not do i forcefully. When he used force, he botched it, and was never able to explain to critics on any side why the plan made sense. Carter is an articulate man, yet he has not been successful at explaining himself. Now Carter is caught in a swirl: hopes are undoubtedly rising that the miserable business of the hostages will end quickly, but he cannot appear to be "caving in" to the Iranians, and he also cannot afford to have the balloon collapse before Tuesday—which happens to be the calendar anniversary of the seizure of the hostages.

The Reagan camp is being very careful. Reagan, coming out of a church in Columbus, Ohio, says to reporters, "This is too delicate a situation. . . . I'm not going to comment." The comments were left to his surrogates, Ford and Bush, who are on "Meet the Press" and "Face the Nation" (the Reagan side got the better of the Carter people in the TV bookings on this weekend before the election), and their reactions clearly follow a plan laid out by the Reagan camp. They say that the matter is very sensitive, that Ayatollah Khomeini is trying to manipulate the election (this avoids saying that Carter is trying to manipulate it, which might seem a bit graceless at this moment; anyway, that idea has already been planted), and that, of course, we must not let the Ayatollah decide the election. Henry Kissinger, interviewed on ABC, says, "I am accusing the Iranian government . . . of now trying to tell the American public how to vote." Reagan's surrogates also say that the United States should not take sides in the Iran-Iraq war, and should not release the spare parts that Iran has already paid for and that have been impounded as frozen assets. (Carter has said they would be released.) By taking these positions, the Reagan people were able to appear coöperative and at the same time set themselves apart and establish some criteria by which Carter would be judged. The terms that the Iranians specified had been floating about for some time, and Reagan said in September that as far as possible they should be met. Under some circumstances, such a move by a candidate would be criticized as interference in international negotiations, but Reagan's statement went largely unremarked on. Last month, Reagan said that he would not object to allowing other countries to sell Iran spare parts if the hostages were returned. Ford, on "Meet the Press,"

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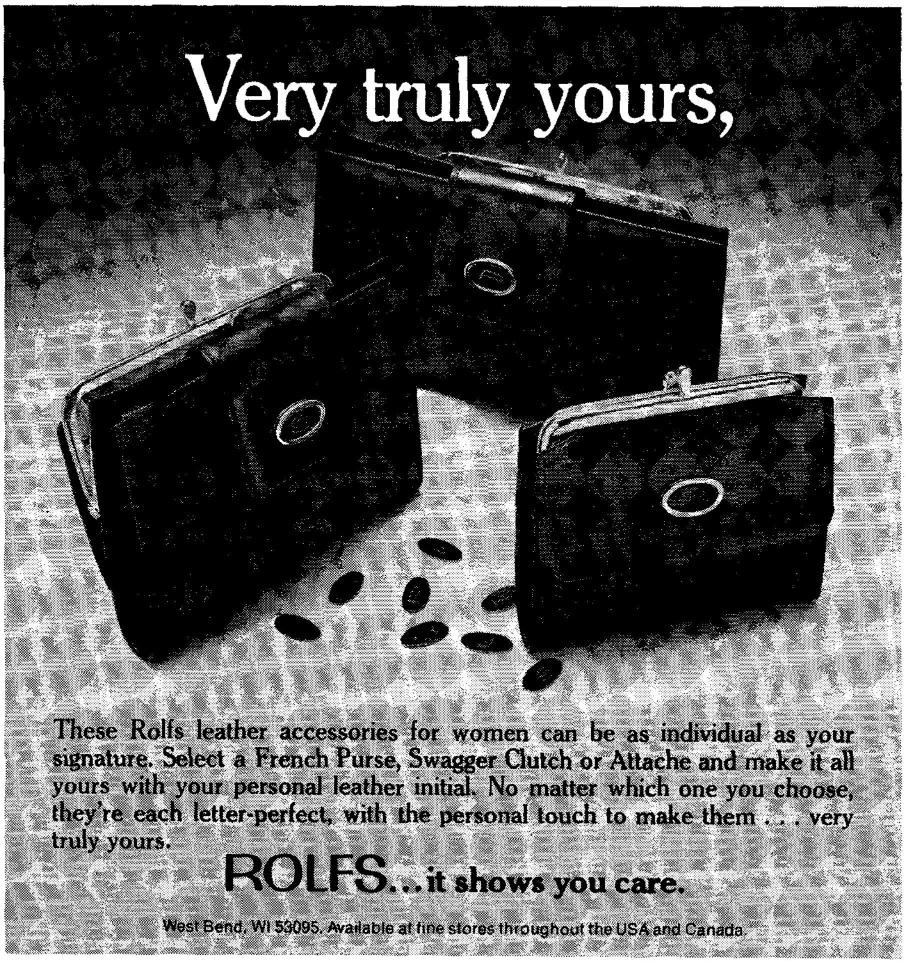
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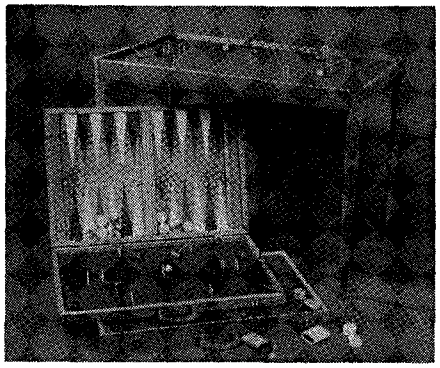

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went a bit further than Bush, saying that he did think "it seems like a coincidence that this great activity has all of a sudden taken place." Last week, Ford had said, "There's a lot of cynicism, a lot of skepticism out there among people." When he was asked by reporters if he shared those feelings, he replied, "I do."

At six-twenty-two, Carter appears on television, looking exhausted but, this time, in command. He avoids appearing too eager for a settlement by saying that the United States has two fundamental objectives: "protecting the honor and the vital interest of the United States, and working to insure the earliest possible safe release of the hostages." He says that "as we understand the parliament's proposals"—no official version of the demands has yet been received—"they appear to offer a positive basis for achieving both of these objectives." The statement is dignified, careful, and firm. He adds, "Let me assure you that my decisions on this crucial matter will not be affected by the calendar." The President and his aides struggled over the statement, in an effort to have its tone contain just the right blend of optimism and caution. Some of the President's aides were reluctant to have him say anything at all.

Early this evening, Caddell tells me by phone that his survey last night showed that the President was now about dead even with Reagan. He says he was elated. "The most important thing is that we have regained about three-fourths of the support we had lost on questions that indicate how people feel about the candidates and what they feel are the most important factors in making their decision," he says. Among these questions are whom people have more confidence in to handle an international crisis (Caddell says that Carter's lead on this has gone back to where it was before the debate) and who is more qualified to be President. And the importance of the economy is a factor in the decision. Caddell says that Reagan holds such a lead over Carter on the question of who is better able to handle the economy that every time the economy gains a little weight in the decision Carter loses a number of points. That's why the Carter people have tried to keep the focus on who is better able to handle an international crisis. Caddell says, "We were getting killed on Thursday and Friday. Now a whole new election is taking place." He will have the results of a new poll later

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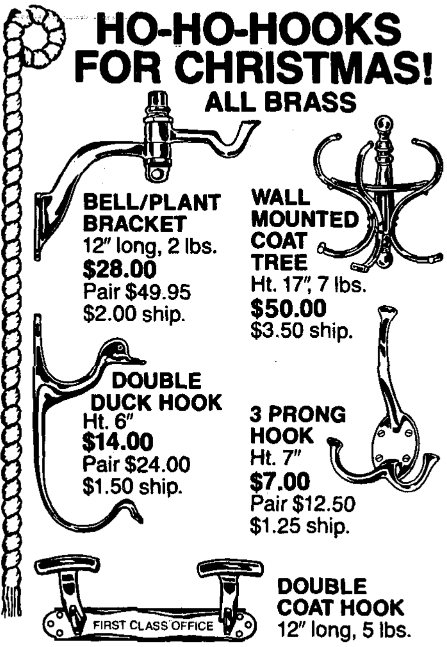

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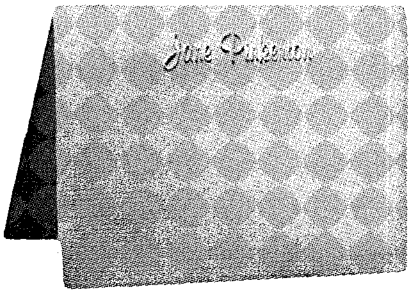

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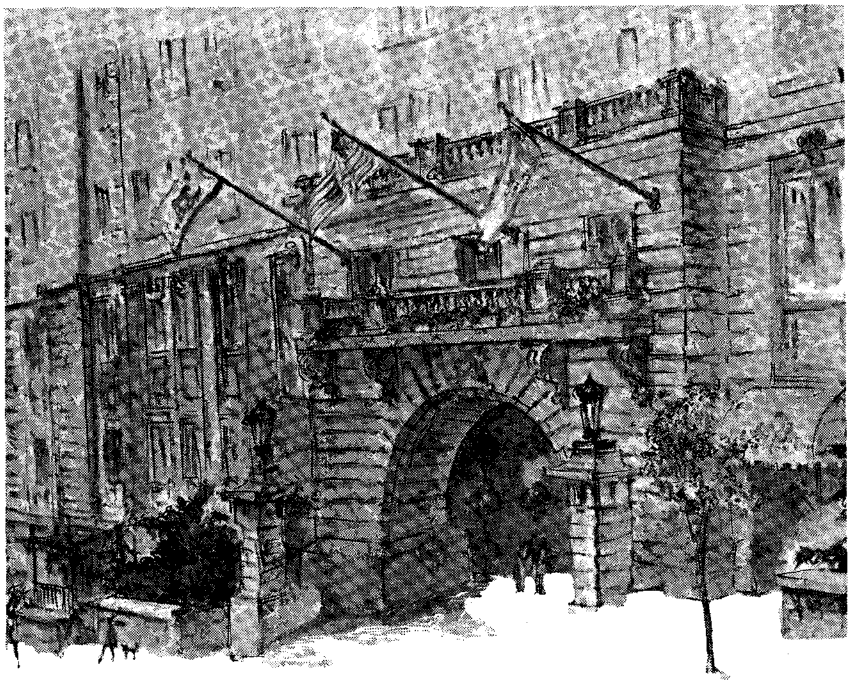
tonight. He adds, "I just wish we hadn't debated."

MONDAY, November 3rd. "I think we're in unbelievably good shape," William Casey says to me. "We're way ahead in all the polls; and our own polls, which are more exhaustive than the public ones, show us eleven points ahead—across the board and comparably in the states. Whatever shake Carter gets from the hostage thing—and I don't think it will be that great—we have enough of a cushion. And our polls show that people are increasingly skeptical about Iran." The Reagan pollsters asked such questions as "Do you think the Iranians are trying to manipulate the American election?" (the Reagan people had spent some time saying they were) and "Do you think Carter should try to manipulate the return for political purposes?" and "Do you think we should make any kind of deal in order to get the hostages back?" The answers are not very surprising.

The final Gallup poll, which was completed Saturday, has Reagan forty-seven per cent to Carter forty-four and Anderson eight—this result being within the statistical margin of error. The Gallup report said, "Never in the forty-five-year history of Presidential-election surveys has the Gallup poll found such volatility and uncertainty." The Harris poll has Reagan forty-five per cent, Carter forty, Anderson ten. The *Times*-CBS poll said that Carter and Reagan were running about even in the popular vote, but the *Times* story on this poll points out that Reagan appeared to continue to hold a "sizable" lead in the electoral vote. (The *Times*-CBS poll also found that Reagan got more benefit from the debate than Carter did.) An NBC survey has given Reagan two hundred and eighty electoral votes.

The President has gone back on the campaign trail, having missed some stops yesterday. California has been cancelled and Detroit has been added, on the assumption that a stop in Detroit is more likely to help in Michigan than a stop in Los Angeles is to help in California. The Carter campaign official whom I spoke to on Friday and Saturday said to me this time, "I'm fairly cheerful. Caddell's poll showed us as up on Saturday. I think we got a little bit of a lift out of yesterday. Whether it's enough, who knows? Maybe people will see that the President's policy of patience has paid off. Maybe they'll see that the situa-



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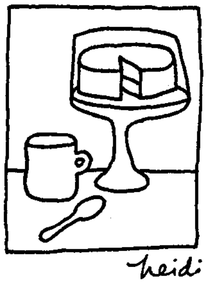
tion is delicate. Maybe people will look at it and say, 'I wonder how Reagan would have handled it.' Another positive thing: It looks like the weather is going to be good tomorrow. That should help our turnout. We want high numbers."

On tonight's news, Ayatollah Khomeini tells the militants, "I cannot thank you enough" for seizing the Americans. The news reports are full of stories about the difficulties involved in meeting the Iranians' terms. We see Carter asking Democrats to "come home" and appealing directly to Anderson supporters by citing issues on which he and Anderson agree. We see Reagan, along with Bush, Ford, and Bob Hope, at a rally in Peoria, asking the questions with which he closed the debate. We see Anderson saying that the people who have supported him "are not going to shrivel up and die." At four minutes past eight, the Reagan campaign puts a twenty-minute ad on ABC; a half-hour version will run on NBC and CBS later this evening. The Reagan campaign people say they are outspending the Carter campaign three to two at this period. Also, the Republican National Committee has more financial resources at hand than its Democratic counterpart has. The Reagan campaign's own expenditures are further supplemented by those of numerous "independent" committees that have been established to support the Reagan effort and are not counted under the campaign-finance law. The law limits each Presidential campaign to spending the twenty-nine million four hundred thousand dollars in federal funds that has been provided, but under a court ruling individual committees may spend as much as they want in support of or in opposition to a candidate as long as there are no direct ties to the candidate's campaign. Several of the "independent" groups that have been established for Reagan are headed by his allies, and there are indications that their "independence" is a bit shaky. The spending by "independent groups" has rendered the campaign-finance law meaningless.



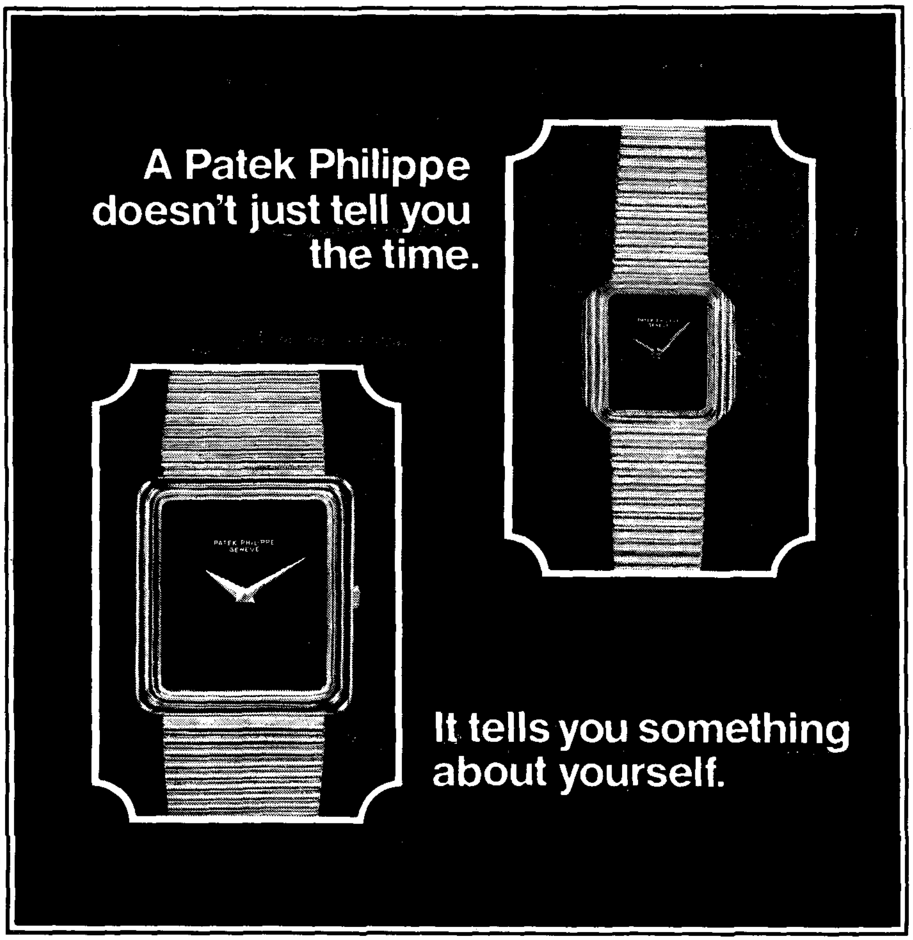
At eight-twenty-four, the Carter campaign runs its one long ad for this evening. The ad is mostly a hodgepodge of snippets from the film that ran at the Democratic Convention (pictures of statues of Presidents; other politicians praising Carter; lots of footage of the signing of the Camp David accords on the Middle East), and then it shows Carter, seated at his desk, removing his glasses and wearing a sweater. We are back to that. Carter says, "Because I've learned, I am going to be an even better President in my second term." He spells out his "vision" for the future—something that he failed to do in the campaign. He deals with his history of zigs and zags by saying, "When one approach has not worked, I have not hesitated to refine it or change it. But the *goals* have not changed." He closes by quoting Franklin Roosevelt.

Reagan's half-hour ad has Reagan sitting in a chair talking, with Bush sitting alongside. Bush says just a few words, and Reagan's appeal is masterly. And classic Reagan. "What kind of country, what kind of legacy, will we leave to [the] young men and women who will live out America's third century?" he asks. "Many Americans seem to be wondering, searching—feeling frustrated and perhaps even a little afraid." He speaks of "government that has grown too large, too bureaucratic, too wasteful, too unresponsive, too uncaring about people and their problems," and he says, "I believe we can embark on a new age of reform in this country and an era of national renewal." He talks of reducing taxes and regulations and of reforming the way the government is run (he "will make Cabinet officers the managers of the national Administration, not captives of the bureaucracy or special interests in the departments they are supposed to direct") and of putting Social Security on a sound footing; of crime; of his record as governor of California; and about the America that can still be. Our days of greatness are not at an end, he tells us. He quotes John Wayne as having said, shortly before his death, "Just give the American people a good cause, and there's nothing they can't lick." He says that Wayne was his friend, and that "Duke Wayne did not believe that our country was ready for the dustbin of history." He tells a long, involved story about the prisoners of war in North Vietnam which he told all through the 1976 campaign. Once again he shows his talent, which goes back to his days as a sports announcer, for graphically describing a scene. He fluffs his lines a few times, and those mistakes are left in the tape, as if to offset any idea that this is just a slick actor. He summons up a number of patriotic symbols—Reagan is a master at this. The speech is deliberately emotional. He recalls the astronauts who were killed. He talks, as he often does, about the settlers of America setting out to build "a city upon a hill." He calls up the memory of Arthur Fiedler on the Bicentennial Fourth of July. He talks of the Chicago Cubs outfielder who grabbed a flag at Dodger Stadium from some demonstrators who were trying to burn it in center field, and recalls that the crowd stood up and sang "God Bless America."

"I find no national malaise," Reagan says. Carter will never live that speech down: first Kennedy threw it back at him, and now Reagan does. Americans are "frustrated, even angry," Reagan says. He has been remarkably skilled at speaking to that anger and frustration. "We understand the limitations of any one nation's power," he says. "But let it also be clear that we do not shirk history's call." And then, speaking with strength, he goes down a list of people and says, "Let us speak for them"—people "who seek the right to self-determination," people "who suffer from social or religious discrimination," victims of police states and torture and persecution. He speaks to "our allies," and to a long list of countries: to the people of Great Britain, to the people of France, to the people of Latin America, Australia, the Philippines, Taiwan, Korea. He is already playing the world leader. This is a remarkable political performance. He quotes a man who died at Bunker Hill. And then he closes with the kinds of questions with which he closed the debate. The last one is "And, most importantly—quite simply—the basic question of our lives: Are you happier today than when Mr. Carter became President of the United States?"

TUESDAY, November 4th. On the radio this morning, Carter is heard addressing a crowd in Plains, where he has gone to vote. His voice breaks as he talks, and it does not sound the way it sounded when he wept with joy on greeting his fellow-townspeople after the election four years ago. "I've always had confidence in the American people," he says. "I've tried to honor my commitment"—long silence—"to you."

At one o'clock this afternoon, Caddell tells me over the telephone, "It's



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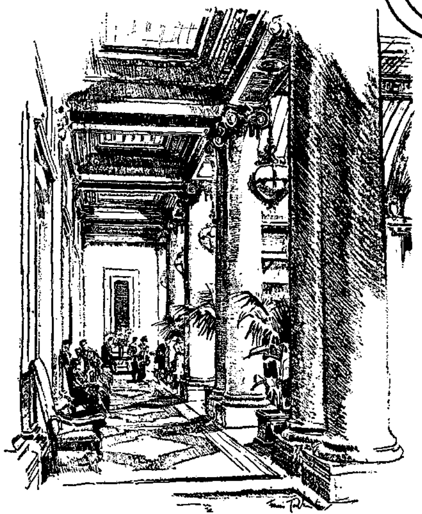

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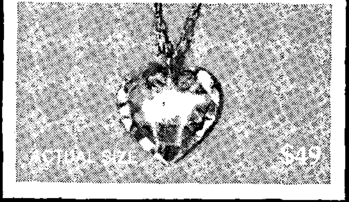

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over. The bottom has dropped out." His latest poll indicates that Carter could lose to Reagan by as much as ten points. He says that on Sunday night Carter was behind Reagan by five points, and that the answers he got to questions about the hostages (about when people thought they would come home, about whether the terms seemed reasonable) began to make him nervous, and that the responses grew more negative last night. A higher percentage thought it would be a long time before the hostages were returned; a higher percentage thought that the Iranians' terms were unreasonable. "On Sunday night, we began to see some worrisome numbers about the decline of America's position in the world," Caddell says. "People were jumping all over the place this weekend. I was waiting to see where they'd land. Last night, they landed against us." Caddell says that what he calls "the internals"—the questions that are asked about the two candidates such as who is most qualified to be President and who is most trustworthy—are still breaking in Carter's favor. "It's a fed-up vote," he says. He says that the campaign has been successful all year in "keeping the wolf from the door"—that is, in preventing the anger and frustration of the people from coming into the election and engulfing Carter—but that "now the wolf is racing through the house." He continues, "We worked all year, and then didn't have anything to do with it at the end. It just rode off on its own." Not long after midnight, Caddell told Hamilton Jordan that they were facing a seven-to-ten-point loss already, and that it had what Caddell describes as "all the makings of being somewhat open-ended"—that is, the bottom was dropping out. The two of them and Rafshoon phoned Jody Powell, who was then travelling with the President, and after Carter concluded a rally in Seattle and was back on the plane Powell told him.

Shortly after eleven this morning on the West Coast, Richard Wirthlin learned that Reagan would carry Kentucky, which the Reagan people had written off, and he told Reagan that he had better get his acceptance remarks ready.

By one minute after seven NBC has given Indiana, Florida, and Mississippi to Reagan. Carter's Southern "base" has collapsed. All that work on Florida gone in an instant. At seven-thirty, NBC gives Alabama, Virginia, and Ohio to Reagan. It's very early to know about Ohio. Carter has been given only Georgia. Birch Bayh, the Democratic senator from Indiana, has been defeated. Bayh's elections have always been close ones, and Indiana is normally a Republican state, but, still, it begins to seem that the Reagan tide will sweep many people before it. By one minute after eight, on NBC, Reagan has Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Illinois (so go the industrial states), and North Dakota. A minute later, he is given South Dakota, Kansas, Missouri, Tennessee, Oklahoma, and Texas. This isn't an election, it's an earthquake. Carter is being handed a staggering defeat. At eight-ten, Carter gets the District of Columbia, which goes Democratic no matter what. At eight-fifteen, NBC projects Reagan the winner. Reagan's margin in the popular vote is not as great as the electoral-vote landslide would suggest, but the states keep falling into Reagan's column. Reagan takes the West, of course. Other Democratic senators are being defeated. It seems that a great national the-hell-with-'em is taking place. But, interestingly, Barry Goldwater is in a tight race to reclaim his Senate seat.

At nine-forty-one, we see Carter aides and Cabinet members gathered on the stage of the Sheraton-Washington Hotel, waiting for Carter to come and give his concession statement. The polls haven't closed in the West, but he is going to go ahead and get it over with. Robert Strauss looks stricken. There are a lot of sad faces on that stage, including some now familiar ones—Jordan, Rafshoon, Powell. They came out of nowhere, and now they have been blown away. Carter played on national anxieties in

1976, and now those anxieties have grown and turned around and whacked him. He was up against someone even better than he had been at speaking to what was bothering people. He invented himself, but the invention didn't hold up. His political situation had seemed hopeless several times—as it did a year ago. Then, on the same day—November 4, 1979—two things happened: Kennedy stumbled, and the hostages were seized. Carter managed to put both Kennedy's vulnerabilities and the hostage crisis to good use, but eventually it all collapsed on him. He manufactured what popularity he had out of events and out of other people's vulnerabilities, and that wasn't enough to sustain him. He will have plenty of time to ponder how it would have been at the end if he had not made so much of the hostage crisis at the beginning. And whether he had any choice. His was a technical campaign and a technical Presidency: he methodically welded the pieces together. But mechanics was not enough, and the pieces would not stay together. The networks are telling us tonight that according to their exit polls the result stems largely from dissatisfaction with the economy, especially inflation, and there's probably a great deal to that. The country just got angry, and Reagan skillfully focussed that anger by looking the people square in the eye and asking them, "Do you really want four more years of this?"

Carter enters the room to "Hail to the Chief," which he once disdained as too magisterial, but which he used all he could during the campaign. He'll probably miss it. The Presidential seal, which went everywhere with him, is on the lectern. But the symbols can't help him now. Suddenly, they seem like relics he is hanging on to. We adjust quickly. Carter seems to have pulled himself together for this difficult moment, and he makes his statement with dignity, and even a rare human touch, saying, "I can't stand here tonight and say it doesn't hurt." How must it feel to be so resoundingly rejected? Mrs. Carter, by his side, appears to be having the harder time composing herself, and she looks a bit angry. Carter says that he has phoned Reagan and told him he wants to have the best transition in history. He says, "I've not achieved all I set out to do," and adds, "But we have faced the tough issues." This is what he kept trying to tell people during the campaign, but it didn't

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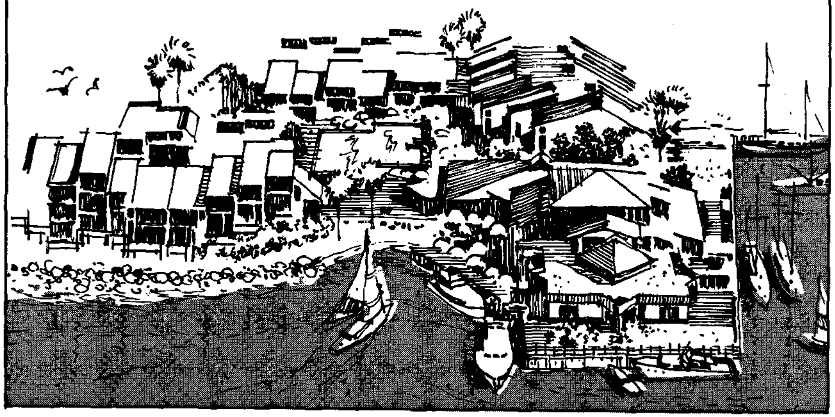

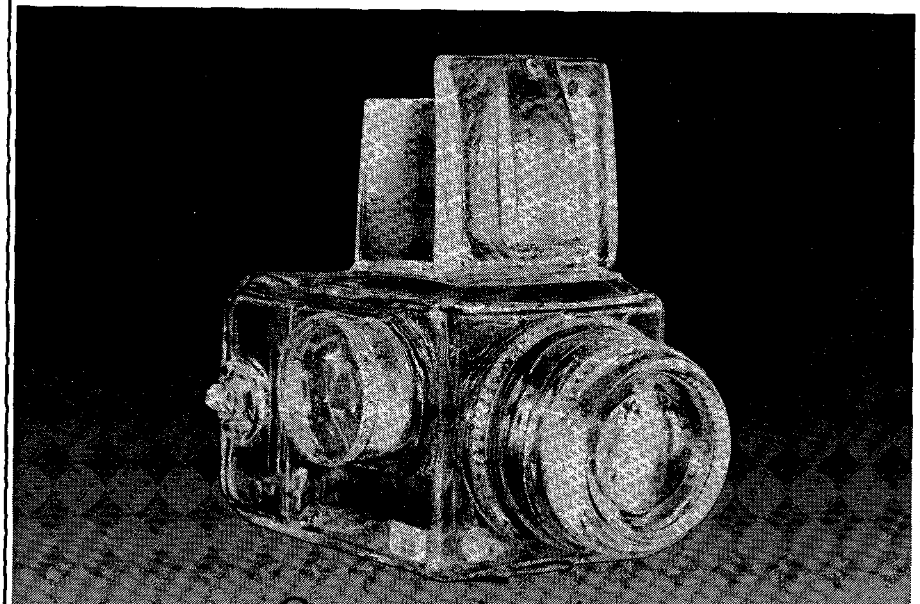

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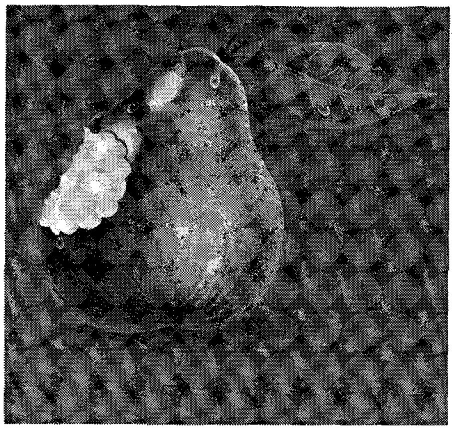

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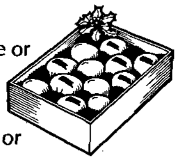

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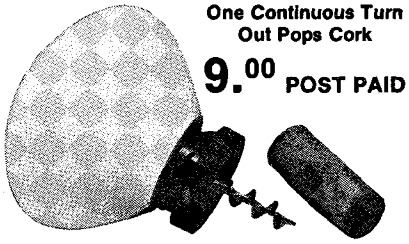

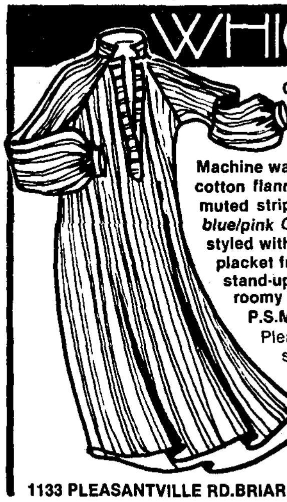

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work. "The great principles that have guided this nation since its very founding will continue to guide America through the challenges of the future," he says. "We must now come together as a united and a unified people to solve the problems that are still before us, to meet the challenges of a new decade." He is gracefully playing out his role in one of America's great dramas: the peaceful transfer of power. He sounds better than he ever did in the campaign.

Mondale, who is in Minnesota, appears a few minutes later. Mondale came out of the campaign with his reputation intact, perhaps enhanced, and he is already looking ahead to 1984. Now he praises the democratic process and says that today "the American people quietly wielded their staggering power."

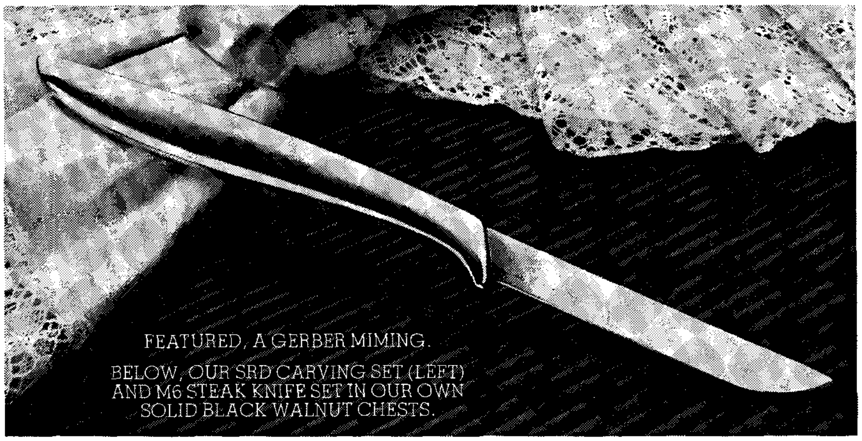
There remains something awesome about our democratic process: even in years less dramatic than this one, and despite all the polling and predicting and analyzing, we never know what will happen until the people exercise their choice. At ten-forty-five, Anderson makes a concession statement. He says, "I was not destined to be the next President of the United States—that is a decision deferred." And he smiles as his followers begin to shout "Eighty-four!" He quotes Abraham Lincoln: "Disappointed, yes; bruised, no." As of now, Anderson is getting about six per cent of the vote—enough to receive federal funding for his campaign—and is affecting the outcome in several states.

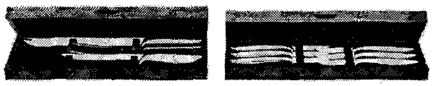
At eleven-fifty-five, Reagan comes onstage at the Century Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles, with his wife, Nancy, beside him. He looks overjoyed, as well he might. He says, "There's never been a more humbling moment in my life." He quotes Abraham Lincoln telling newsmen on the day after his election to the Presidency, "Well, boys, your troubles are over now; mine have just begun." Reagan says, "I think I know what he meant," and he adds, "but I don't think he was afraid." Reagan says, "I am not frightened by what lies ahead, and I don't believe the American people are frightened by what lies ahead." He says, "We're going to put America back to work again."

Wednesday, November 5th. After the earthquake, the sorting out is going on. People awoke today to find not only that Reagan had been elected in a landslide electoral vote but that the Republicans had taken control of the Senate—something that not even the Republicans had dreamed possible—and had picked up a sufficient number of seats in the House to insure that the prevailing ideology will be conservative. Moreover, the Republicans who will gain positions of power in the Senate—the committee and subcommittee chairmanships—are for the most part very conservative Republicans. The transfer of power may be orderly, but the atmosphere in Washington is that of a place that has suddenly been taken by a conquering army. The army seems as surprised as anyone. Would-be Administration officials are jockeying for position in a Reagan government (actually, they have been doing this for some time, but now things get a bit less delicate); Capitol Hill figures who had long dwelt in the minority twilight suddenly find themselves committee chairmen (and the angling for subcommittee chairmanships has begun). There are lives to be sorted out; thousands of people are out of jobs; hostesses are revising their guest lists; lawyers and lobbyists are updating their Rolodexes. A taxi-driver I know who does chores for some people who work in the White House is glum about the idea of losing his entrée there. But mainly there is a great deal of trying to figure out what happened. As usual, a lot of sweeping judgments are being made. Facts that do not fit the generalizations are dismissed. The myth becomes larger than the facts, and the myth is simpler than the facts. What happened last night was a very big thing, but there is no one simple reason for it.

Of course, Reagan won decisively, but his popular margin was not proportionate to his electoral margin. He won by a margin of ten per cent of the votes (fifty-one per cent to Carter's forty-one per cent, with seven per cent going for Anderson)—a lower margin than was enjoyed by Eisenhower (over Stevenson) in 1952 and 1956, not to mention Johnson (over Goldwater) in 1964 and Nixon (over McGovern) in 1972. The electoral-vote count is four hundred and eighty-nine to forty-nine. Carter carried only six states (Georgia, Hawaii, Maryland, Minnesota, Rhode Island, and West Virginia) and the District of Columbia, but little notice has been taken of the fact that Anderson received more than the difference between Reagan and Carter in thirteen states (Alabama, Arkansas, Connecticut, Delaware, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, Mississippi, New York, North Carolina, Tennessee, Vermont, and Wisconsin). There is no way to know how many of those votes would have gone for Carter, of course, or whether many of these people would have voted at all, but it is clear that Anderson cost Carter at least several states.

Much is made of the fact that nine Democratic senators, most of them liberals, were defeated, but it is also a fact that ten Democrats, most of them liberals or moderates, were reëlected to the Senate and that two Democrats were elected to it for the first time. Several Democrats who were defeated were prominent liberals—Frank Church, of Idaho; John Culver, of Iowa; George McGovern, of South Dakota; Gaylord Nelson, of Wisconsin; and Bayh—but, again, the picture is not so simple. Not only had Bayh's elections always been close but he, like McGovern and Nelson, had served three terms, or eighteen years, and Church had served four terms, and their opponents were able to say that that was time enough (just as Bayh had said about his opponent in 1962). And there was a kind of double-jeopardy incumbency at work this year. The Republican pollster Robert Teeter, who advised several Republican candidates this year, suggested that they make the argument that if the people wanted to change things they not only had to get rid of Carter but also had to change the direction of Congress by voting against the incumbent. Teeter says that Robert Kasten, in Wisconsin, and Dan Quayle, in Indiana, did not defeat Nelson and Bayh on a liberalism-versus-conservatism basis. "They beat them because they said that it was time to change things in Washington," he says. Moreover, McGovern, culturally and politically, does not quite fit South Dakota's politics now, and the same is true of Church and Idaho. Iowa may be closing out, at least for the time being, its brief period of electing Democrats to statewide office; and it has a record of never reëlecting a Democratic Senator. But even these conclusions are tempered by still other facts. All the Democratic senators who were defeated ran better in their states than Carter did, with the exception of Herman Talmadge in Georgia. The Idaho vote was forty-nine per cent for Church and fifty per cent for his opponent, while Carter got twenty-five per cent to sixty-seven per cent for Reagan. There are always a number of immeasurable factors in any defeat. Nel-





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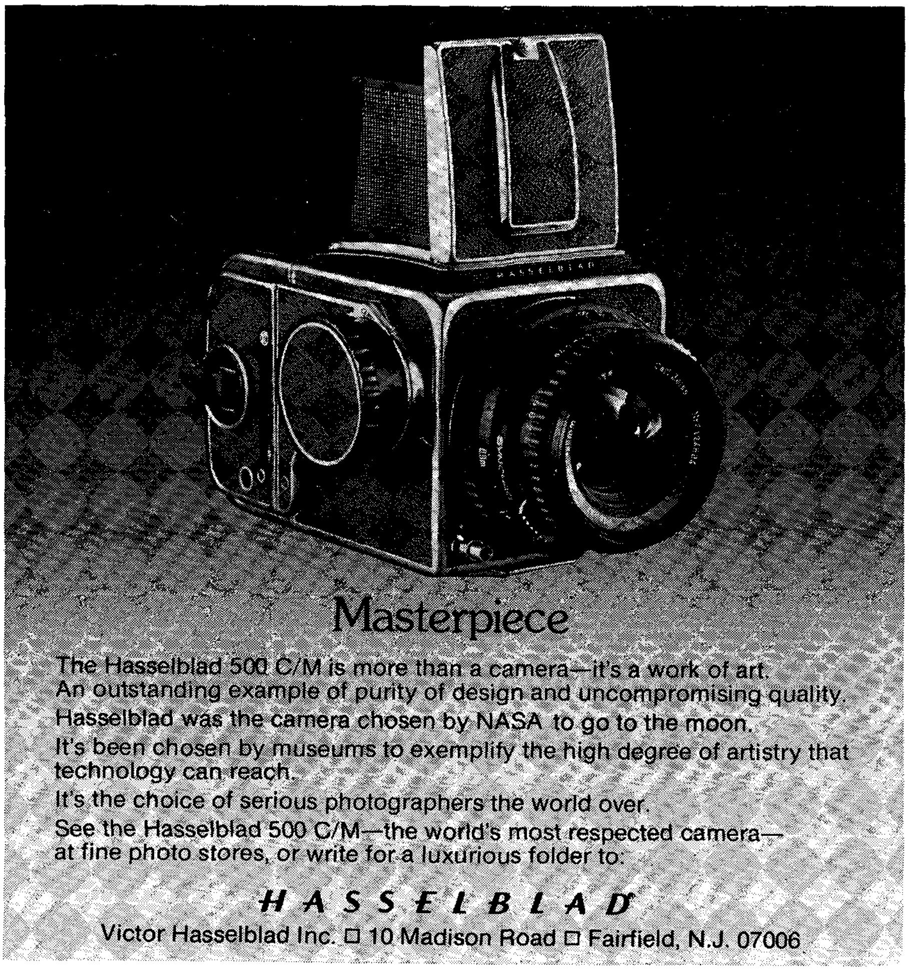

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son was regarded in Wisconsin as being inattentive to the state, and he seemed to realize too late that he was in a difficult fight. It is safe to say that at least some of these people would have won if it had not been for Carter.

The precise force of the Reagan tide cannot be measured, but there can be no question that one existed. Some of the Democrats who were reëlected had a lower victory margin than had been anticipated. Caddell says that a drop in Democratic support toward the end could be seen in the senatorial races as well as in the Presidential race. In addition, the turnout was the lowest it had been in thirty-two years. Teeter says he does not believe that what happened in the Senate races was ideological. "I don't think people said, 'We need some conservatives in there,' " he told me. "Ideology is not important to voters. They don't think of themselves as liberals or conservatives, or of politicians as liberals or conservatives. When you ask them whether they are liberal or conservative, and they tell you, and you ask them what that means, they talk about life style—pot, family, and so on. The problems change more than the people. The voters are in favor of what they see as pragmatic solutions to these problems. When the problems were civil rights, housing, education, people accepted what seemed pragmatic solutions—more government action. When the problems became inflation, high taxes, government spending, people again voted for pragmatic solutions, and in this case that meant less government."

There were also, of course, the intensive efforts of various conservative and anti-abortion groups to defeat selected liberal senators, and there was the sustained and well-financed effort of the Republican Party, which spent over nine million dollars on television ads—quite effective ones—against the Democratic Congress. (The Democrats had no counterpart ads.) The National Conservative Political Action Committee spent over one million dollars on six Senate races; the Moral Majority says that it spent three million dollars against liberal senators. In several states, anti-abortion groups handed out leaflets at Catholic churches on the Sunday before the election. And there are other facts that get in the way of the "conservative tide" theory: Elizabeth Holtzman, a very liberal Democrat, would doubtless have won in New York if Jacob Javits, who had been defeated in the Republican primary, had not appeared on the ballot (along with Anderson) on the Liberal Party's line. Warren Magnuson, of Washington, was defeated by a moderate Republican, not only because he had been in the Senate a long time—six terms, or thirty-six years—but also because he is old and has trouble moving about. Barry Goldwater, who barely survived his challenge (by one percentage point), got in trouble in part because he is obviously ailing, as is Javits. Anti-incumbency turned up in some other forms: Talmadge was defeated largely because he had been "denounced" by the Senate for misuse of his official finances. All but one of the members of Congress who were involved in the Abscam scandal were defeated. John Brademas, of Indiana, the House Majority Whip, had been facing close elections for some time. Several Democrats from the West who were defeated blame Carter's early concession.

And looming over all this was not only the strong Reagan sweep—or the enormous Carter defeat—but also the nature of the Reagan-Carter contest. Time and again during his Presidency, Carter had made things difficult for other Democrats—by getting them to support a position that he then changed, by taking positions that were difficult to explain. Even Democrats who kept their distance from Carter couldn't escape the effects of his management of the Presidency, or of the pounding that he and his policies took at the hands of Reagan. It is difficult for a party to have an agenda if its incumbent President does not seem to have one. And this comes back to the nature of the Reagan victory. The Reagan earthquake was set off by a number of elements, only some of which could be called ideological. It was something far more complicated than a "conservative tide." One very large ingredient, of course, was Carter's failure: his inability to lead; his inability to be competent or to project what competence he had; his poor judgment about people. There was the capacity of the contemporary world for frustrating people—as Americans, as taxpayers—and people's inclination to lay their frustrations at the door of the Oval Office. The frustration lands on the incumbent because he is there. And Reagan was deft at exploiting that frustration. But now he will have to deal with the elements that fed it; not all of them will go away with Carter. Every decade, the world seems more complicated and

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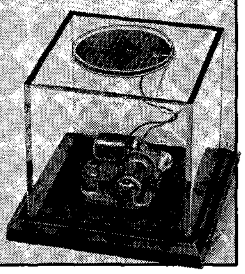

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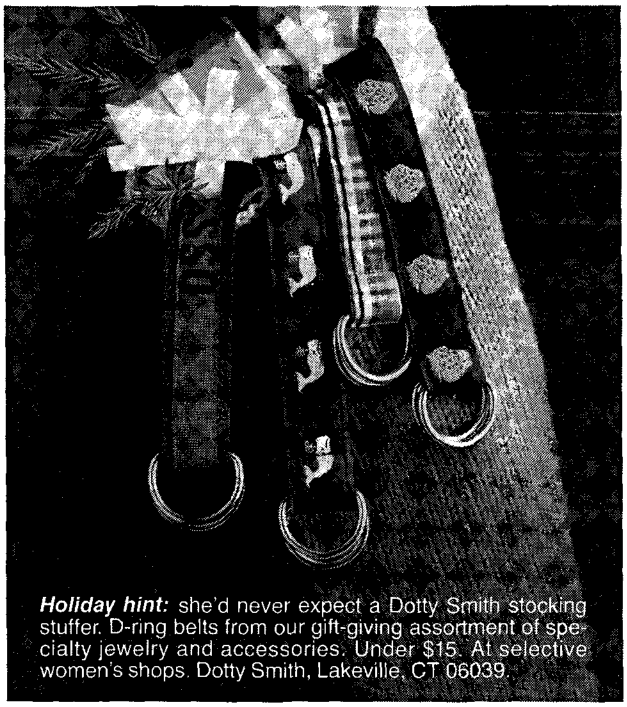
more unmanageable, and this is unlikely to change. There was Reagan's enormous skill as a media politician, who had his own shrewd instincts, and who was also well packaged and well coached. None of these elements were ideological; they were just neutral facts. There was also a reaction to a whole range of social and moral issues —including race (which embraces affirmative action and busing, Cuban refugees and illegal immigrants), the sexual revolution, women's rights, homosexuality—on which a substantial number of people felt that things had moved too fast. A movement such as the Moral Majority cannot get going unless it unlocks something that is there. There was Reagan's skill, and his party's, at reaping the benefits of people's unhappiness with "government" and anyone who had anything to do with it (much as Carter, less powerfully, ran against "Washington" and "the bloated bureaucracy" in 1976), even though Reagan dodged and weaved (as Carter did four years ago) about just what steps he would take to deal with the problem. And there were enough governmental absurdities and failures to make government a vulnerable target. Running against "the rascals" and "the government" is a fairly sturdy American tradition. And there is a new degree of cynicism about politicians, fed by much of the press, which suggests that not a one of them is any good.

Increasingly, and with more sophistication, the various segments of our society—business, labor, farmers, maritime workers, postal clerks, doctors, uniformed firemen—organize themselves to make demands, and they feel increasingly aggrieved at government when their demands are not met. But no President can meet the demands of all these groups. (Carter did a great deal for the National Education Association, and so the N.E.A. supported him.) There are the constraints on resources, fiscal and physical, that any President has to grapple with in the face of these demands. So a great deal of what happened, in the national race as well as in many local ones, was anti-incumbent. Robert Teeter, who polled for Ford in 1976, points out that four years ago, in what was, in the end, a very close election, the question came down to whether people wanted four more years of the incumbent, and they said no. Teeter says, "The direction of the country is more conservative, but not because people think of themselves as ideologues. It's



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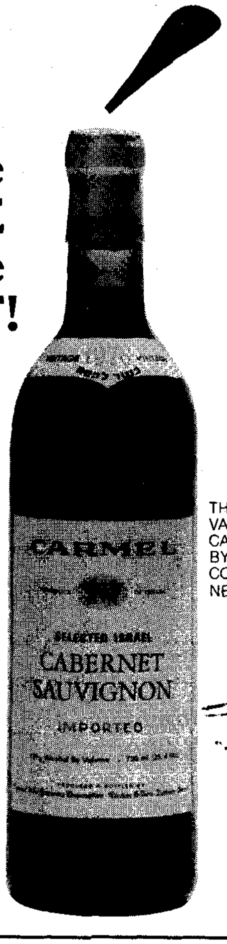

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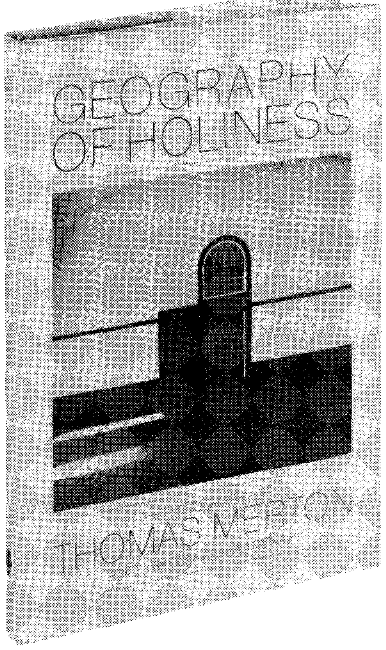
a feeling that the wheels have come off the federal government, and they just have to try to get it back in control. There was also frustration over the hostages, over refugees, over international trade—people were anti-Japanese, anti-German, particularly in the industrial states. All the frustrations were there, and, besides, the odd things that the government does—some of the nutty regulations—seemed to catch up with people this year, because they were hurting economically. And, all that aside, the most important issue of the campaign was Jimmy Carter's record."

There is disagreement between the Carter and the Reagan camps over exactly what happened at the end, but there may be an element of truth in what each of them says. Caddell says that it was the last-minute developments over the hostages. He and others in the Carter camp point out that the television news programs on the eve of the election led off with the hostage story (still in suspension) rather than with the story of the election itself; that the country was presented with Ayatollah Khomeini thanking the militants; and that all this let loose pent-up frustration and anger over a number of things, especially the economy—the frustration and anger the Carter people had been struggling to stave off. The Reagan people say that the big element was people's sense of Reagan's leadership in contrast to Carter's record. Actually, it seems that both sides are talking about essentially the same thing. What is harder to reconcile is their disagreement over what the polling data indicated in the last days of the campaign. But here, too, the differences are not so great. These polls have a margin of error of three points or so in either direction, and they involve a good bit of guessing. Wirthlin and Teeter dispute Caddell's assertion that Carter pulled even during the final weekend, but it is a fact that most of the public polls said that as of Saturday the race was very close. There are suggestions that some of the polls were based on faulty data about the makeup of the electorate—that some may have assumed that there were more Democrats in the electorate than there are. (All the polls weight their samples in terms of how they think the electorate will finally look—a process that allows for a number of misjudgments.) It just might be that a lot of people didn't choose to tell the pollsters what they really thought, or weren't sure what they thought until



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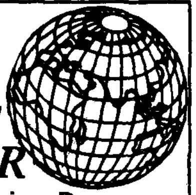

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the end. As it happened, both camps ended up with about the same estimated margin of victory for Reagan on Monday, and both were just about right. Caddell insists that what happened is "ahistorical": that since the beginning of the postwar period Presidential elections that were close all along stayed close to the end. He says that there was a great deal of movement at the end of the 1978 congressional campaign, which might have been a harbinger of what happened this year. Wirthlin and Teeter maintain that there never has been such a substantial and sudden drop as Caddell maintains took place. (A *Times*-CBS poll published November 16th indicates that about one of every five registered voters changed his mind in the last four days, and that the reasons were the hostages and the economy.) The public polls, with one exception, stopped counting by early in the weekend, so if there was a substantial shift in the last days before the election they would have missed it. The exception was the Harris poll, which kept going until Monday night, and showed a five-point lead for Reagan.

Interestingly, the Reagan pollsters did not find an increase in Reagan's lead until two days after the debate—that is, not until people got an impression of what people's impression of the debate was. Reagan, according to Wirthlin's figures, went into the debate on Tuesday with a five-point lead, and showed a five-point lead on Wednesday; on Thursday, it was seven points; on Friday, nine; on Saturday, ten; on Sunday and Monday, eleven. The Reagan camp thought on Monday that Reagan would win with three hundred and ninety-five electoral votes. "I think the debate established the basis for our pulling it away," Wirthlin told me. "It took the edge off the 'dangerous' image and enabled us to go hard at Carter over the weekend, and end up Monday night with a vision-of-the-future speech."

When I asked Wirthlin what he thought made the election come out the way it did, he replied, "I think the thing that turned the vote was that the issue became leadership—Reagan's leadership in framing and coping with the most important issue, the economy."

Many of the state polls, of both parties, on senatorial races also turned out to be wrong, and this lends credence to the idea that an avalanche occurred at the end.

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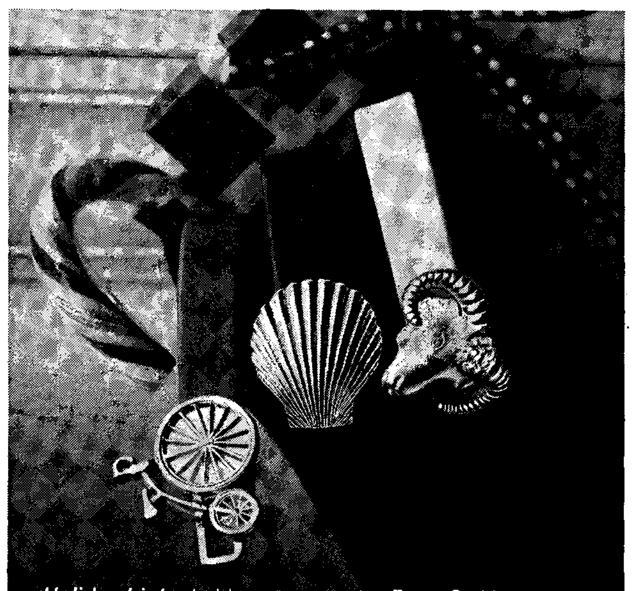

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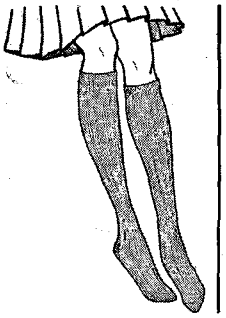

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the White House explains what happened this way: "There was an illusion created—it just occurred—at the time of the Democratic Convention, and continuing through the period of Reagan's mistakes early in the fall, that we were building on the base of the Democrats. It was an illusion because the base wasn't there. The nature of the 'support' that we had and were building on was such that it could be blown away. When you move up from the twenties to the thirties in the polls, you're building on people who were not there anyway. The pollsters may not have misread the situation. The people who said they were for us were very tenuously for us, and the slightest breeze blew them away."

Of course, the important thing in politics, when it comes to determining the behavior of politicians, is not necessarily what happened but what people think happened—what become the accepted truisms. The truisms guide behavior. There is little question that most of those Democrats, and even those moderate Republicans, who remain in Congress will poke their heads out of the trenches very cautiously. The right wing and the Moral Majority took a couple of opportunities this year to show that they could affect Republican primaries by getting someone sympathetic to them nominated, rather than a more centrist Republican, and they are already issuing threats about moderate Republicans and liberal Democrats whose terms expire in two years—in part, to affect their behavior between now and then.

There is another reason the behavior of Congress will change to a greater degree than the simple numerical shift between the parties would dictate. Several of the Republicans who have been elected to the Senate are not the traditional conservative Republicans; Robert Taft would not recognize them, and they are quite unlike Gerald Ford or Robert Dole. They are right wing, nihilistic, counterreformationist. They are culturally distinct from several of the conservatives already in Washington as well as from the moderate Republicans. Their political origins seem to be the same pressures that have given rise to the "single issue" groups: as government seems less and less responsive in solving problems, people feel that they have to apply more and more pressure at a single point. One place to do this is in the nominating process, where participation is usually low and well-organized groups can, therefore, have a major effect. These newly elected senators will join some like-minded men who are already in the Senate and form a critical mass. Furthermore, those who are already there have shown that they do not play by the old rules of the club; comity is of little interest to them. Howard Baker, who will be the new majority leader, has his work cut out.

And so has Reagan. He has inherited an assortment of constituencies whose interests will be difficult to reconcile. Some of the right-wing senators, for example, will seek to do things that would seriously upset Reagan's blue-collar constituents. Reagan has an opportunity to clear out some of the more senseless things that government does. Carter had the same opportunity, and in his "anti-Washington" campaign four years ago he gave the impression that he would move the furniture around a bit, but before long he got lost in the maze of the special-interest state. Reagan became more moderate as his campaign went on, but now he will have to control—or mollify, at least—his right flank. Much is made of the fact that he was a more moderate governor of California than his campaign for the office suggested he would be. But it was also a fact that the California legislature was Democratic. If he wants to be a moderate President, he will have to be agile—as he has been this year. Conservative groups are already busy reminding him of their contribution to his election. This kind of maneuvering goes on with every new President; these groups are behaving just as liberal ones do when a Democratic President starts moving to the center. There are certain laws of physics that hold true in politics.

THURSDAY, November 6th. On television, Reagan is holding his first press conference as President-elect, and it is all very Presidential. A disembodied voice sounding just like the one at the White House announces, "Ladies and gentlemen, the President-elect of the United States and the Vice-President-elect." Reagan and Bush arrive onstage at the Century Plaza Hotel looking healthy and happy. Reagan loses no time about showing that he is taking charge: he briskly announces the names of those who will conduct the transition for him. He is asked how much consideration he is going to give to the new conservative groups, including the Moral Majority, and his answer is

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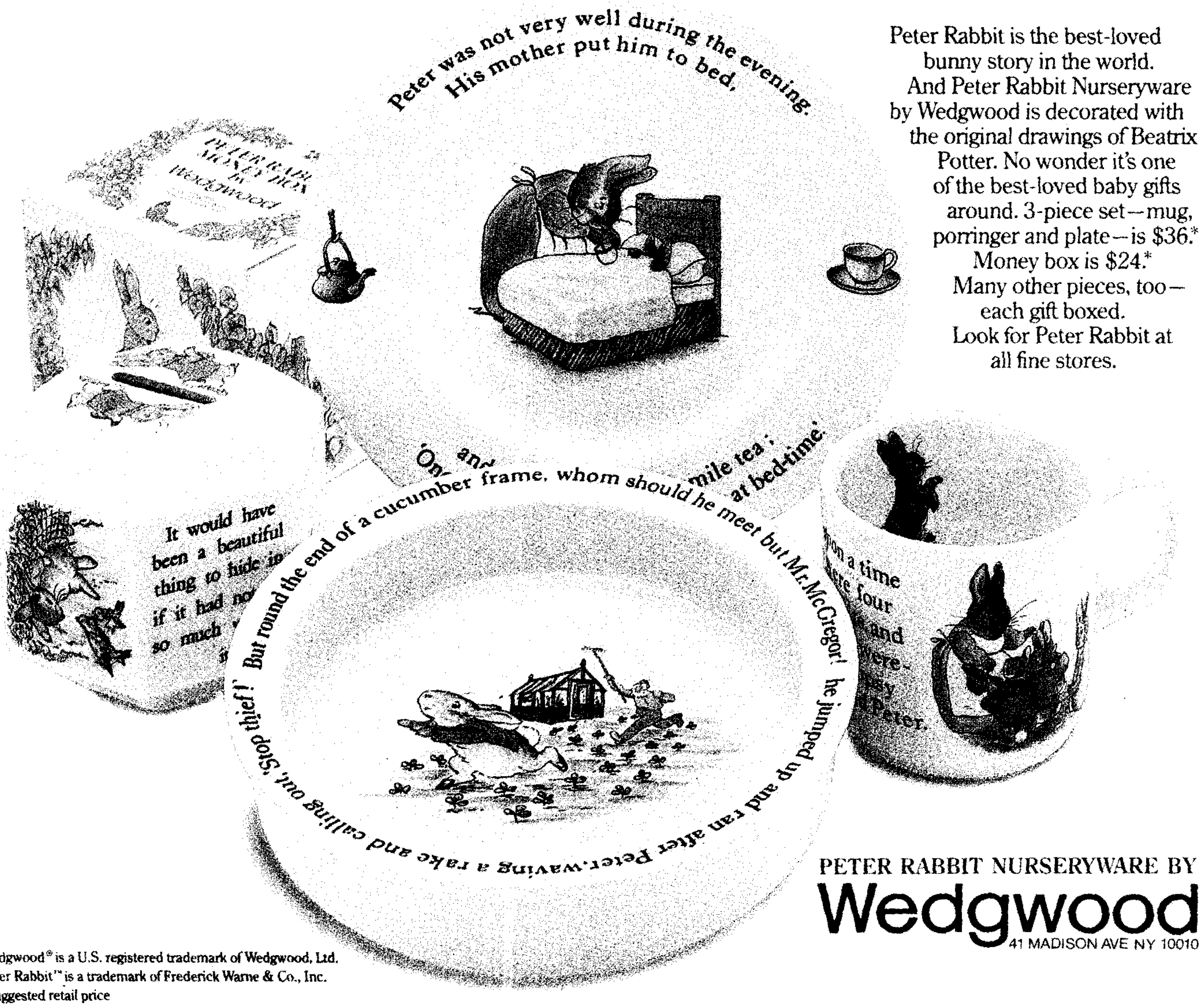
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skillful: "I have told the people who have supported us in this campaign that I'm going to do as I did when I was governor of California—that I am going to be open to these people. You want a President of all the people, and I am going to want to seek advice where I think that I can get advice from those who are familiar with a particular problem." He says that he believes in "linkage" between negotiations on arms control and "the policies of aggression of the Soviet Union." He says he realizes that the Departments of Energy and Education, which he had said during the campaign that he would abolish, have "legitimate functions which have always been performed by government and that should continue to be." (During the campaign, he managed to convey the impression that by abolishing them he would do away with everything that these Departments did.) He is coming across as being in command. Another new beginning, another fresh start. There is a certain dewiness to every new President—even a sixty-nine-year-old one. Reagan is more relaxed than he was during the campaign, and shows a certain charm that he did not allow himself to display then. During the question period, he calls on a number of foreign correspondents. (Lou Cannon, of the Washington *Post*, has written that this was by design, to send reassuring messages to foreign leaders.) He firmly states his support of Howard Baker as majority leader. (Some conservatives were threatening to try to block Baker. Today, Strom Thurmond, who is to replace Edward Kennedy as the chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, announced that he would press for legislation to reinstitute the death penalty for certain federal crimes.) Reagan says that he thinks the economy was "the issue of the campaign." When Reagan is asked if he still feels wedded to the Republican platform, he replies, "I am—I ran on the platform; the people voted for me on the platform. I do believe in that platform, and I think it would be very cynical and callous of me now to suggest that I'm going to turn away from it. Evidently, those people who voted for me—of the other party or of independents—must have agreed with the platform also." Asked what he would say to reassure those who feel potentially disenfranchised by his political views, he replies, "Well, I don't think that anyone is disenfranchised by my views."

—ELIZABETH DREW

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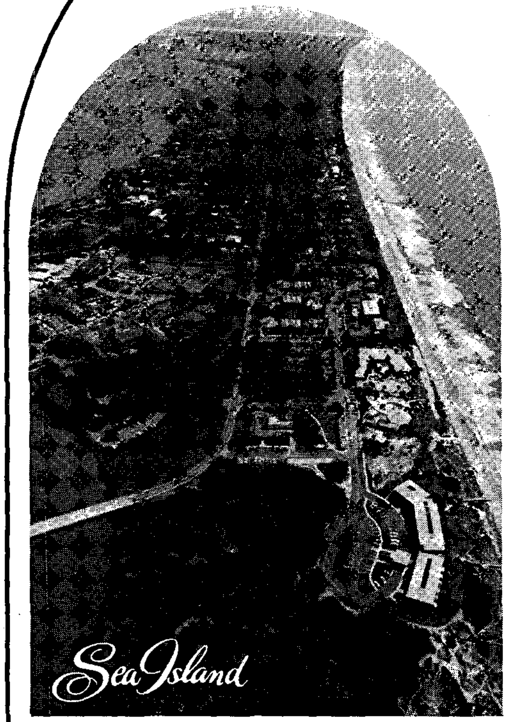

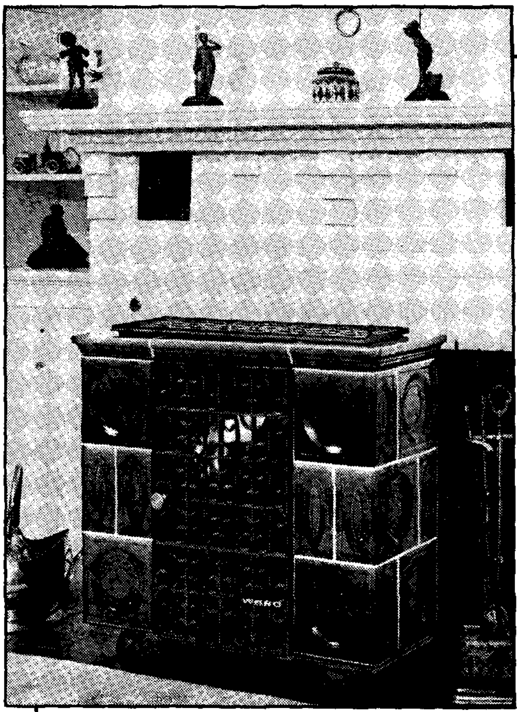

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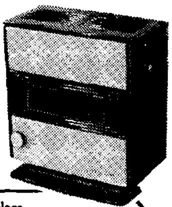

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DANCING

Footsteps in the Fog

PETER MARTINS' rise as a choreographer is not only gratifying in its own right; it gives us a chance to see what one of New York City Ballet's most gifted dancers has learned from his study of Balanchine's choreography. Martins is certainly not the first of Balanchine's dancers to turn to choreography, but he is the first in a long time to show enough aptitude and concentration for a career. Though his work has character—hints of irony and hardheadedness glint beneath a placid surface—as yet it doesn't have much originality, and his latest piece, "Lille Suite," is idiomatically as well as technically very close to Balanchine. But as a conscientious apprentice Martins is more interesting than many "innovative" young choreographers. He understands dance energy—its release, modulation, and momentum—as a function of construction and doesn't rely on the dancers to provide it. He builds logical, distinct sequences without trying for novel or catchy steps. He can create for women on point—a rare talent among the new generation of ballet choreographers. And he may be the most musical of the lot.

His progress has been rapid. In his first half-dozen ballets, all done since 1977, we see him striking out in a bold mood ("Calcium Light Night"), getting in over his head (the Basque section of "Tricolore"), becoming engrossed in small-scale studies ("Rossini Pas de Deux," "Sonate di Scarlatti," "Eight Easy Pieces"), and, finally, in "Lille Suite," launching out once again, this time in confident control of large forces and a bold theme. From the first, he grasped an essential lesson from Balanchine: each ballet is a specific world shaped from its music. And somewhere along the line he learned that musical transparency alone is not enough; there must be an independent vision of the dance, which, though it is ordered by the music, does not surrender all meaning to it. "Lille Suite" is much less exclusively about its music than was "Sonate di Scarlatti." But it is not entirely a free vision.

The music is Carl Nielsen's Little Suite for Strings, Opus 1, written in 1888—ardent, brooding music from the composer's youth. Martins has set it for a ballerina (Heather Watts), a danseur (Ib Andersen), and a female corps of fourteen led by two demi-soloists (Stacy Caddell and Roma Sosenko). Watts and Andersen are nineteenth-century counterparts of the disturbed lovers we first saw in "Calcium Light Night," and their confrontations and partings are orchestrated and complemented by the female ensemble in the style of the Romantic ballet. Both in its conception—the man as visionary poet, the woman as his ideal and his nemesis, the corps as the maze of time and circumstance they travel through—and in its hard-edged, unsentimental execution, the piece resembles Balanchine's "Divertimento from 'Le Baiser de la Fée.'" And there's what might be called a climatic resemblance, too: the Nielsen suite, the Stravinsky ballet drawn from a Hans Christian Andersen story, and all Balanchine's Tchaikovsky ballets (of which, courtesy of Stravinsky's subject, "Baiser" is one) come from the same Northern latitudes. Martins has seen that, but maybe he hasn't seen the danger in using "Divertimento from 'Le Baiser'" as a model. For, like Balanchine's ballet, Martins' is neither a diversion nor a drama but a bit of both. As a suite from a ballet score, Stravinsky's "Divertimento" carries something of the emotional charge of the full ballet. But Nielsen's suite is more emotionally heterogeneous. In fifteen minutes, it changes its mood so many times that Martins' attempt to pull a consistent dramatic thread through all four of its sections is repeatedly cut short. The ballet ends without having resolved its lovers' crisis and without having explained—found a dramatic use for—the several entrées for Caddell and Sosenko separate from the corps. The first flaw is actually not a flaw; Martins' finesse has made the lovers' condition seem inexplicable and eternal. But not integrating the two demis is a real detriment. Having invoked Balanchine's universe, Martins must obey its laws, and one of these is: No dangling demis. In "Ballet Imperial," the two demis enter with the second female soloist as little friends and then attach themselves to the principal man as consoling angels. Caddell and Sosenko could be Heather Watts' friends or they could belong to Ib Andersen—as sisters, former lovers, angels as in "Ballet Imperial," or as seeresses leading him to his fate, à la "Serenade." The audience will decide for itself who they are, but it must be provoked, it can't just be left with two coryphées in an abstract-ballet background. Apart from this structural weakness, which more than the music's vagaries causes the ballet to seem truncated, there is one awkward transition—when, at the end of the waltz, four girls downstage are stranded just a beat or two short of their exit. I believe both problems can be easily solved. I understand, too, that the ballet, which is being done without scenery, will have some in January, and that this will be coördinated with the rather tropical-looking color-splotched costumes, by Ben Benson, that just now are so puzzling.

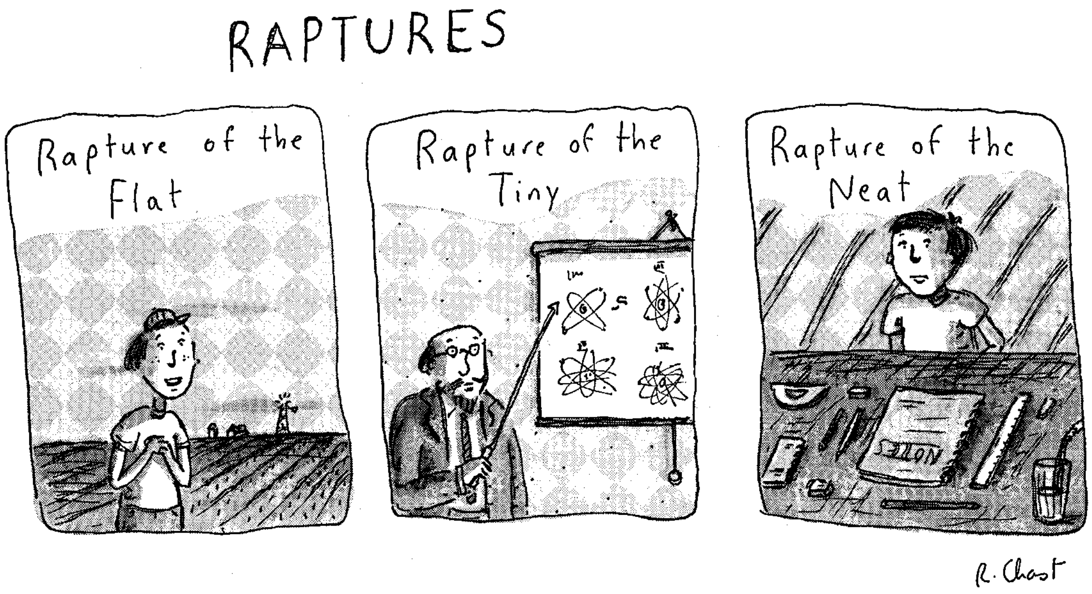
"Lille Suite" comes out of Balanchine in more explicit ways than art usually comes out of art. One could get the idea that the subject of the ballet is really the company, and that Martins is drawing more from artifacts than he is from life. But the vitality of Martins' dances isn't secondhand. Watching "Lille Suite," I was interested in the dancing for its own sake—interested in the way it kept on getting more expansive until the curtain had to fall and cut it off. Watching the new Jerome Robbins ballet "Rondo," which was given right after Martins' ballet on opening night, I could only wonder what Robbins was referring to. "Rondo" gives the same impression as "Lille Suite" of being fashioned after a studio-posed object, but it's dry and dusty. Robbins even has a "studio" setting, with one soloist watching informally while the onstage pianist plays for the other and then joining in. He hasn't actually used the idea as often as it seems; I think I resent the cliché less than I do the low energy of the dancing, which the informal, low-key setting seems designed to excuse. "Rondo," named for the Mozart Rondo in A Minor, played by Gordon Boelzner on the concert grand, has only the two soloists, Kyra Nichols and Stephanie

Saland, in practice clothes. You think that some interest might develop from the casting of two women—*these* two women, anyway, who are physically and temperamentally so different—and none ever does. Nichols, moreover, is a stronger dancer than Saland, and Saland, who has a dark, warm, sensuous beauty, makes Nichols look plain—which she isn't. But nothing is done with that, either. The two women are used as twins, to anticipate, echo, or duplicate each other's movements—not to build a dance between them. Robbins could be referring to "Kammermusik No. 2," in which Balanchine took two similarly ill-matched women, Colleen Neary and Karin von Aroldingen, and carried out a similarly inscrutable experiment in twinship. The difference is that in "Kammermusik" the choreography would have had consequence without the doubling—which added a veneer of virtuosity—while in "Rondo" the choreography is inconsequential and the bifocal effects do not make it less so. There is an inherent logic of forms in classical dancing which Robbins seems intent on explaining to us, not only here but in all the dryly academic pieces he has done, from "Goldberg Variations" onward. This logic is completely available to the soloist. Adding another soloist does not add to the logic; splitting a soloist in half—even if the intent is to expose the strength of the logic by repiecing it—means that neither half is doing the dance. I was unable to follow the pattern of "Rondo" or relate it to the music.

Is "Rondo" called "Rondo" for the same reason that "Lille Suite" is not called "Little Suite" or anything else that might describe a ballet and not a piece of music? It has become company style and a form of company hype to name ballets after their scores. Balanchine began the practice years ago as a means of dissuading audiences from seeing meanings of a kind that did not exist in his ballets. He was right to retitle "Le Palais de Cristal" "Symphony in C." Because of his doctrinal emphasis on musical values, extra-musical ones are often overlooked, and these certainly exist, although they don't usually take the form of characters and stories and ready-to-hand metaphors. In recent years, there has been a certain defensiveness where extra-musical meanings may be concerned, and the company's programs have taken on the rigid cast of dogma. "Robert Schumann's 'Davidsbündlertänze' " is not a good thing to call a ballet that even Balanchine admits is about Schumann's life. "Ballet Imperial" is still imperial—still a meditation on the ballet of Tchaikovsky and Petipa—in its latter-day guise as "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." And to call a ballet by a number—a "No. 2" or a "No. 3" or a "No. 15," when the repertory does not contain a No. 1 or a No. 14—makes no sense. Lately, there has been a trend to original-language titles. Is the ballet sung in Danish? In German? The day is coming—most probably in the Tchaikovsky Festival of 1981—when "Swan Lake" will appear on the bills as "Леьединое озеро Suite."

ALTHOUGH it wasn't until 1940 that Balanchine started making his all-dance ballets in pure classical style, he is generally credited with fathering the dominant modern movement in choreography. The so-called abstract ballet had in fact been established by Massine and Nijinska, but "Les Présages," "Choreartium," "Rouge et Noir," "Bolero," "La Valse," and "Chopin Concerto" haven't survived, and for all practical purposes it is to Balanchine that we look to make and break the rules of the genre. Most choreographers under Balanchine's influence—which is now global—don't respond to music sensitively enough to make absolute lyrical expression a real possibility for twenty or thirty minutes at a stretch. And this, as I suggested at the beginning of this review, is only the first requirement. Robert Joffrey is musically very delicate—considerate rather than sensitive. As far as his ballets go, they're often quite pleasant. But they have no point of view either toward the music or toward the world. Joffrey's choice of Satie for his latest piece, "Postcards," and his use of a Joe Brainard frontcloth covered with Satie memorabilia force an attitude that he seems reluctant to adopt. There's some period flavor in the genteel, florid choreography to the café songs and the concert rags and waltzes, but not enough to complete a picture of Satie's world. One of the group numbers is unthinkably far from that world—closer to the "Sunday in Klamath Falls" number from some folksy fifties musical. With no particular line of attack, the ballet grows repetitious and emptily virtuosic, and, as usual, the Joffrey dancers push everything too hard. Ballet may not be the right medium for these artless trifles of Satie's. In any case, I didn't miss the dances that had to be omitted because of an injury to Luis Fuente. His place in the remaining portions of the ballet was agreeably filled by a dancer new to me, Carl Corry.

Choo San Goh is the prolific young maestro of a sub-Balanchine type of plotless ballet; he's *so* prolific that his influence is rapidly getting to be global, too. But if Choo San Goh's product resembles Balanchine's it is



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only in negative particulars: no story, no props, no scenery, neutral costumes. Goh's titles usually refer to the music or to some aspect of Goh's methodology or technique: "Casella 1, 3, 4," "Double Contrasts," "Fives," "Momentum." As it happens, his latest piece, for the Joffrey, is called "Helena;" of course, there is no Helena in the ballet. I took this to be a flippant comment on ballets named "Paquita" or "Sylvia" in which no Paquita or Sylvia appears, modern audiences having long since lost the taste for the narratives that held up those nineteenth-century shows of dancing. But *stripping away* excess does not guarantee purity. After seeing six or eight of Goh's works in various repertories—works that would be impossible for me to tell apart, so facelessly efficient are they—I'm persuaded that Goh hears music not as an aural landscape but as a permissive soundtrack with cues for changes in the action. He responds not to shape, structure, or sound but to volume, texture, and mood, and he doesn't make dynamic qualitative changes in the action, he simply switches gears. Goh appears to have thought out his ballets beforehand and to be using the music only to tell him when to go with this or that effect and when to stop. If a score's divisions don't accommodate his plan, he overrides them. In "Double Contrasts," which has Poulenc's Double Piano Concerto playing in the background, the choreography several times ignored the play between the orchestra and the solo instruments. And Goh's choreography frequently ignores things like climaxes and diminuendos; it has its own highs and lows. Yet it's so exactly fitted to the bar lengths that it *seems* musical. And because it's independently driven it seems to be making a poetic statement—to be fulfilling the second of the requirements for absolute lyrical expression, Balanchine style. On looking back over my experiences of Goh's work, I find that the most impressive of them had the best music—Stravinsky's "Ebony Concerto" for "Introducing . . ." (which I saw done by Dance Theatre of Harlem) and Prokofiev's First Piano Concerto for "Momentum," the other of the Joffrey's Goh ballets. Is it coincidental that these two composers have also written the best ballet scores of the century? In Goh's pieces, their musical ideas seem to fit themselves to a dance landscape in a kind of backward accommodation. The musical motor is so powerful that, with dancers rushing around in precisely timed fits and starts, it's as if a ballet were being performed.

Goh keeps dancers working hard, and he wastes not a drop of energy. The taut, seamless look of the movement and the high tension that is invariably brought to a pulsating climax at or near the end of the music are sure to win applause. Good moody lighting, such as Jennifer Tipton provides for "Helena," helps a lot, too. Like automatic writing or video tennis, a Goh ballet seems programmed by some mysterious set of controls, yet it lets the audience do its part. It doesn't presume as much as an Arpino or a Tetley ballet does; it presses us to respond to the same phenomenal urgings that created it. "Well!" it cries out, a little short of breath. "Isn't *that* curious! What do *you* make of *that!*" Goh was born in Singapore and had his dance training in Europe. As assistant artistic director of the Washington Ballet, in Washington, D. C., he has since 1978 become the hottest young choreographer on the American scene. The Washington Ballet played Brooklyn College recently, bringing three of his works. The dancers of the Washington Ballet were not very strong technically. But Goh's choreography made them look strong, sleek, capable. They're programmed for instantaneous effectiveness. With dancers happy, audiences thrilled, and managers delirious, why should anyone care that none of it has a thing to do with dancing? We've reached a new point in the history of modern abstract ballet—a point of near-computerization, where coded options make choreography. Next to Goh's smooth calibrations, ordinary bad choreography looks paleolithic. Bad choreography usually has some personality. Goh's has none. What it does have is cachet—the equivalent of a designer label.

There was a spate of new ballets at the Joffrey. Laura Dean did "Night" for eight of the younger dancers. She used their extensive training, including their pointwork, to expound in heightened form the style that she has been developing in her own group, but without changing the elementary concepts basic to the style. "Night" is a good piece to see if you've never seen her work—it's maximal minimal Dean. Although she's certainly not a

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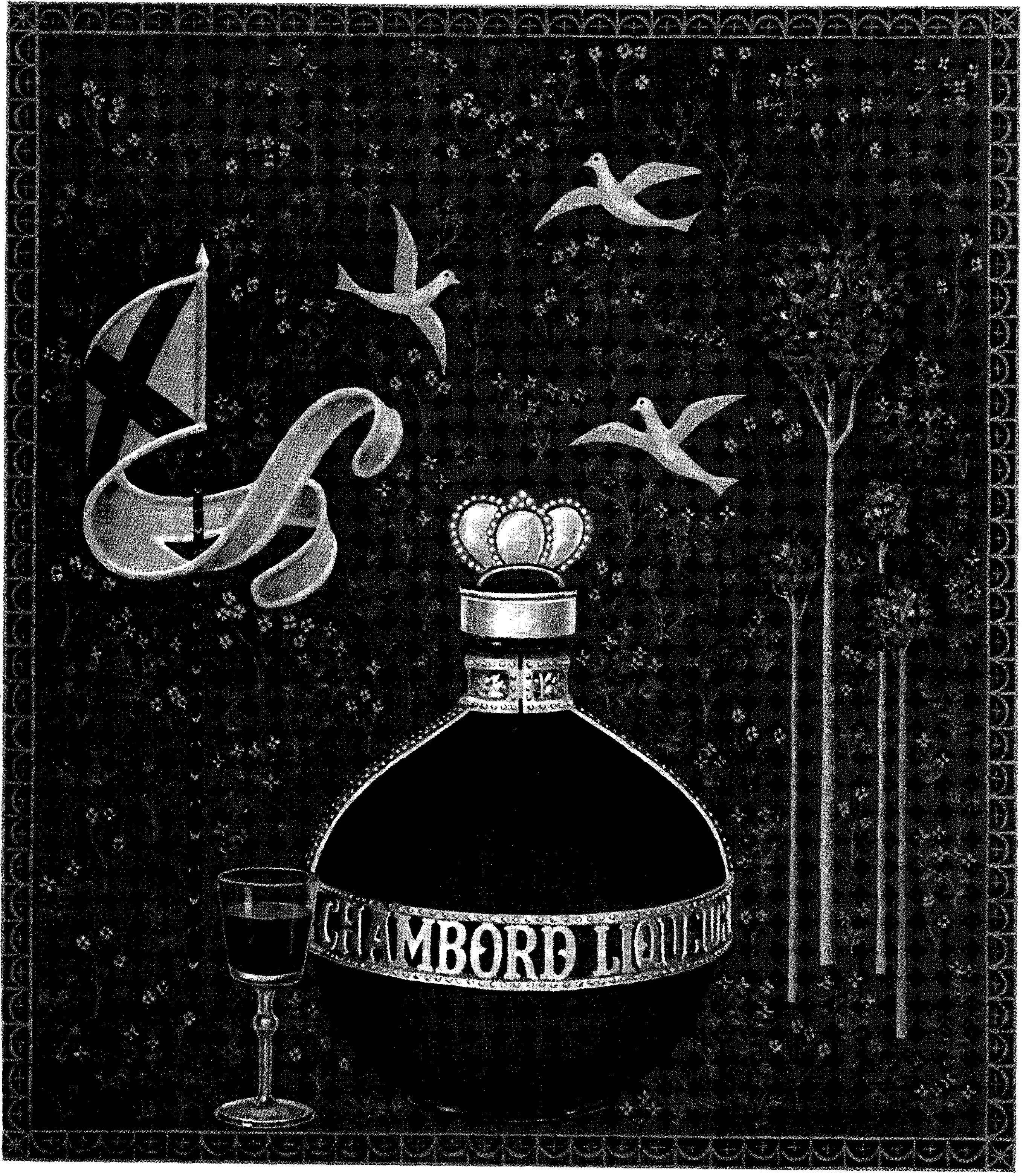

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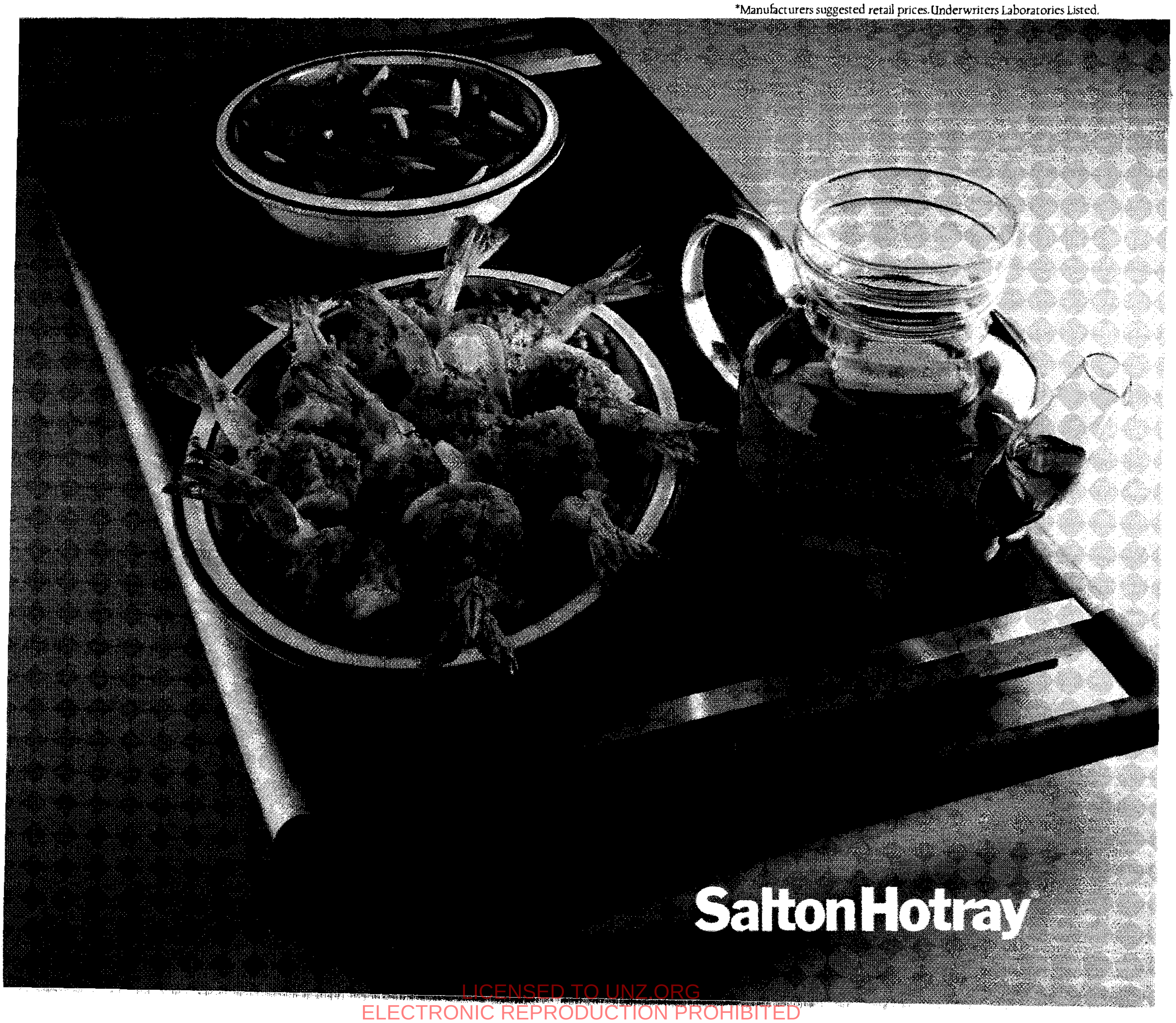

ballet choreographer, Dean isn't as far from mainstream trends as she seems to be at first. Her scores, which she composes, consist of metric configurations laid over chord changes. This kind of music supports dance structures that are as autonomous and insular as if they had *no* musical underpinning. In a primitive way, Dean is as mechanized as Choo San Goh.

IN another somewhat dubious gesture toward Satie, the Joffrey revived "Relâche." This ballet belongs to the history of avant-garde scandal, and it scarcely lends itself to renewal. The revival was as close to the 1924 production by the Ballets Suédois as could be imagined; everything from Francis Picabia's backdrop of row upon row of headlights to his curtain call riding a tricycle was reproduced. The flapper heroine was Starr Danias (acting like a pettish starlet); Gregory Huffman was the dashing boulevardier created by Jean Börlin. Börlin's role as choreographer (and Picabia's place in the curtain call) was taken by Moses Pendleton, one of the founding fathers of Pilobolus. He supplied some fine stuntwork for the male chorus and might have invented further craziness, but he was boxed in by Picabia's scenario and by the music, which was written to its specifications. "Relâche" glorified speed, sensation, hedonism, frivolity, Dada. Much of its mood and many of its personages are captured in the film that was commissioned from René Clair as an entr'acte. The film, seventeen and a half minutes long, was shown in the Joffrey production and drew boos. It has grown slow and stale, like the ballet as a whole. "Relâche" is a relic, not a classic. There is something fundamentally bourgeois in its outlook. "Parade," for all that it, too, defies revival (it also has been attempted by the Joffrey), is still recognizably the testament of artists to the strange new world of the twentieth century. And Satie's music for it is superior to "Relâche." —ARLENE CROCE

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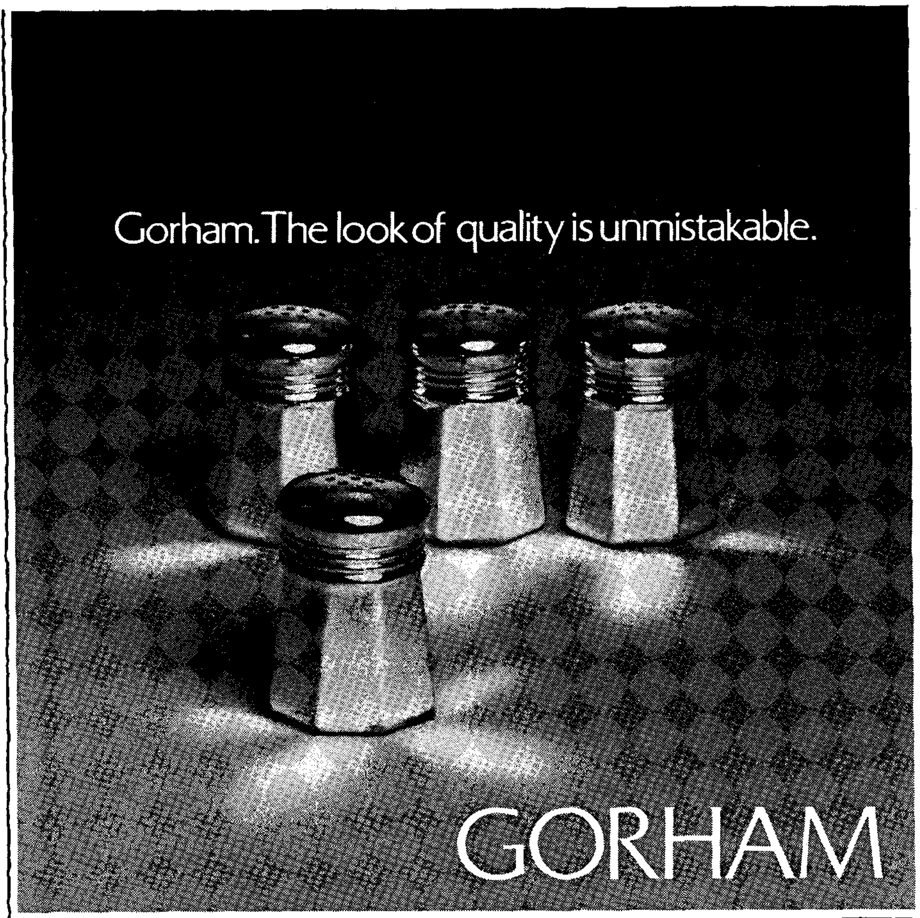

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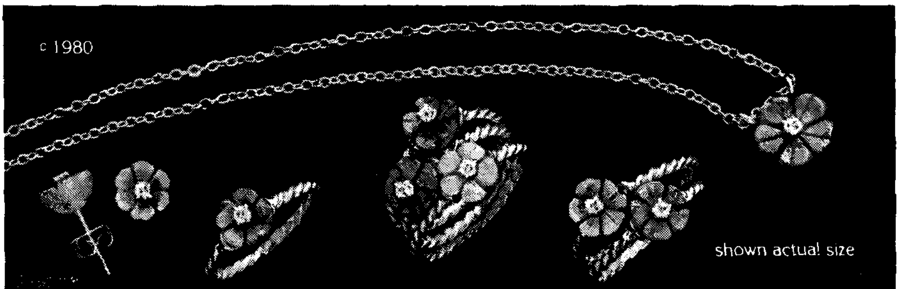

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Exotics

BORODIN'S "Prince Igor" is a beautiful, strangely neglected, and often maligned opera. The new Grove calls it "tableauesque and disjointed" and talks of "loose design." A case against it is easily made. The libretto is episodic, and the action can be summarized in a sentence: Igor leads his forces against Khan Konchak and the Polovtsi, is captured and lavishly entertained, escapes, and returns home. Two touches of subplot add variety without affecting the action: Igor's brother-in-law Galitsky proves a dissolute regent; Igor's son Vladimir and the Khan's daughter Konchakovna fall in love. Borodin, a part-time composer, wrote the opera piecemeal, across eighteen years, changing the scenario from time to time. After his death, it was assembled and in large part orchestrated by Rimsky-Korsakov and Glazunov. Yet on the rare occasions that I have seen "Prince Igor" in the theatre—a Zagreb production in London, a Bolshoy production in Paris, and now one in Bloomington, given by the Indiana University Opera Theatre—it has seemed not episodic, not a patchwork, and not undramatic but a noble and successful epic opera of an unconventional kind.

When Borodin had sketched about half of it, he set down some account of his aims:

> My whole manner of dealing with operatic material is quite different [from that of the other Russian nationalists]. As I see it, superfluous detail has no place in opera. Everything should be drawn in bold strokes, as clearly and vividly as is practically possible for voice and orchestra.

His starting point had been a detailed scenario by V. V. Stassov, which rounded off the action with the wedding feast of Vladimir and Konchakovna—the Polovtsi defeated, Galitsky in jail. In 1869, the year Mussorgsky completed the first version of "Boris Godunov," Borodin began "Igor." Then for five years—disheartened, perhaps, by the Maryinsky's rejection of "Boris"—he put it aside. I've not seen it suggested, but it strikes me as likely, that the production of the revised "Boris," in 1874, encouraged Borodin to return to his opera. He simplified Stassov's scenario and brought it closer to the old "Lay of Igor's Campaign" (there is an English translation by Nabokov), which makes no mention of a Polovtsian defeat. He introduced Igor at the start (Stassov had reserved him for Act II), crying "Forth, to fight Russia's foes," and gave him much the same words for his final utterance. This is the opera's heroic theme; it sounds through Igor's music in the Polovtsian acts, and its strength is not really compromised by the intoxicating, glamorous music lavished on the Polovtsians and their magnificent, Tamburlaine-like Khan. Between the "bold strokes" are no explanatory transitions; "Prince Igor" has something in common with Tippett's "King Priam" in its lapidary technique. The audience is presumed to know the plot in advance (a brief program note can achieve this), while the composer makes vivid and universal its high moments and high emotions. Yaroslavna, Igor's wife, voices the grief and fears of all women whose men are at war. Galitsky stands for irresponsibility in high places; Eroshka and Skula, genial rogues, show it in common men. Vladimir and Konchakovna suffer the conflict of lust and duty. Konchak is a conqueror who can afford careless magnanimity. To complain that they are not fully rounded individuals is to miss the point. Deliberately (or so it seems to me), not through incompetence, the composer presented his characters only in epic moments. And his "Prince Igor" became an "epic" opera in both the Brechtian and the ordinary senses of the word. Borodin's musical genius has never been in question. The Mighty Handful seem to have deemed him the most inspired of their band, and their regret that academic administration, chemical research, his campaign to let women study medicine, and the exigences of his sickly, neurotic wife kept him so much from composition is easily shared. Yet the music of "Igor," I believe, seems greater still when its colors, its networks of subtle motivic allusions, and the contrasts between elevated or emotional Russian strains and the glittering, exotic Polovtsian rhythms and melodies are heard as part of a carefully patterned musical drama.

The case for "Igor" is most convincingly argued by a performance, and the Bloomington production made out a good case. The scale was large: a chorus of a hundred and thirty, a ballet of thirty-six. The orchestra, conducted by Bryan Balkwill, was bright. The show had spirit. Max Röthlisberger's sets were big and handsome. (If the Met wishes to mount an "Igor" in borrowed décor, it could well use them.) Bodo Igesz's staging was straightforward and sensible. The Polovtsian Dances were re-created on Fokine lines by Nicolas Beriozoff. I was gripped and stirred by the piece. Nevertheless, it did not seem to have received quite the long, loving, and detailed preparation one expects a campus presentation to have had. There was abundant vocal talent in the cast I heard but not much evidence that the young singers had steeped themselves in the particular sounds and style of Imperial Russia—that Nova Thomas (Yaroslavna) had been listening for months to, say, Nina Koshetz, Laura Rice (Konchakovna) to Eugenia Zbruyeva, Larry Paxton (Vladimir) to Leonid Sobinov, Tim Noble (Igor) to Vladimir Kastorsky, Mark Lundberg and Kevin Maynor (Galitsky and Konchak) to Lev Sibiriakov. From those artists and their like they could have learned more of the distinctive Russian manner, in which notes are held through for their full value and are pressed close, one to the next, in a seamless legato; in which syllables are caressed, each of them pronounced as if it were something precious. The plangent lyricism, the cultivation of timbres exceptionally limpid, voluptuous, or grandiose, the tricks and flicks of Russian coloratura, the swells and the meltings—of these there was too little. In several numbers, the singers seemed to be hurrying, moving on rather than savoring. But Miss Thomas was touching, and Mr. Noble was—well, noble. Two clear, forward tenors in small roles, Neil Jones (Ovlur) and Daniel Brewer (Eroshka), had the right approach.

Cutting was heavy, as it usually is. I have yet to hear the full sequence of numbers which opens Act III, after the Polovtsian March, played in a theatre. But there at least a large clean cut was made; more disfiguring was the reduction of the Konchakovna-

Vladimir duet to a few phrases. Nevertheless, the effect of the whole was exhilarating. This "Prince Igor" joins Boston's "Russlan" and Bloomington's "Christmas Eve," done in 1977, to remind our regular companies that there is more to Russian nineteenth-century opera than "Boris" and the two familiar Tchaikovskys.

MEANWHILE, the French revival continues. The Dallas Civic Opera has just done Delibes' "Lakmé," and has done it well. In my young days, "Lakmé" was an Opéra-Comique staple; only "Carmen," "Manon," and "Werther" notched up more performances there. From 1932 to 1946, it was also a Met staple, with Lily Pons. Today, it's rarish; productions with Joan Sutherland (Seattle in 1967, Sydney in 1976) and with Christiane Eda-Pierre (Wexford in 1970) stand out in the annals. "Lakmé," we're told, needn't be taken too seriously. I thoroughly enjoyed it in Dallas because the executants *had* taken it seriously, not in any unstylish modern way (it was not, for example, presented as a tract on the iniquities of British colonial rule) but as a refined and exquisitely fashioned essay in late-nineteenth-century exoticism. The production originated in Trieste. The sets, by Pasquale Grossi, were beautiful and looked like Gérômes brought to life. The staging, by Alberto Fassini, was precise. (The lighting, alas, was crude.) Nicola Rescigno's conducting was sensitive. Best of all, the piece was uncommonly well sung.

Ruth Welting, who in recent years has sometimes sounded rather hard and pert, had found again the sweet, gentle, limpid tones and manner that made her early Lucias so touching. All the notes of the Bell Song were clearly and sweetly struck, and the number was not just a showpiece. Lakmé's anxiety—she knows her father is using the song as a trap to catch her lover—was also sounded; the coloratura was urgent and poignant as well as accurate and pretty. Alfredo Kraus, the Gerald, was his usual polished self. The voice has lasted well, and he phrased with distinction. But, as often, he seemed self-centered, an artist intent on his own elegant performance rather than a hero deeply in love with the particular soprano of the evening. Paul Plishka was a grave, powerful Nilakantha.

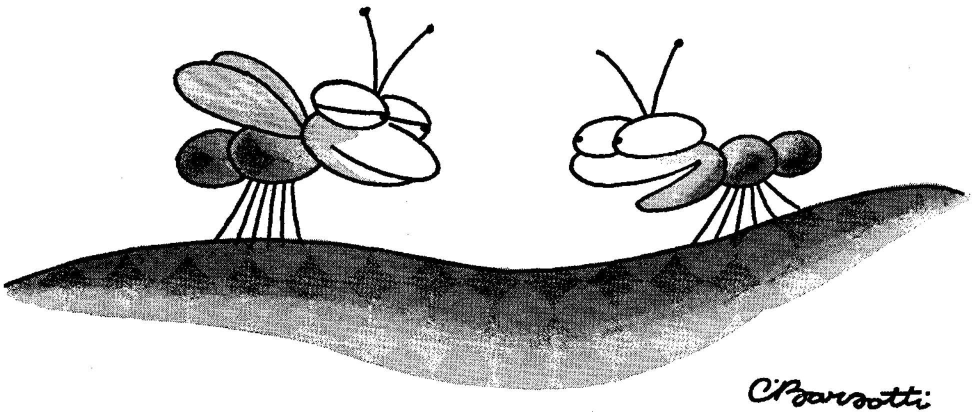
I've not seen many Dallas productions—four in sixteen years—and shouldn't generalize about the standards and style of the company. But all four have been of high merit and have represented an approach to opera that becomes increasingly rare: eminent singers; rich, handsome spectacle; thoughtful presentation; staging without willfulness or eccentricity. This "Lakmé" was a model of how to revive French opera in a large American house. The sung-recitative version, Delibes' own, was used, yet a feeling of opéra-comique delicacy and charm was preserved. Although the décor was picturesque and impressive, the main focus was not on designer or director but on the singers—and on *all* of them, not just on a prima donna or a primo tenore. The smaller parts—led by David Holloway's Frederick and Carolyne James' Mistress Benson—were well taken. The opera seemed to have been revived not "for" anyone, not even for the admirable Miss Welting, but because everyone concerned liked and believed in the piece. "Lakmé" is not a great opera. "Prince Igor" is. But that's another matter. I'm not one to despise elegant, cultivated entertainment on the foothills—provided that the heights are not neglected. And in Dallas they're not; the annals of the company make impressive reading.

—Andrew Porter

FURTHER EVENTS

Cries

THE Brooklyn Philharmonia has organized a Meet the Moderns series around the alliance between music and other art forms: January's program is called Music Plus Computers; February's Music Plus Film; March's Music Plus Dance. All rather didactic, but the programs include some fine pieces: the computer evening will introduce to this country Iannis Xenakis' powerful "N'shima," and the film evening will present the notorious "Ballet Mécanique" of George Antheil with Fernand Léger's film of that name. The first program of the series—held, as usual, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music but this season also repeated in Manhattan, at Cooper Union—was devoted to the scarcely unusual marriage of music and drama; it provided an opportunity to present two one-act operas for the first time in New York. John Eaton's "The Cry of Clytaemnestra" was first performed by the Indiana University Opera Theatre, in March of this year; Gian Carlo Menotti's "The Egg" was first performed at the National Cathedral, in Washington, D.C., in 1976. Eaton's is an original and difficult piece, which was discussed here by Andrew Porter after its première. The Brooklyn performance was not entirely satisfactory. The layout of the Lepercq Space—two banks of seats facing a central arena—does not help the presentation of drama: should the singers project to one side, to the other, or to the space in between? To complicate matters, the central and largest part of the space was filled by the orchestra; the singers were relegated to two tiny stages placed against the walls on either side. The densely written libretto, by Patrick Creagh—with its flashbacks and flash-forwards, tricky to follow—was rarely audible, and the singers had to struggle to make Eaton's vocal lines tell, because the audience's natural center of attention was the orchestra. Nevertheless, the piercingly direct qualities of Eaton's score were communicated; this is complex, strenuous music, written in an idiom that could easily sound diffuse but is here drawn together by the composer's passion. Each of the scenes has a strongly defined musical charac-



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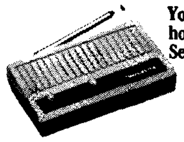

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ter. The most powerful of them—Cassandra's vision of Agamemnon's death, the furious quarrel between Clytemnestra and Electra, the final dream of Clytemnestra's murder of her husband—take hold of the mind and heart with rare power. The achievement of the singers was remarkable; all of them were imported from the Indiana première casts, and they had the music in their bones. The achievement of the Brooklyn orchestra was astonishing; in a very short time it had mastered the complex instrumental writing, with its demands for electronic resources, two pianos tuned a quarter tone apart (played at times with an electric brush), and virtuoso playing from every instrument. Richard Duncan, who conducted in place of the orchestra's music director, Lukas Foss, controlled the performance firmly.

In contrast to Eaton's problematic but eminently worthwhile opera, Menotti's "The Egg" is simple, and without discernible merit. Its story, set in the Byzantine Empire of the fifth century, with a leading role for St. Simeon Stylites, atop his pillar, is a feeble fable about an egg that contains the secret of life: the egg cannot be opened unless it is freely given away. The drama, if that is not too strong a word, consists mainly of jokes about people trying to break open the egg, and has a ludicrous apotheosis in which the lucky man who gave away the egg is exhorted to place its "shining shell on the cathedral's altar." St. Simeon is portrayed as an eccentric who realizes that he was wrong to live on top of a pillar and would have been better employed doing good works—a distortion of history and a typical piece of gratuitous Menotti moralizing. The performances had the suitable flavor of a Christmas pageant for eight-year-olds, and were entirely competent. Mr. Foss conducted.

THE First Symphony of Alexander Scriabin, which Riccardo Muti revived in a concert with the Philadelphia Orchestra at Avery Fisher Hall, is a glorious failure. Its vocal finale, in which soloists and chorus join to make specific the noble aspirations of the work, places it in the tradition of Beethoven's Ninth and Mahler's Second; but Scriabin's finale does not begin to fulfill the hopes raised by the preceding movements. Its great call to the peoples of the world to "sing a hymn dedicated to Art" results only in a fugue of the worst, most lumpish Mendelssohnian kind. The symphony dates from 1900, before Scriabin's personal idiom and his personal brand of mysticism were fully formed; both are, however, hinted at. The rapt, twinkling prettiness of the opening movement points toward more extravagant visions; the third movement has some passages of adventurous, shifting chromatic harmony. But the most striking movements are the second and the fifth, in which Scriabin invents some magnificent, surging tunes but then cannot think what to do with them. The orchestration is rarely interesting; it sounds as if it had been conceived at the piano. The fourth movement, a light little jig, can be effective out of context; the rest deserves just such an impassioned, once-in-a-lifetime performance as Muti gave it—throbbing with wild, manic life, mindlessly affirmative at the close.

LEONARD BERNSTEIN's new Divertimento for Orchestra came to Carnegie Hall in a Boston Symphony Orchestra concert that was a divertimento in itself. The orchestra was *contributing to the current series of* re-created Carnegie début programs. In this case, it played most of its program of November 8, 1893—a mishmash of an overture and some operatic arias preceded by Beethoven's Fifth—and slipped in the Bernstein at the end. The new work gives us fifteen minutes of music, in eight movements: a generous sampling of echoes from the past, with orchestral clichés tumbling over one another in their eager naïveté. The style evoked not the Boston Symphony of Serge Koussevitzky but the Boston Pops of Arthur Fiedler. Seiji Ozawa conducted, with appropriate balletic flair.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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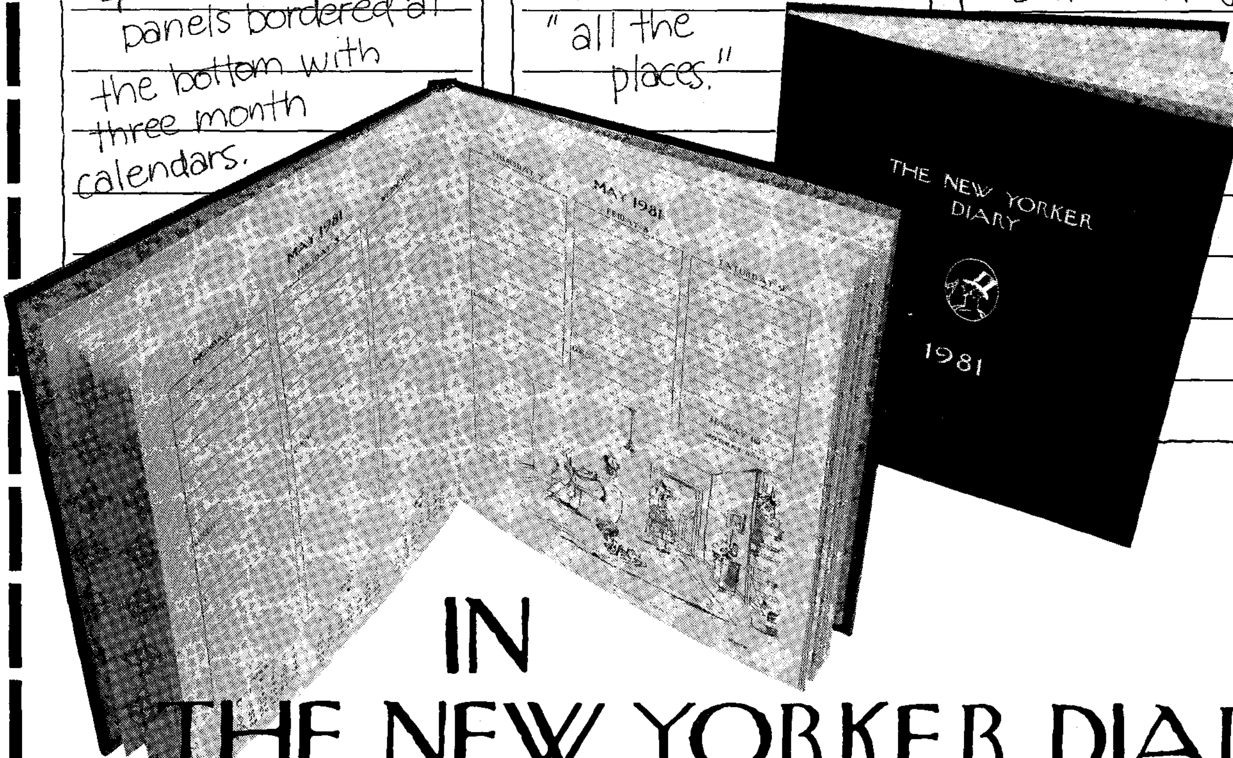

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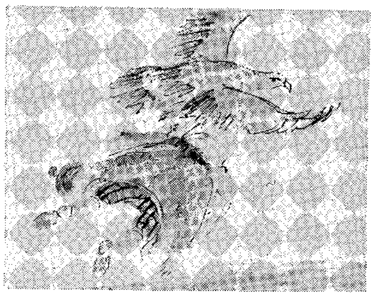

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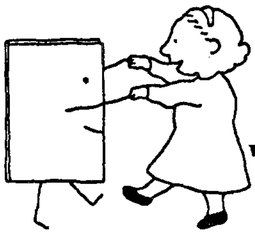

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FOOTBALL

And Then There Were Ten

THE arrival, after all these years, of an at least temporary ten-game schedule for the dwellers in the Ivy League brought about enough controversy to provide concerned surveyors of the football scene with as much as nine and a half hours of uninterrupted and uninteresting reading matter. It had been projected that some of the Leaguers did not have enough manpower to play a set of *nine* matches, and in the matter of Columbia it might have been deemed a point of mercy to exempt this team from its final event of the season. But the lengthened curriculum had many benefits, among the foremost being the return of Army to League schedules. For years, Army, because its booking policy is practically a concern of the United States Senate, had had nearly a monopoly of the privilege of introducing the citizenry of these parts to occasional new faces—but mostly new faces attached to bodies that far exceeded the collegiate norm—and the Leaguers themselves appeared content with a cast of characters that varied almost not at all. This fall, though, the League has engaged not only Army, a healthy armful for any League team, but three other lively acts—Air Force, William & Mary, and Boston College. Princeton even experimented with Maine, a squad that has not invaded these regions for who knows how many years, and dealt with it gently but firmly, to an attendance of seven thousand. When Princeton, in due course, takes on Delaware, another non-League member, which is already a high power in its particular classification—up around today's Syracuse or today's Rutgers—the result may be rather different.

The fact is that the longer the ten-game schedule permits Leaguers to make new outside friends, the greater will be the apparent difference between League football and Outer World football. There are, as has been said a million times, restraints upon the perquisites and assistances to athletes which apply only in the League—nowhere

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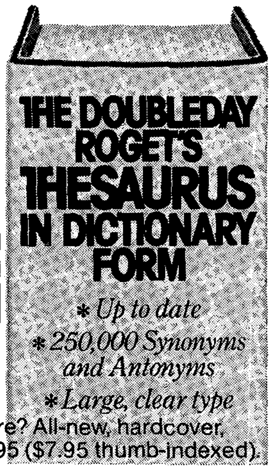

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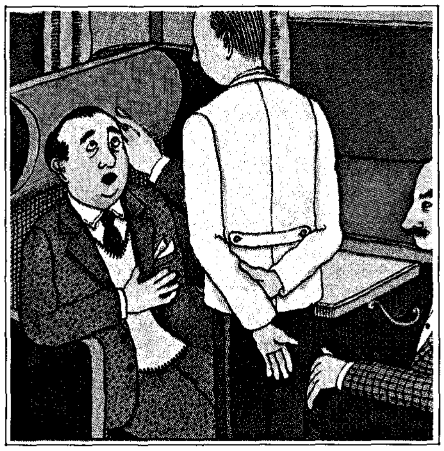
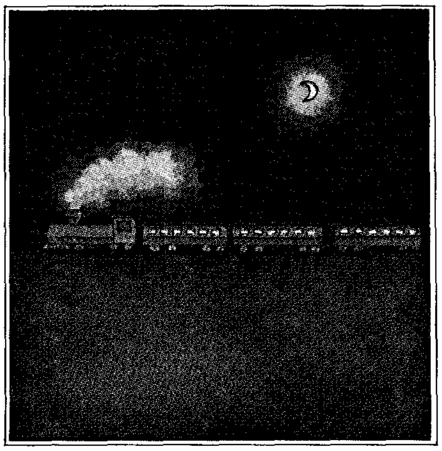
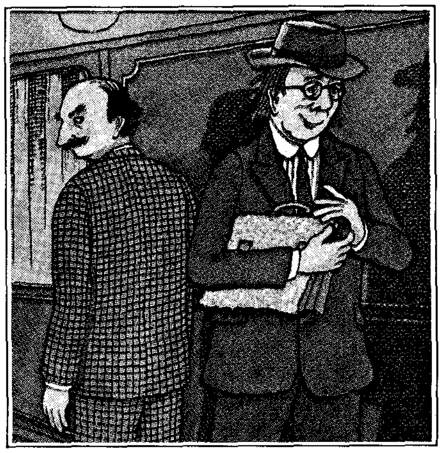


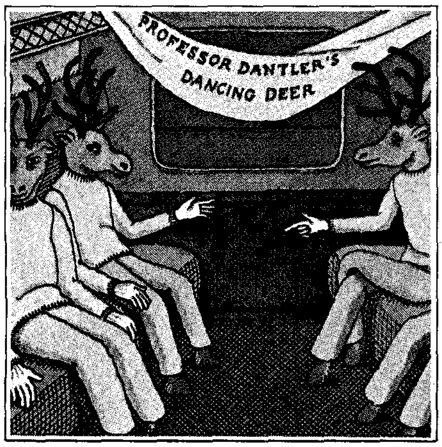
"Mere scotch! Are you daft?" railed my rotund friend MacBerth. "I want Glenfiddich." The steward shrugged an apology. It seemed the celebrated single malt from the valley of the deer was not on our itinerary.



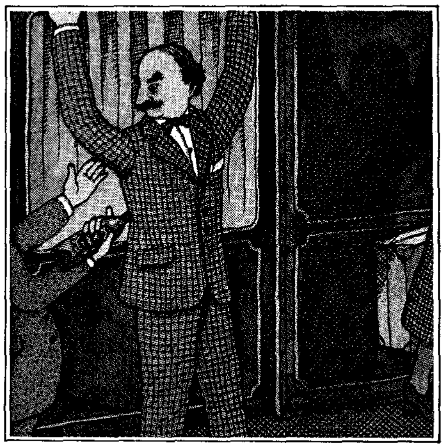
"No Glenfiddich!" moaned Mac. Then a sly grin danced upon his lips. "A temporary dilemma—and purely academic!" he winked, bolting from the carriage. An hour passed without his return; I ventured off in pursuit.



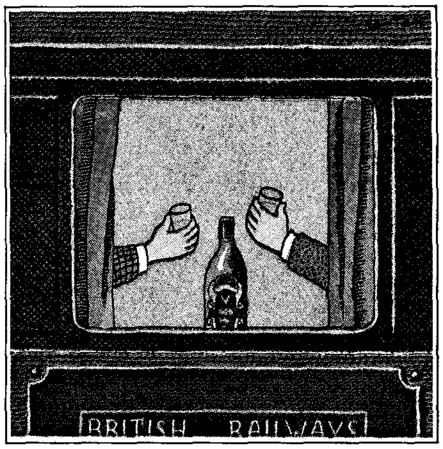
In the corridor I encountered an odd chap clutching a sheepskin pouch. From the clinking sound he made as he passed, I judged his bag to be full of bottles. And, if my ears didn't deceive me, triangular bottles at that.



My suspicions aroused, I trailed the fellow into a private car, only to be startled by a troupe of sprightly stags. 'Professor Dantler's Dancing Deer,' read a dangling banner. I promptly made tracks for the door.



Suddenly, I was confronted from behind. "Sorry about the hold up," chortled my assailant. Peering down I saw, not the barrel of a gun, but the nozzle of a bottle. MacBerth had found his Glenfiddich.



"Elementary," explained Mac, as we hoisted our glasses. "Who but the wise Professor would have the single malt from the valley of the deer?" A bizarre bit of logic: but the solution was eminently palatable.

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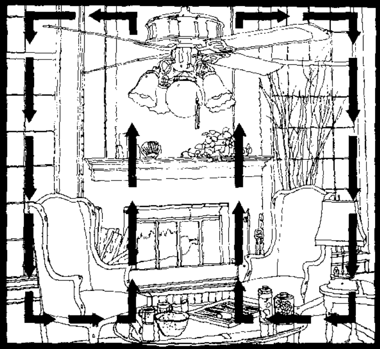

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else. That the League restriction against spring practice is a handicap cannot be doubted. But more noticeable of late is the fact that most non-League institutions have begun sprinkling their varsity squads with the best examples culled from the freshman class. A couple of years ago, this correspondent, who has asked for but has not yet been granted a Learjet, so that he can attend all the varsity, freshman, and hundred-and-fifty-pounder matches around, could not help wondering as he watched Diana, the pinnacle of that season's Yale freshman team, what the young man could be doing to help out the Yale varsity after the match with Rutgers in which two of Yale's backfield fireballs were put out of action. And again, the other day, Army, faced with an impossible situation—i.e., Pittsburgh—used its freshman quarter, Allem, for nearly the whole afternoon. The holiday that gave Bennett, Army's principal at quarter, time to nurse his damaged ribs and gave Allem experience was a double benefit—a benefit of the sort that is denied a League team. No matter! More ten-game schedules, please; more meetings with teams outside the League which most of us would otherwise be unlikely to catch without that Lear.

Watching a hundred-and-fifty-pound match—the sort of thing you now have to do at seven in the evening up at West Point, say—can be discouraging, but Army plays such good hundred-and-fifty-pound football season after season that the effort is worthwhile. Army, to the astonishment of no one, dismasted Cornell, 10–9, and at the end of the five-game League schedule Army is again tops, at 5–0. This observer was a hundred-and-fifty-pounder for his proper term of duty, and loved every bit of it—bumps, sprains, and all. —J. W. L.

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Rex Polier in the Philadelphia Bulletin*]

Flawlessly done, with fine performances not only by Ms. Remick but by Patty Duke Astin, Colleen Dewhurst, Tovah Feldshuh and Tyne Daly, the TV feature nevertheless has minor flaws.

•

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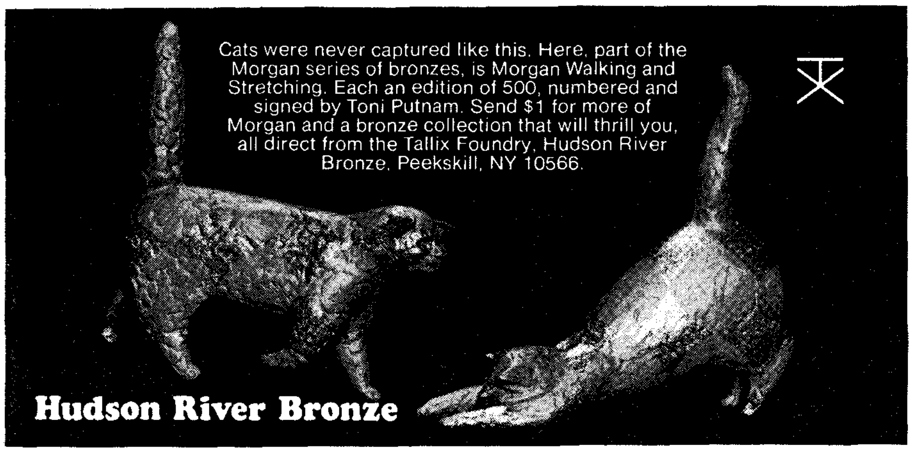
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Children's Books for Christmas

ANYONE who reads five or six hundred children's books in the space of a few months—as this reviewer has bravely attempted to do—is bound to feel a bit queer. After a while, thoughts reel, reason totters, judgment evaporates. There is a desperate effort to sort things out—to distinguish cute from repulsive, sweet from saccharine, lovely from ugly, exciting from horrifying, genuine from counterfeit—and, above all, to put things in some sensible order. At length, the reviewer turns a sickly shade of green, goes to bed, and stares at the wallpaper. It was at this point in my recent experience that I picked up a new book by Arnold Lobel, called "Fables" (Harper & Row; $8.95), and read the following:

> ### THE CROCODILE IN THE BEDROOM
>
> A Crocodile became increasingly fond of the wallpaper in his bedroom. He stared at it for hours and hours.
>
> "Just look at all those neat and tidy rows of flowers and leaves," said the Crocodile. "They are like soldiers. There is not a single one that is out of place."
>
> "My dear," said the Crocodile's wife, "you are spending too much time in bed. Come out into my garden where the air is fresh and the sun is bright and warm."
>
> "Well, if you insist, for just a few minutes," said the Crocodile. He put on a pair of dark glasses to protect his eyes from the glare and went outside.
>
> Mrs. Crocodile was proud of her garden.
>
> "Look at the hollyhocks and the marigolds," she said. "Smell the roses and the lilies of the valley."
>
> "Great heavens!" cried the Crocodile. "The flowers and leaves in this garden are growing in a terrible tangle! They are all scattered! They are messy and entwined!"
>
> The Crocodile rushed back to his bedroom in a state of great distress. He was at once comforted by the sight of his wallpaper.
>
> "Ah," said the Crocodile. "Here is a garden that is ever so much better. How happy and secure these flowers make me feel!"
>
> After that the Crocodile seldom left his bed. He lay there, smiling at the walls. He turned a very pale and sickly shade of green.
>
> *Without a doubt, there is such a thing as too much order.*

I was so greatly comforted by this fable that I was soon able to get out of bed and make my way to the telephone. I called Mr. Lobel's publishers and said that I would like very much to meet this man of wisdom. They arranged for me to talk to him, and when we met I found him to be a medium-sized, slender man, with thick dark hair touched with gray, a pointed nose, a mustache, and dark eyes with a lively glint. As we talked, Mr. Lobel confirmed my feeling that total immersion in children's books is a weird experience.

"When you write and illustrate for children, you deal with real emotions but express them in terms of fantasy," he said. "You begin to lose touch with reality. I think all of us in the trade are a bit bananas. I look for things to do to get out of the house and into the real world. For instance, I'm taking singing lessons. I enjoy learning old songs, like 'Shanghai Lil.' "

Lobel said that he had originally intended to illustrate a modern version of Aesop but had found the ancient fables intractably harsh, dry, and unfunny. Instead, he began to make up fables of his own, of which "The Crocodile" was the first. Lobel is an artist—he studied at Pratt Institute—and said that he writes with great self-doubt and difficulty. "When I illustrate, I have a system, and system is comfort. It makes me happy and secure. Unfortunately, I have no method for writing. I struggle along as best I can and suffer a lot of frustration and confusion. Strangely, the fables were the easiest writing I've ever done. I made a list of animals I thought it would be fun to draw—a crocodile, an ostrich, a camel, and so forth—and went on from there. My fables don't have a moral in the classic sense. It is recognizing human foibles that makes them funny. Of course, I am the Crocodile."

Lobel had illustrated a few children's books before he began to write them. His first notable writing success was a little book for young children called "Frog and Toad Are Friends," published in 1970. It tells of the sometimes bumpy relationship between a green frog and a brown toad—both dressed in tweeds—whose need for each other's companionship always reunites them, despite the stress of cross-purposes which inevitably arises between close friends. The opening lines set the stage with brilliant simplicity:

> Frog ran up the path to Toad's house.
> He knocked on the front door.
> There was no answer.
>
> "Toad, toad," shouted Frog, "wake up. It is spring!"
>
> "Blah," said a voice from inside the house.

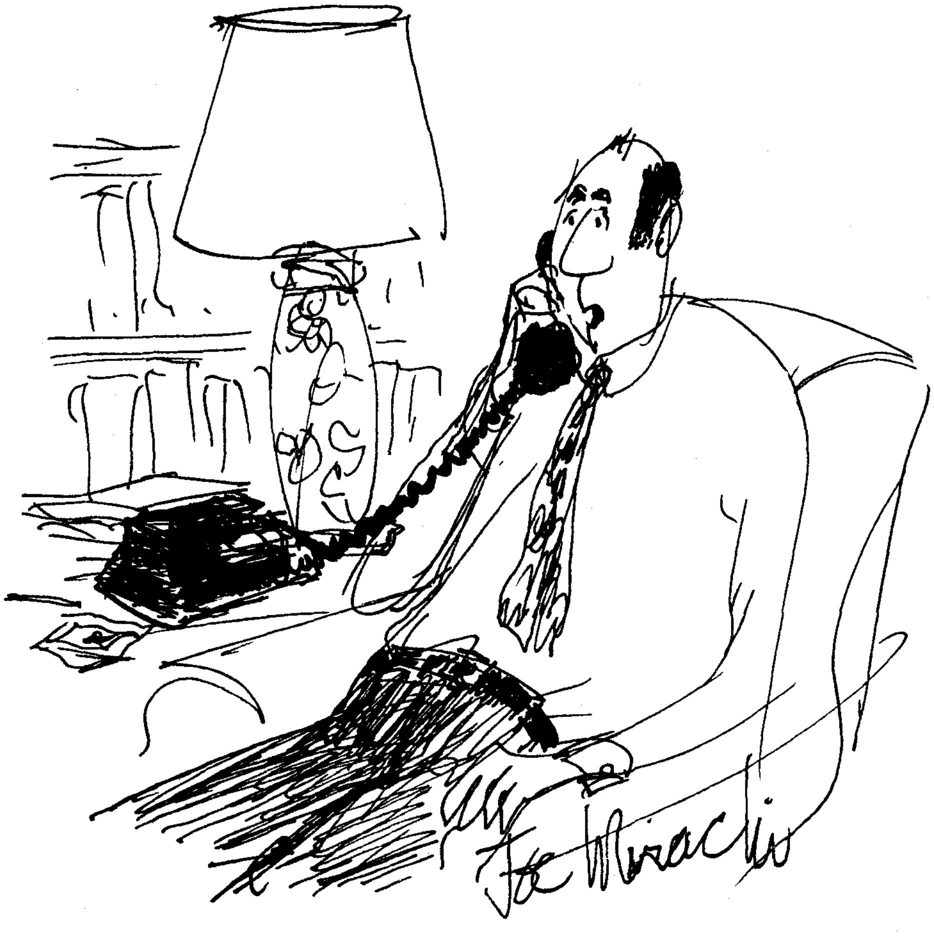
"Frog and Toad," Lobel said, was the first book in which he used himself. "I went that extra distance. It was written when my own two kids were growing up but were still around the house. That is a point in your life when there is the sadness of knowing things will never be the same again. A lot of emotions are stirred up. The book is about the wistfulness of friendship. In writing for kids—really writing, instead of merely making up cute little stories—you use yourself and disguise it as something else. It is less direct than work for adults, but it has to be just as honest. I don't worry about kids' understanding a story. If i is a good story, they will."

I find Lobel to be one of the few genuinely funny writers for children today. I also thank him for going tha extra distance. When a writer does so, it gives even the simplest story a dimension that sets it apart from works born of nothing more than skillful contrivance. Courage restored by my talk with him, I put on dark glasses and returned to my workroom—the equivalent of Mrs. Crocodile's garden—and took another look at the heaps of books scattered about like her flowers, defying order. I gazed upon picture books, wordless books wordy books, talking-animal books real-animal books, and instructive books, and upon dozens and dozen of novels with troubled young people on their covers. I decided to leave those for last, and may never get to them at all. For one thing, they barely come within my definition of children's books, and, for another, I have a hunch that most of their readers pick them out for themselves and couldn't care less what I or anyone else think about them. An even more compelling reason for putting them off is that I find most of them excruciatingly tiresome to read.

The reading of children's books, t my mind, begins when a child is abou two and a half, and I believe th books designed for the pre-litera should be judged by the pleasure-pain index of the person reading aloud and guiding little hands to turn the pages as well as by the reaction of the listener. Imagine my pleasure at finding that this thought is not treasonous but is endorsed by two renowned British scholars, Iona and Peter Opie, whose subject might be called the subculture of the child. Some twenty years ago, I was fascinated by their book "The Lore and Language of Schoolchildren," which showed not only that children have a body of slang, jests, gibes, jingles, and similar word games all their own but that it has been handed down through the years—some of it surviving for centuries—by passing from child to child rather than from parent to offspring. Pig Latin, for instance, and skipping rhymes are age-old but have seldom been written down. Now the Opies have completed a large and beautiful book called "A Nursery Companion" (Oxford; $19.95). On the jacket, I read that "the best books for children invariably seem to be ones that parents too can enjoy." The Opies credit an Englishwoman, Sarah Catherine Martin, with creating the first such book, which was published on July 1, 1805; they suggest that this innovation in children's literature should be celebrated annually with a public holiday. Sarah Martin was a wellborn young lady who, at seventeen, attracted the ardent attentions of Prince William Henry, later William IV. Since marriage was impossible, Sarah's parents intervened and broke up the romance. Sarah never married. Some ten years later, her sister was courted by a gentleman with the extraordinary name of John Pollexfen Bastard, M.P. It seems that he found Sarah overtalkative and urged her to find some silent way of amusing herself. She wrote down the tale of Old Mother Hubbard as she had heard it as a child, and added illustrations. Her work found its way to a publisher, who issued it as a booklet of sixteen leaves with the title "The Comic Adventures of Old Mother Hubbard, and Her Dog: Illustrated with Fifteen Elegant Engravings on Copper-plate." Each verse was paired with a funny drawing; the booklet was not unlike a modern comic book, although there were no balloons coming out of the characters' mouths.

Sarah Martin's booklet was totally unlike the sombre instructional works that had been offered to children up to that time. In fact, it may not have been intended for children; no one can now be sure. "Mother Hubbard" became an immediate best-seller, and by the following year twenty editions had been printed. The Opies tell us that "people in all walks of life and throughout the world began ordering copies." Sequels and similar "entertainments" were quickly published. Charles Lamb wrote one, and ten-year-old Mary Godwin, the future Mary Shelley, another. Cruikshank and other gifted artists provided exuberant illustrations. Color was added to the engravings by professional watercolorists, and made the pictures even livelier. The years between 1812 and 1822 have been called the Age of Elegance. The children's books of this time, the Opies say, "have an alertness and grace not achieved in any other period." It was "a period in which cultured parents possessed the inclination as well as the leisure to walk hand in hand with their children, and together look at the world around them in wonder." The period was brief. By 1832 and "the no-nonsense days of the Reform Bill," lightheartedness was frowned upon in England, and, as the Opies put it, children "were once again being looked upon as little pudding-bags to be stuffed with knowledge." Plenty of examples of dreary books of the eighteen-hundreds have survived, but amusing ones such as those the Opies have collected were read to pieces in nurseries long ago and original copies are very scarce. It has taken the Opies thirty years to assemble the twenty-seven booklets reprinted in this volume. I began to read "A Nursery Companion" wondering if it could be more than a quaint novelty. Is it possible that modern children would enjoy it? If my own reaction is any indication, they will. Some of the jokes and verses are a bit faded, but many are still full of funny surprises, and the illustrations have such vitality and vivid, irreverent caricature that I could read this book with a child quite a number of times and still maintain a low level on my boredom barometer.

"A Nursery Companion" includes the earliest known limericks—"There was an old woman named Towl, Who went out to sea with her owl," and so forth. Edward Lear, the most famous master of the form, was eight years old in 1820, when Old Mistress Towl went to sea—just the right age to find limericks irresistible. At twenty, he began to write and illustrate his own for the amusement of the grandchildren of his



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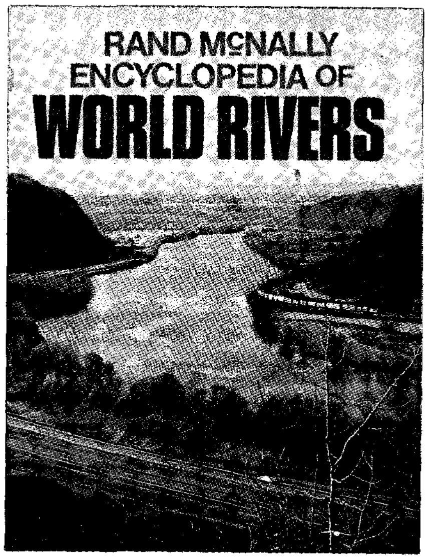

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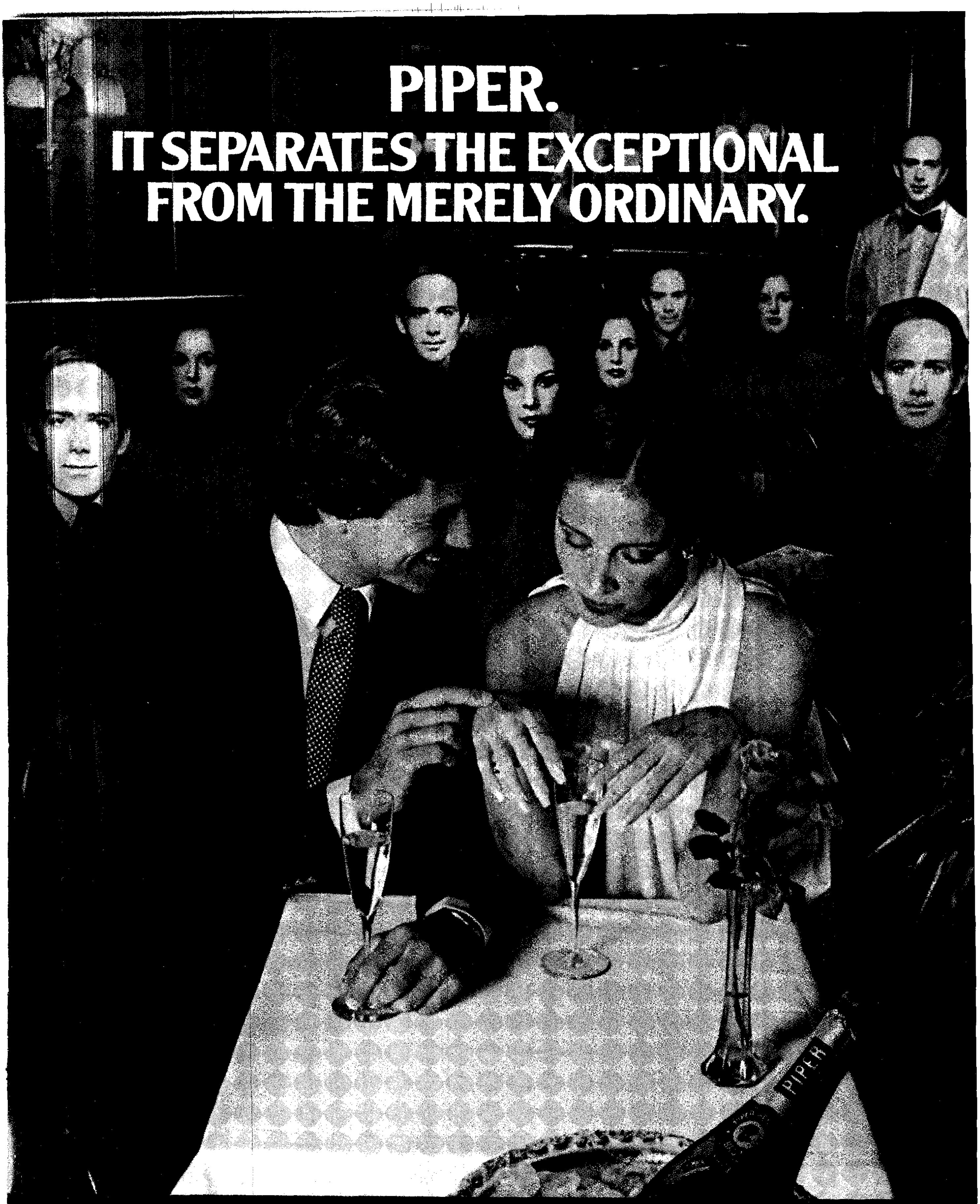
patron, the Earl of Derby. This year, Viking has reproduced a rare copy of the limericks, published in the eighteen-seventies, in which Lear's drawings first appeared in color. This edition of "A Book of Nonsense" ($9.95) should do much to keep limericks alive for another hundred years. That no one can illustrate Lear as well as Lear himself is shown by "The Courtship of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò & The New Vestments" (Viking; $6.95), a new edition of two of Lear's longer poems, with what the publisher calls "sumptuous artwork," by Kevin Maddison. Sumptuous it is, and sumptuous is all wrong for Lear. "The Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò" seems to have been written as a song; it is more nonsensical and less funny than Lear's limericks, and I rather regret having read it. The magic words "Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò" echo in my skull with the maddening beat of punk rock coming through the wall of a neighbor's apartment. I advise parents to give this book only to children who can read to themselves.

I discovered "A Nursery Companion" and the Lear books atop a rather large pile of antiquities of various kinds. For the last several years, publishers have been reissuing old favorites. Mayflower Books has brought out a series of facsimile editions of classics—the "Just So Stories," "Water-Babies," Lewis Carroll's "Story of Sylvie and Bruno," and many more. These beautiful books (many with the titles in gold letters that really shine) are a boon to nostalgic adults and to those children—not too plentiful, I'm told—who don't recoil from any volume more than an inch thick. "The Wind in the Willows," by Kenneth Grahame, appears in a new edition (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $16.95), marvellously illustrated by Michael Hague, who has successfully preserved the personalities of Toad, Rat, and the others as created by Ernest Shepard and Arthur Rackham, while adding new, utterly delightful scenes in luminous colors.

Victorian nursery books are also having a renaissance. Books with pop-up pictures that create a three-dimensional scene are fun, but the stories and verses of the eighteen-nineties pale beside the earthy stuff of Mother Hubbard's era. The later works tend to concern incredibly good little girls and boys and naughty kittens. I remember despising their goody-goody archness when, as a child, I found surviving examples on the family bookshelf. I'm mellower now and find them no more painful than some of the less successful works of 1980. What, for instance, am I to make of the remarkable new picture book that just slid from my limp hand into the discard pile? It tells the story of a rain cloud that "felt very full and wanted very much to rain" but, out of consideration for those below, refrained until it floated over an appreciative farmer. It is a relief to learn that after raining the cloud felt much better. I don't mind talking animals, but sentient clouds are too much.

Worse are those pathetic tales that attempt to reconcile children to such misfortunes as blindness, broken homes, and death itself. It is not that I advocate shielding anyone from life's realities, but I cannot believe that subjects so personal and complex can be dealt with in picture books for beginning readers. I have at hand a book for children five to eight which tells of a little boy whose father leaves home but returns once a week to take his son out to breakfast. The boy's wistfulness and sense of loss are fully conveyed. Then, to end the story on what the publisher calls a "hopeful" note, Daddy moves back home. "How long are you staying?" the boy asks. "Today and tomorrow," his father answers, looking meaningfully at the boy's mother "Then we'll see." I find this situation more cruelly tantalizing than hopeful Such a story could be scarier than "Dracula," because it is so much more possible; and for a child whose father has actually left and isn't coming back it could be painful indeed. When I'm weeding Mrs. Crocodile's garden, I quickly bury such books in the compost heap.

As I contemplate that garden, I see some changes from last year—patches of color and promise. There are more stories of fantasy, suspense, and adventure—both historical and contemporary—and more stories in which family relationships are reasonably pleasant. The problem of finding one' identity and facing the future stil serves to hold together many a plot in novels neither outstandingly good no outstandingly bad. There are so many of this genre that it doesn't seem worthwhile to choose among them There are also loads and loads of goo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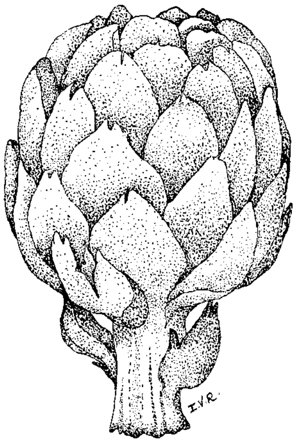
books for young children—below ten, let's say—but, unhappily, there is a dearth of interesting stuff for children who read fluently but are not yet adolescent: those who in an earlier time would have been reading "Little Women" or "Treasure Island." The simplest explanation for this is that such books are difficult to write. As one editor said to me, "we have only one 'Charlotte's Web' because there is only one E. B. White." I am also sorry that I can't find more good nonfiction. Every time I have picked up a book on a subject that looked promising, it has turned out to be fatally tainted by textbook prose and social-studies attitudes.

Owing to changes in contract arrangements that had formerly discouraged British publishers from invading the American market, and vice versa, we are now getting quite a number of books from Great Britain. I don't know how this works out for publishers, but it gives readers here that much more to choose from. Some of the British picture books have particularly attractive illustrations. One of them is an oddity worth noting, because almost any shopper is likely o come across it this Christmas. It s called "Masquerade" (Schocken; $9.95), and is being widely promoted here after having been a best-seller in England. "Masquerade" is a slim book with fifteen illustrations, antastic and surreal, accompanying a story hat involves the moon, he sun, and a hare who dashes through air, fire, and water and around the earth to deliver a gift from the moon to the sun. The gift is a golden hare—specifically, a pendant n the shape of a hare, five and a half inches ong, fashioned of eighteen-carat gold and set with precious stones, and worth about wenty thousand dollars. In the story, he messenger, Jack Hare, drops the golden gift. In reality, the author of "Masquerade," an artist named Kit Williams, has buried the golden hare omewhere in England. The hare can e claimed by whoever first deciphers lues to its location which are hidden within the text and illustrations. It will not be I. Even if I were to be nowbound from Christmas to Easter, 'm sure I couldn't come up with the nswer—and even if I did, it would be only to discover that someone cleverer had already found the prize. According to the publishers, golden-rabbit fever has swept Great Britain, and they are betting it will catch on here. Purchasers of this carnival shell game should be aware of possible consequences—for one, children dunning their parents for an airplane ticket to Britain. On the other hand, the pictures are fascinating and may be an adequate consolation prize.

The aim of this report is, of course, to assist Christmas shoppers with brief notes on books that I especially enjoyed. Among the dozens of worthy possibilities, it seems best to omit the familiar and obvious—favorite fairy stories, for instance, which abound in handsome new editions. I have also skipped sport and hobby books, in the belief that anyone who wants a horse book or a basketball book will find it easily enough. I've weighted the list toward younger children, because I think they are more likely to be given books at Christmas. There are books that don't fit into any category but that I feel should not be neglected. For instance, "The Adventures of Madalene and Louisa: Pages from the Album of L. and M. S. Pasley, Victorian Entomologists" (Random House; $7.95) is a charming curiosity that may not belong on a children's list but would certainly delight your great-aunt. In 1859, two talented and high-spirited sisters, aged eleven and twelve, began to record incidents in their lives, particularly as they pursued insects, in a homemade book that they illustrated with timelessly amusing watercolors. Perhaps some twentieth-century child will find their work an inspiration. Another book difficult to classify is a collection of paintings by the Swedish artist Carl Larsson, entitled "A Family" (Putnam; $7.95). From his marriage, in 1883, until his death, in 1919, Larsson lovingly painted family portraits and scenes. Lennart Rudström has provided a simple explanatory text. Though this may be more properly called a "history of art" book, there must be many children who would be enchanted by the glimpses of a sunlit past so beautifully captured here.



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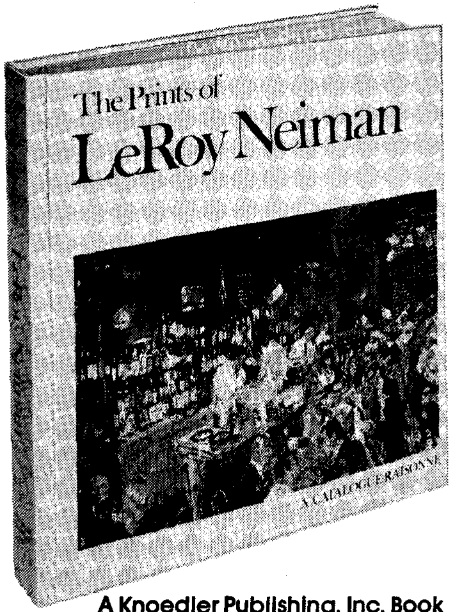

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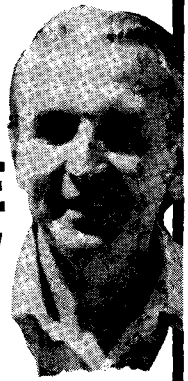

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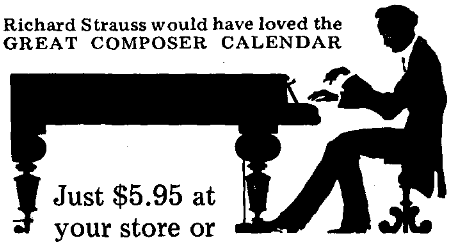

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chronological, beginning with books for the youngest children. Such classification can never be exact. Where to put the delightful wordless books by the English artist John S. Goodall? My favorite this year can hardly be called a book—it comes in an envelope and is no bigger than a Christmas card. On the cover, a toad carries a billboard advertising "John S. Goodall's Theatre." The play is "The Sleeping Beauty." As we turn the pages, an audience of fashionably dressed mice, rabbits, and others—even a ladybug and a caterpillar—enters the theatre and the drama unfolds. It is a tiny and exquisite piece of work, which, I am told, Goodall created for the amusement of his grandchildren. Atheneum has published it ($3.95). Its charm fulfills that often hollow promise "For all ages."

WORDLESS books are an idea that I at first resisted, as a device pandering to illiteracy, but artists such as Goodall have converted me, and so I shall begin the list of books I've liked with another wordless wonder by the same magician:

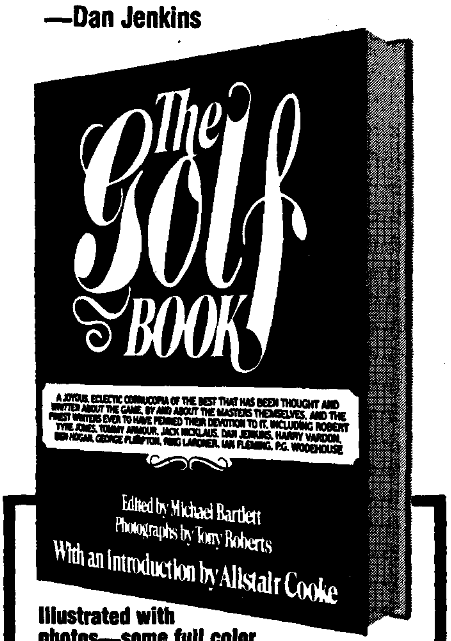
PADDY'S NEW HAT, by John S. Goodall (Atheneum; $6.95). Paddy is a pink and innocent pig whose purchase of a new hat leads to a chain of exciting adventures in a nineteenth-century London Town populated by assorted dogs, cats, mice, and a dastardly rat. Goodall's pictures, eventful and detailed, tell the story perfectly.

SIR ANDREW, by Paula Winter (Crown; $7.95). At the risk of losing my membership in the Authors Guild, I recommend yet another wordless story. This one is about an effete donkey—a dandy dresser—enamored of his own elegance. A hilarious pictorial study of self-infatuation and its consequences.

SOME heavily illustrated books that are suited to children who are still sounding out words or being read to:

THE CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOK, by Ernest Nister (Delacorte; $6.95). A reproduction of a "pop-up" book of tableaux first published in London in 1896. There are verses, which say little, but the three-dimensional scenes leap out of the page full of life to show us what was funny a century ago and how angelic little boys and girls used to be.

THE TROLL BOOK, by Michael Berenstain (Random House; $5.95). A complete study of the strange lives of trolls, amply illustrated, by the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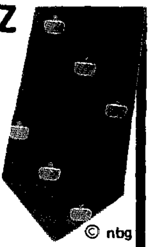

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author, with just the right mixture of the straight-faced, the funny, the spooky, and the ridiculous. The pictures will be a great success with the very young, and the text will amuse older readers.

Mrs. Fox's Wedding, by Sara and Stephen Corrin, illustrated by Errol Le Cain (Doubleday; $7.95). Stylish illustrations and a clever retelling make this version of a Grimm story one of the best picture books of the season. Suspense mounts as the beautiful Widow Fox turns down one suitor after another until her exacting specifications—a fox with nine bushy tails and a red velvet coat—are met and the wedding is celebrated with merriment and dancing.

In Granny's Garden, by Sarah Harrison and Mike Wilks (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $6.95). The story (in none too successful verse) concerns a little boy's discovery of a charmingly gentle brontosaurus in his granny's garden, but it is the illustrations that make this book glorious. Every manner of bird, beast, and butterfly populates enchanting scenes created by Mr. Wilks, a greatly gifted British artist.

Peter and the Wolf, adapted from the musical tale by Sergei Prokofiev, illustrated by Erna Voigt (Godine; $10). Exceptionally beautiful full-color illustrations tell the story, and are accompanied by just enough narration to make the plot clear. Bits of the musical score are given, and each instrument is shown as it plays its part. A book that should make anyone eager to hear the music and should enhance the fun of listening to it.

Skittlewonder and the Wizard, by Hiawin Oram, illustrated by Jenny Rodwell (Dial; $7.95). A Scottish folk tale about a prince who loses a game of skittles to a malicious old wizard and as a result is in danger of being turned into a set of skittles himself. The world the prince wanders through is full of fairies, maidens, forests, and castles rendered in luminously colored illustrations that make this an unusually attractive book.

Cats, by Nina Leen (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $7.95). For anyone who would like to have millions of cats but can't, this book of more than a hundred photographs may help fill the void. It shows all kinds of cats and kittens doing what cats and kittens do. A straightforward text adds some interesting information and points out subtle aspects of feline behavior.

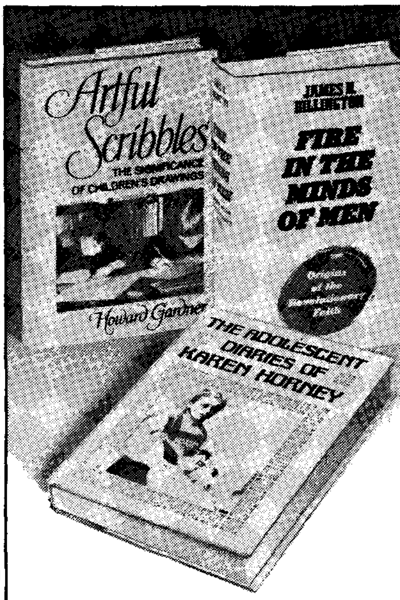
If You Say So, Claude, by Joan Lowery Nixon, illustrated by Lorinda Bryan Cauley (Warne; $9.95). In a tall tale from Texas, Shirley and Claude, a pioneer couple, set off in a covered wagon looking for a place of peace and quiet in which to settle. At Claude's bidding, Shirley resolutely deals with rattlers long enough to rope a hog, rabbits bold enough to shoot back, and other Texas-type encounters, too complicated to describe. I can only ask the reader to take my word for it that this is an unusually cheerful, funny yarn, told in a Western drawl.

Gorky Rises, by William Steig (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $10.95). While his parents were absent, Gorky, an enterprising young frog in a yellow T-shirt, mixed a magic potion containing, among other things, chicken soup, tea, vinegar, talcum powder, paprika, cognac, and attar of roses. Not surprisingly, he rose into the air "like a bubble rising in water, and moved off in an easterly direction." A great deal happens before he gets safely back to earth. Orbiting Steig's world with Gorky is an experience I recommend to everyone.

THE following group of books is made up of longer stories with fewer illustrations. It includes books that could be read aloud to anyone over six and that accomplished readers from eight to ten or twelve will enjoy reading alone. Although I am several times ten, I loved every one of them.

Pearl in the Egg, by Dorothy Van Woerkom, illustrated by Joe Lasker (Crowell; $8.95). The charm of this book is its vivid picture of life in thirteenth-century England. Though minstrels of that time were usually men, history records that a girl with the strange name of Pearl in the Egg played at the court of King Edward I. Nothing is known of how she came there. In this story, the author imagines what may have happened. Pearl, born a serf, is orphaned at eleven and daringly runs away to seek her freedom. A fugitive, ever in danger of capture, she travels with a band of wandering players and learns her musical craft. Authentic details convey the mood of a time when life was violent, intense in joy and suffering, and always unpredictable.

✓ My Friend the Monster, by Clyde Robert Bulla, illustrated by Michele Chessare (Crowell; $8.95). There is plenty of symbolic meaning in this fantasy of a lonely boy—born a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prince but treated with coldness and scorn by his royal parents—who finds friendship with a boy of another race (green skin and horns) and follows him to his home inside a magic mountain. The story is exciting, and, as in all good writing, considerable emotion is implicit in the narrative. The ending fulfills all our wishes.

The Worst Witch, written and illustrated by Jill Murphy (Allison & Busby; $6.95). A very funny story about a proper English boarding school and poor Mildred, a student who never gets anything quite right. What is unusual is that Miss Cackle's Academy is devoted to teaching witchcraft, so Mildred's blunders are unusually catastrophic. There is also a good sequel: "The Worst Witch Strikes Again" ($6.95).

The Spotted Dog: The Strange Tale of a Witch's Revenge, written and illustrated by Nancy Winslow Parker (Dodd, Mead; $6.95). Another witch story, also funny, from which we learn that it is best to follow a witch's instructions exactly. Freddy fails to, with disconcerting results. When his baby sister is turned into a little brown terrier, Freddy is consoled by her winning a prize at the dog show, but his parents *continue* to grieve. Fortunately, sorcery is almost always reversible.

The Power of Light: Eight Stories for Hanukkah, by Isaac Bashevis Singer, illustrated by Irene Lieblich (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $10.95). This is the great storyteller at his gentlest and most nostalgic. There is a tale for each night of Hanukkah, most often dealing with folk life in Poland. Irene Lieblich's illustrations beautifully embody the starry nights, the candlelit cottages, the wise elders, and the lively children that Singer summons up with inimitable skill.

The Illustrated Treasury of Humor for Children, edited by Judith Hendra (Grosset & Dunlap; $9.95). Here is an old-fashioned bargain: a big, fat book with all the funny stuff—jokes, stories, verses, and such—from everybody's childhood, back through time. Some of the selections are anonymous and some are by well-loved authors, from Kipling and Lewis Carroll to Ogden Nash and Don Marquis. All are chosen with a sure eye for what is funny the first time you read it.

Stone Fox, by John Reynolds Gardiner, illustrated by Marcia Sewell (Crowell; $7.95). Willy loved his grandfather, his dog Searchlight, and the farm they lived on. He even loved the hard work and the snowy winters, when he hitched Searchlight to a sled and rode to town. She could run like a deer, and people on Main Street stopped to watch as Willie and Searchlight flew by. One day, Grandfather couldn't get out of bed and it was up to Willy to take care of him and do all the farm work alone. Valiant Willy overcomes every obstacle until the tax collector demands five hundred dollars. Then Willy's last resort is to match Searchlight in a race with Stone Fox, a giant Indian whose dog team has never been beaten. There is breathless excitement as we race with Willy and Searchlight to the finish line. A word of warning: every victory has its price, and for the reader this one is a swift stab to the heart. "Stone Fox" is a superb piece of storytelling—without doubt the most exciting and moving book I have read this season.

Folktales of the Amur: Stories from the Russian Far East, by Dmitri Nagishkin, illustrated by Gennady Pavlishin, translated from the Russian by Emily Lehrman (Abrams $25). A large, enormously handsome volume of traditional tales belonging *to the people who have lived in the* taiga of eastern Siberia since the Stone Age. Though designed for seriou students of folk literature, the book i so stunningly illustrated and the tale are so lively and strange that it wil surely interest young readers.

These books are suggested fo readers a bit older—let's say from eleven or twelve up, though would not rule out a sophisticated ten

Up, Up, and Away! The Story o Ballooning, by Anabel Dean (Westminster; $11.95). Caution is advised this book can provoke an irresistible urge to rise in the air and float away Permits for ballooning lessons can b issued to anyone fourteen or older Mrs. Dean's enthusiastic history describes the development of variou kinds of lighter-than-air craft sinc the first hot-air balloon soared over French meadow, in 1783. Today after a period of eclipse, there is new enthusiasm for balloons and a numbe of ingenious new uses for them. Th one I like best is the original one—going up just for fun.

Peppermints in the Parlor, b Barbara Brooks Wallace (Atheneum $8.95). A tempting dish of peppermints that no one is allowed to touc is just one of the cruel devices b

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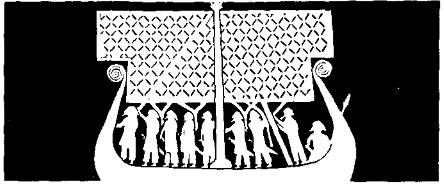

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which the evil tyrant Mrs. Meeching rules over everyone in a spooky mansion that has become an old folks' home. Even worse is the Remembrance Room, a dungeon where the "guilty" are punished, but it is here that our golden-haired heroine, Emily, aged eleven, finds the key to the mystery of how Mrs. Meeching has seized control and transformed Emily from heiress into kitchen slavey. This wonderful gothic novel, set in San Francisco in the eighteen-nineties, is filled with secrets, suspense, wickedness, and warmheartedness, all of which ends happily.

FOOTSTEPS, by Leon Garfield (Delacorte; $8.95). The scene is England in the eighteenth century. The hero is twelve-year-old William, and the footsteps that haunt him are those of his dead father, who, William believes, can never rest until William has set right a terrible wrong done long ago. His search takes him through a host of dangers and odd encounters in London's teeming underworld. A first-rate story, well told.

CONRAD'S WAR, by Andrew Davies (Crown; $7.95). This is a tough, funny book. The writing is more Joseph Heller than juvenile. Nine-year-old Conrad is a simmering caldron of aggression. In his fantasies, fed by TV, he smashes a tank through the living room and flattens his dad's garage; then he is an R.A.F. bomber pilot, with his fat, inept dad as rear gunner. Mixed up in all Conrad's fantasies is a love-hate relationship with his father—one that the reader can well understand. In the end, Conrad's imagination takes him deep into enemy territory, where he makes the dismaying discovery that violence inevitably involves victims—something he had never thought of before. First published in England, this is a witty book that should capture many readers here.

AUTUMN STREET, by Lois Lowry (Houghton Mifflin; $6.95). A sensitive memoir in which Elizabeth, now grown, remembers how it was when she was six—a year of change, when her father went away to war and Elizabeth had to live in her grandfather's strange old house. It was a year in which many things were half felt, half understood—like the nameless danger that lurked at the end of Autumn Street. Above all, in Elizabeth's life that year there is Charles, her black playmate and only friend. At seven, Charles is worldly-wise, angry, and so proud that to hide his tears he runs into the forbidden woods and meets death. Authentic and dreamlike in remembered feeling, this is a fine novel about the twilight zone between early childhood and the first dawning of adult understanding.

THE FLEDGLING, by Jane Langton (Harper & Row; $7.95). Georgie, eight years old, wants so much to fly that she is not surprised when one night the Goose Prince comes to her window. She climbs on his back, and they soar into the moonlight, returning safely before dawn. As these thrilling trysts continue, Georgie's nosy neighbors are outraged. Fearing what they cannot understand, they determine to bring the Goose Prince down. If this is a metaphor for the end of childhood, it nevertheless leaves the reader with a real feeling of having shared Georgie's magical flights.

SARAH BISHOP, by Scott O'Dell (Houghton Mifflin; $8.95). Sarah, a girl of fifteen who is caught in the war zone between the British and rebel forces during the American Revolution, finds herself suddenly alone—her parents dead, their farm burned, her brother in the Army, and every stranger a potential enemy. Living by her wits and her fortitude, she sets forth into the wilderness, her only baggage her anger at what has been done to her and a well-founded suspicion that she is safest relying on herself. Mr. O'Dell brings the drama and violence of the period vividly to life. He allows Sarah no feminine frailty, and this makes her triumph all the more satisfying—and if not entirely credible, who cares?

THE CRIME OF MARTIN COVERLY, by Leonard Wibberley (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $8.95). There is a fine, old-fashioned mixture of real and supernatural adventure in this story of a young man who sets out from Florida in a small boat headed for a ghostly rendezvous in the Dry Tortugas. He wakes on the deck of a pirate ship that sailed the Spanish Main two hundred years before and then must relive his previous life of bloody adventure. His travels take him to the heart of Africa, to King Solomon's mines, and relentlessly onward to a foregone conclusion on Execution Dock, where in those days captured pirates swung for their crimes. This is not a pretty story, but it is an ingenious one, unusually well told.

STRANGE FOOTPRINTS ON THE LAND: VIKINGS IN AMERICA, by Constance Irwin (Harper & Row; $8.95). Recent research makes it in-

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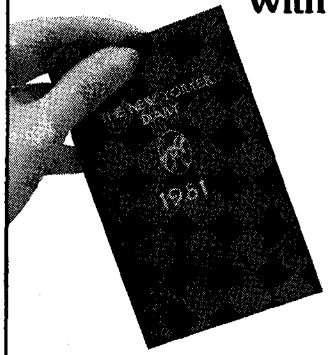

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creasingly credible that Norsemen not only reached America five hundred years before Columbus but founded settlements here. This book brings together the evidence—tantalizing and fragmentary as it is—and explores the mysteries that remain. Not always easy reading but exciting for those who enjoy historical detective work.

A CHILD'S CHRISTMAS IN WALES, by Dylan Thomas, illustrated by Edward Ardizzone (Godine; $10.95). The Welsh poet's recollections of Christmas in his boyhood, some sixty years ago, seem not so much *for* a child as *by* a child—and that, paradoxically, may make it a difficult book for some children. This is the first picture-book edition of Thomas's beautiful little piece, and Mr. Ardizzone has lovingly illustrated it. Perhaps this is something a deserving parent should put in his or her own stocking. How better to read oneself to sleep on Christmas night than with Thomas's closing words?

"Always on Christmas night there was music. An uncle played the fiddle, a cousin sang 'Cherry Ripe,' and another uncle sang 'Drake's Drum.' It was very warm in the little house.

"Auntie Hannah, who had got on to the parsnip wine, sang a song about Bleeding Hearts and Death, and then another in which she said her heart was like a Bird's Nest; and then everybody laughed again; and then I went to bed. Looking through my bedroom window, out into the moonlight and the unending smoke-coloured snow, I could see the lights in the windows of all the other houses on our hill and hear the music rising from them up the long, steadily falling night. I turned the gas down, I got into bed. I said some words to the close and holy darkness, and then I slept."

—FAITH MCNULTY

•

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[*From The New Yorker*]

There has been a definite decline in editorial standards over the past twenty years or so, and it's apparent all up and down the line in the editorial process, beginning with the editor per se and going on though the copyediting and proofreading stages.

•

Reagan aides remained cautious in their statements as they awaited their candidate's arrival at the Century Plaza Hotel in Beverly Hills, although they seemed surprised Oy the strength of the tide for Reagan.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

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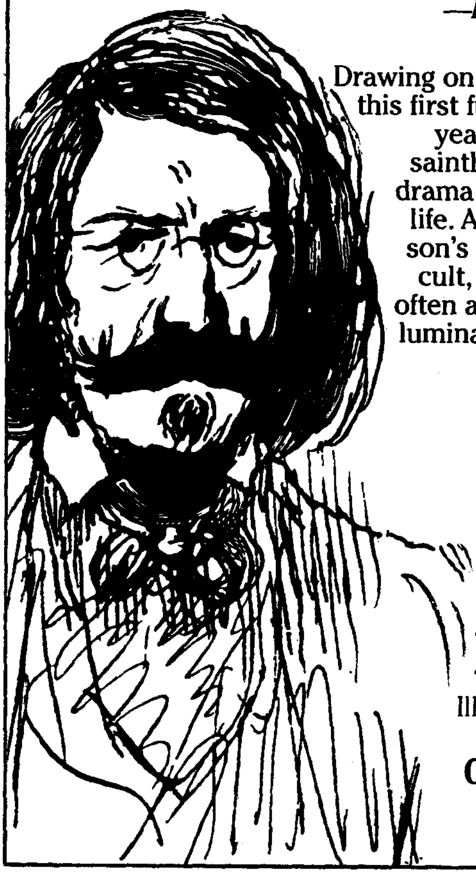

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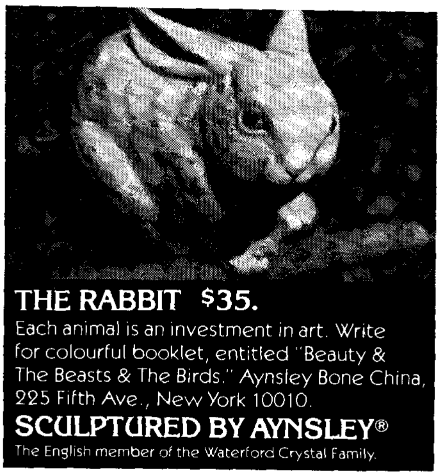

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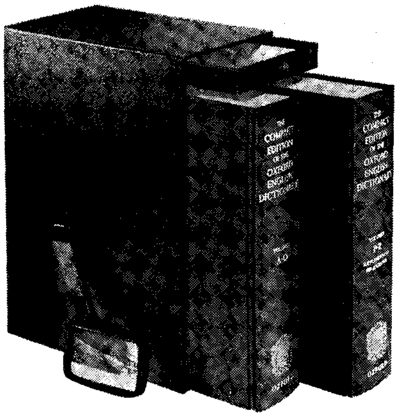
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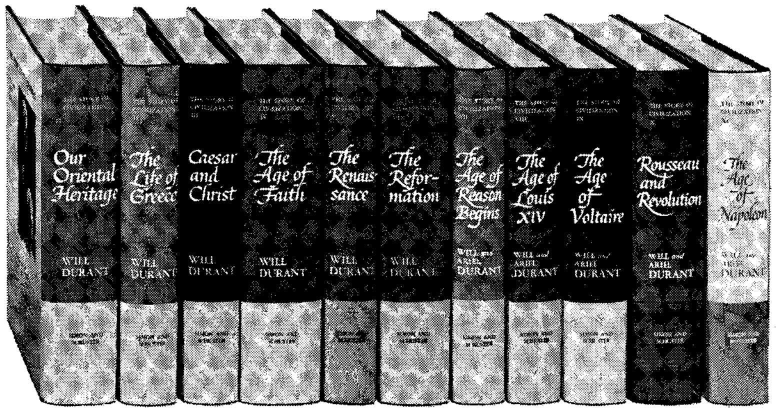
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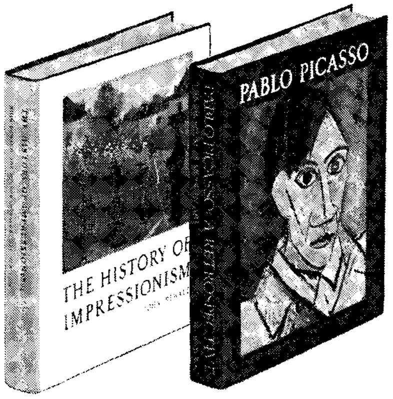
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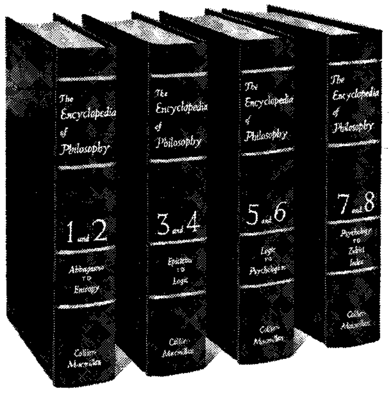
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